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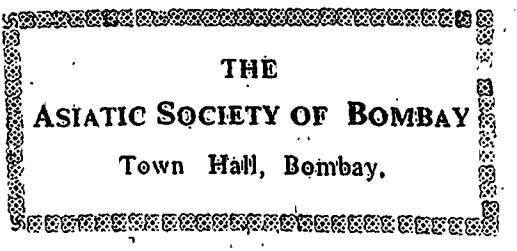

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KING ARTHUR

An Epic Poem

BY

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE
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1875

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PREFATORY NOTE TO THE KNEBWORTH EDITION.

The legendary Arthur who is reputed to have flourished in the earlier half of the sixth century (501-542) had his history first recounted with anything like detail towards the middle of the twelfth century by Geoffrey of Monmouth. Out of the exploits related in his regard there grew up as time elapsed in the French Fabliaux those Romances of the Round Table which were first collected and reduced into English by Sir Thomas Malory. It was in this manner, very gradually, that the son of Uthor Pendragon, King of Britain, by Igerne, Duchess of Cornwall, came to be enveloped in a sort of mythical haze, seen through which, his fame, his character, and his achievements assumed to themselves all the attributes of the marvellous.

It is recorded in the annals of our literature that Milton and Dryden meditated, each in turn, writing a poem on King Arthur as the ideal National Hero. That day-dream neither lived to realize. A similar design was formed by Lord Lytton while he was yet a stripling. It at once captivated his imagination with the hope that he might be enabled eventually to carry out his boyish intention. That long-cherished project had its fruition at last in 1848, when the present work was published anonymously in four instalments. That first edition, immediately on its completion, was issued from the press in two volumes by Mr. Colburn. A second revised edition ap-

peared, in the following year, 1849, through the hands of the same publisher, the authorship of the work being then, for the first time, frankly acknowledged upon the title-page. Four years later, in 1853, "King Arthur" was reprinted, with slight modifications in vols. ii. and iii. of the collected edition of the author's "Poems and Dramas," published in five volumes by the Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Seventeen years afterwards, in 1870, an illustrated edition in one volume, published by Mr. Charlton Tucker, afforded Lord Lytton the opportunity of presenting to the world what was undoubtedly his own favourite work, with the advantage of its having received his final emendations. The text of that edition has been scrupulously followed throughout in the present reprint, excepting only where eighteen stanzas then omitted (*i. e.* iii. to xx. in Book V.) have been carefully restored. The title of Epic, which Lord Lytton shrank from arrogating to his poem, it has been thought not only allowable, but reasonable, to affix to it here posthumously.

PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1849.

I CANNOT better begin the few remarks that it seems to me fitting to prefix to this poem, than by acknowledgments sincere and earnest to those whose approbation of the earlier portions honoured my experiment and encouraged its progress;—I venture to hope that the work, as now completed, will not forfeit the indulgence that they bestowed on the commencement; indeed, it is almost the necessary condition of any fiction, planned with some forethought, and sustained through some length, that the passages most calculated to please the reader, should open upon him in proportion as he habituates himself to the style, and becomes familiarised with the design, of the author—while it is obvious that such merit as the work may possibly be entitled to claim on the score of art, or consistency, can be but imperfectly conjectured by specimens of its parts.

Whatever the defects of this poem, it has not been hastily conceived or lightly undertaken. From my earliest youth, the subject I have selected has haunted my ambition —for twenty years it has rested steadily on my mind, in spite of other undertakings, for the most part not wholly ungenial,—since a lengthened and somewhat various practice in the conception and conduct of imaginative story, ought to be no disadvantageous preparation for a poem which seeks to construct from the elements of national romance, something approaching to the completeness of epic narrative. If my powers be unequal to the task I have assumed, at least I have waited in patience, until they were matured and disciplined to such strength as they might be enabled to attain; until taste, if erroneous, could be corrected, invention if sterile be enriched, by some

prolonged apprenticeship to the principles of art, by the contemplation of its master-pieces in many languages, and by such familiarity with the resources of my native tongue as study and practice could permit me to obtain. But every one knows the proverb, that "The poet is born, the orator made;"—and though, perhaps, it is only partially true that the "Poet is born," and a slight examination of the higher order of poets will suffice to show us that they themselves depended very little on the innate faculty, and were not less diligent in self-cultivation than the most laborious orator,—yet it would be in vain to deny, that where the faculty itself is wanting, no labour can supply the defect: and if certain Critics are right in asserting, that that defect is my misfortune, I must content myself with the sombre reflection that I have done my best to counteract the original unkindness of nature. I have given to this work a preparation that, evincing my own respect to the public, entitles me in return to the respect of a just hearing and a fair examination: if the work be worthless, it is at least the worthiest it is in my power to perform,—and on this foundation, however hollow, I know that I rest the least perishable monument of those thoughts and those labours which have made the life of my life.

In aiming at a complete and symmetrical design, I find myself involuntarily compelled to refer to the distinctions of Epic Fable, although by no means presuming to give to my poem a title which an author may arrogate, but which a long succession of readers has alone the prerogative to confirm,—and although few in this age will pretend that an Epic can be made merely by adherence to formal laws, or that it may not exist in spite of nearly all which learning has added to the canons of common sense, and the quick perceptions of a cultivated taste. Pope has, however, properly defined the three cardinal distinctions of Epic Fable to consist in the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous. For without the Probable, there could be no vital interest; without the Marvellous, its larger field would be excluded from the imagination; and without the Allegorical the Poet would lose the most pleasing medium of conveying instruction. It is chiefly by the Allegorical that the imaginative writer is didactic, and that he achieves

his end of insinuating truth through the disguise of fancy. I accept these divisions because they conform to the simplest principles of rational criticism; and though their combination does not form an epic, it serves at least to amplify the region and elevate the objects of Romance.

It has been my aim so to blend these divisions, that each may harmonise with the other, and all conduce to the end proposed from the commencement. For this is that unity of structure which every artistic narrative requires, and it forms one of the main considerations which influence any reader of sound judgment in estimating the merit that belongs to a whole.—I have admitted but little episodical incident, and none that does not grow out of what Pope terms "the platform of the story." For the marvellous agencies I have not presumed to make direct use of that Divine Machinery which the war of the Christian Principle with the forms of Heathenism might have suggested to the sublime daring of Milton, had he prosecuted his original idea of founding a heroic poem upon the legendary existence of Arthur;—and, on the other hand, the Teuton Mythology, however interesting and profound, is too unfamiliar and obscure, to permit its employment as an open and visible agency;—such reference to it as could not be avoided, is therefore rather indulged as an appropriate colouring to the composition, than an integral part of the materials of the canvas: And, not to ask from the ordinary reader an erudition I should have no right to expect, the reference so made is in the simplest form, and disentangled from the necessity of other information than a few brief notes will suffice to afford.

In taking my subject from chivalrous romance, I take, then, the agencies from the Marvellous that it naturally and familiarly affords—the Fairy, the Genius, the Enchanter: not wholly, indeed, in the precise and literal spirit with which our nursery tales receive those creations of Fancy through the medium of French Fabliaux, but in the larger significations by which in their conceptions of the Supernatural, our fathers often implied the secrets of Nature. For the Romance from which I borrow is the Romance of the North—a Romance, like the Northern mythology, full of typical meaning and latent import. The gigantic remains of symbol worship are visible amidst

the rude fables of the Scandinavians, and what little is left to us of the earlier and more indigenous literature of the Cymrians, is by a mysticism profound with characterized parable. This fondness for an interior or double meaning is the most prominent attribute in that Romance popularly called the Gothic, the feature most in common with all creations that bear the stamp of the Northern fancy; we trace it in the poems of the Anglo-Saxons; it returns to us, in our earliest poems after the Conquest; it does not *originate* in the Oriental genius (immemorially addicted to Allegory,) but it instinctively *appropriates* all that Saracenic invention can suggest to the more sombre imagination of the North—it unites to the Serpent of the Edda, the flying Griffin of Arabia, the Persian Genius to the Scandinavian Trold,—and wherever it accepts a marvel, it seeks to insinuate a type. This peculiarity which demarks the spiritual essence of the modern from the sensual character of ancient poetry, especially the Roman, is visible wherever a tribe allied to the Goth, the Frank, or the Teuton, carries with it the deep mysteries of the Christian faith. Even in sunny Provence it transfuses a subtler and graver moral into the lays of the joyous troubadour,*—and weaves "the Dance of Death" by the joyous streams, and through the glowing orange groves of Spain. Onwards, this undercurrent of meaning flowed, through the various phases of civilisation:—it pervaded alike the popular Satire and the dramatic Mystery;—it remained unimpaired to the glorious age of Elizabeth, amidst all the stirring passions that then agitated mankind, to demand and to find their delineator;—it not only coloured the dreams of Spenser, but it placed abstruse and recondite truth in the clear yet unfathomable wells of Shakespeare. Thus, in taking from Northern Romance the Marvellous, we are most faithful to the genuine character of that Romance when we take with the Marvellous its old companion, the Typical or Allegorical. But these form only two divisions of the three which I have assumed as the components of the unity

* "Rien n'est plus commun dans la poésie provençale que l'allégorie; seulement elle est un jeu d'esprit au lieu d'être une action. . . . . Une autre analogie me paraît plus spontanée qu'imitée—la poésie des troubadours qu'on suppose frivole, a souvent retracée des sentiments graves et touchants," &c.—VILLEMAIN, *Tableau du Moyen Age.*

I seek to accomplish; there remains the Probable, which contains the Actual. To subject the whole poem to allegorical constructions would be erroneous, and opposed to the vital principle of a work of this kind which needs the support of direct and human interest. The inner and the outer meaning of Fable should flow together, each acting on the other, as the thought and the action in the life of a man. It is true that in order clearly to interpret the action, we should penetrate to the thought. But if we fail of that perception, the action, though less comprehended, still impresses its reality on our senses, and makes its appeal to our interest.

I have thus sought to maintain the Probable through that chain of incident in which human agencies are employed, and through those agencies the direct action of the Poem is accomplished; while the Allegorical admits into the Marvellous the introduction of that subtler form of Truth, which if less positive than the Actual, is wider in its application, and ought to be more profound in its significance.

For the rest, it may perhaps be conceded that this poem is not without originality in the conception of its plot and the general treatment of its details. Though I have often sought to enrich its materials with ornaments of expression, borrowed or imitated, whether from our own earliest poetry, or that of other countries, yet I am not aware of any previous romantic poem which it resembles in its main design, or in the character of its principal incidents;—and though I may have incurred certain mannerisms of my own day, (in spite of my endeavour rather to err on the opposite side, by often purposely retaining those forms of diction and phrascology which recent criticism regards as common place, and by generally adhering to those laws of rhythm and rhyme which recent poetry has been inclined to regard as servile and restricted);—yet I venture to trust, that, in the pervading form or style, the mind employed has been sufficiently in earnest to leave its own peculiar effigy and stamp upon the work. For the incidents narrated, I may, indeed, thank the nature of my subject, if many of them could scarcely fail to be new. The celebrated poets of chivalrous fable—Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, have given to their scenery the colourings of the

West. The Great North from which Chivalry sprung—its polar seas, its natural wonders, its wild legends, its antediluvian remains,—a wide field for poetic description and heroic narrative—have been, indeed, not wholly unexplored by poetry, but so little appropriated, that even after Tegner and Oehlenschläger, I dare to hope that I have found tracks in which no poet has preceded me, and over which yet breathes the native air of our National Romance.

For the Manners preserved through this poem, I have elsewhere implied that I take those of that age, not in which the Arthur of History, of whom we know so little, but in which the Arthur of Romance, whom we know so well, revived into fairer life at the breath of Minstrel and Fabliast. The anachronism of chivalrous manners and costume for himself and his Knighthood, is absolutely required by all our familiar associations. On the other hand, without affecting any strict or antiquarian accuracy in details, I have kept the country of the brave Chief of Silures (or South Wales) somewhat more definitely in view, than has been done by the French fabliasts; while in portraying his Saxon foes, I have endeavoured to distinguish their separate nationality, without enforcing too violent a contrast between the rudeness of the heathen Teutons and the polished Christianity of the Cymrian Knighthood.*

May I be permitted to say a word as to the metre I have

* In the more historical view of the position of Arthur, I have, however, represented it such as it really appears to have been,—not as the Sovereign of all Britain, and the conquering invader of Europe (according to the groundless fable of Geoffrey of Monmouth), but as the patriot Prince of South Wales, resisting successfully the invasion of his own native soil, and accomplishing the object of his career in preserving entire the nationality of his Welch countrymen. In thus contracting his sphere of action to the bounds of rational truth, his dignity, both moral and poetic, is obviously enhanced. Represented as the champion of all Britain against the Saxons, his life would have been but a notorious and signal failure; but as the preserver of the Cymrian Nationality—of that part of the British population which took refuge in Wales, he has a claim to the epic glory of success.

It is for this latter reason that I have gone somewhat out of the strict letter of history, and allowed myself the privilege of making the Mercians his principal enemy, as they were his nearest neighbours (though, properly speaking, the Mercian kingdom was not then founded:) The alliance between the Mercian and the Welch, which concludes the Poem—is at least not contrary to the spirit of History—since in very early periods such amicable bonds between Welch and Mercian were contracted, and the Welch on the whole, were on better terms with those formidable borderers, than with the other branches of the Saxon family.

selected?—One advantage it has,—that while thoroughly English, and not uncultivated by the best of the elder masters, it has never been applied to a poem of equal length, and has not been made too trite and familiar, by the lavish employment of recent writers. Shakespeare has taught us its riches in the Venus and Adonis,—Spenser in The Astrophel,—Cowley has sounded its music amidst the various intonations of his irregular lyre. But of late years, if not wholly laid aside,* it has been generally neglected for the more artificial and complicated Spenserian stanza, which may seem, at the first glance, to resemble it, but which to the ear is widely different in rhythm and construction.

The reader may perhaps remember that Dryden has spoken with empathic praise of the rhyming, or elegiac, metre with its alternate rhyme. He has even regarded it as the noblest in the language. That metre in its simple integrity is comprised in the stanza selected, ending in the vigour and terseness of the rhyming couplet, in which for the most part, the picture should be closed or the sense clenched. And whatever the imperfection of my own treatment of this variety in poetic form, I cannot resist a prediction that it will be ultimately revived into more frequent use, especially in narrative, and that its peculiar melodies of rhythm and cadence, as well as the just and measured facilities it affords to expression, neither too diffuse, nor too restricted, will be recognized hereafter in the hands of a more accomplished master of our language.

Here ends all that I feel called upon to say respecting a Poem which I now acknowledge as the child of my most cherished hopes, and to which I deliberately confide the task to uphold, and the chance to continue, its father's name.

The motives that induced me to publish anonymously the first portion of "Arthur," as well as the "New Timon," are simple enough to be easily recognized. An author who has been some time before the public, feels, in undertaking some new attempt in his vocation, as if released from an indescribable restraint, when he pre-resolves to hazard his experiment as that of one utterly unknown. That de-

* Southey has used it in the "Lay of the Laureate" and "The Poet's Pilgrimage"—not his best known and most considerable poems.

termination gives at once freedom and zest to his labours in the hours of composition, and on the anxious eve of publication, restores to him much of the interest and pleasurable excitement, that charmed his earliest delusions. When he escapes from the judgment that has been passed on his manhood, he seems again to start fresh from the expectations of his youth.

In my own case, too, I believed, whether truly or erroneously, that my experiment would have a fairer chance of justice, if it could be regarded without personal reference to the author;—and at all events it was clear, that I myself could the better judge how far the experiment had failed or succeeded, when freed from the partial kindness of those disposed to overrate, or the predetermined censure of those accustomed to despise, my former labours.

These motives were sufficient to decide me to hazard unacknowledged those attempts which the public has not ungraciously received. And, indeed, I should have been well contented to preserve the mask, if it had not already failed to ensure the disguise. My identity with the author of these poems has been so generally insisted upon, that I have no choice between the indiscretion of frank avowal, and the effrontery of flat denial. Whatever influence of good or ill, my formal adoption of these foundlings may have upon their future career, like other adventurers they must therefore take their chance in the crowd. Happy if they can propitiate their father's foes, yet retain his friends; and,—irrespective of either,—sure to be judged, at last, according to their own deserts.

E. BULWER LYTTON.

January, 1849.

PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1870.

It was in my earliest youth that the subject of this poem first occurred to me. For the theme, whatever natural qualifications I may possess have at least been matured by time, and enlarged by a culture more or less kindred to its nature during the years devoted to the completion of it. A new generation has, meanwhile, grown up around me, to whose notice the present edition of the poem is offered, with the most careful revision and correction which I have been able to give to it; not without the hope of a wider audience among the generations that succeed. Such a hope is natural to every writer who has done his best to ensure the elements of durability to his work; and if it be often an erroneous, it is never an ignoble one.

All that I can legitimately ask, in the present day, from the friendlier some amongst the many who are wholly unacquainted with this work is that, if they look into it at all, they will do so without hostile prepossession;—judging of it for themselves uninfluenced by the reports of those who would rather condemn without reading than read without condemning.

In deference to the fame of an illustrious contemporary, I may be permitted to observe that when, in my college days, I proposed to my ambition the task of a narrative poem, having King Arthur for its hero, I could not have even guessed that the same subject would occur to a Poet somewhat younger than myself, and then unknown to the Public; and though, when my work was first printed in 1848, Mr. Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur" had appeared, I was not aware of any intention on his part to

connect it with other poems illustrating selected fables of the legendary King. Fortunately for me, the point of view from which the subject had already presented itself to my imagination, and the design and plan I had proposed to myself in the treatment of it, were so remote from the domains of romance to which the genius of Mr. Tennyson has resorted, that I may claim one merit rare in those who have come after him,—I have filled no pitcher from fountains hallowed to himself.

In constructing from the confused myths that surround the image of Arthur, a continuous narrative poem, preserving unity of action, and aiming at something of national colouring and purpose, the detached romances of the Round Table taken "out of certeyn bookes of Frenshe and reduced into Englysshe" by Sir Thomas Malory, appeared to me but little available. The unconnected character of these stories is thus accurately described by Southey:—

"Nothing can be more inartificial in structure than the Romances of the Round Table. Adventure produces adventure in infinite series, not like a tree whose boughs and branches, bearing a necessary relation and due proportion to each other, combine into one beautiful form, but resembling such plants as the prickly pear, where one joint grows upon another, all equal in size and alike in shape, and the whole making a formless and misshapen mass."

From the characters in the legends of the Round Table, I have but borrowed the names—their contrasted individualities are of my own creation; and even the fable of the guilty loves between Lancelot and Guenever, which I need scarcely say has no warrant in legends genuinely Cymrian, but,—(in common with the other stories of the same character, that drew down on Sir Thomas Malory's compilation the indignant censure of Roger Ascham),—betrays its origin in the literature of the French Courts of Gallantry, would, for various reasons, have been altogether inappropriate to the design of this poem. Enlarging on the hint in the Romance of "Merlin," that there were two Guenevers "very like each other," I have purposely allotted to the respective wives of Lancelot and his lord—

"One name, indeed, but with a varying sound."

Proposing to give to the poem a national design, it was

necessary that I should contemplate almost exclusively from that point of view the character and action of its hero. Whether, with Mr. Skene, in his able work on the Four Ancient Books of Wales, we accept Arthur's Historical existence, apart from his Romantic, in the *Dux bellorum* of Nennius; or whether, as best suits the scheme of this poem, we recognise it with Sharon Turner in the later Prince of the Silures, it is only by representing the triumph of Christianity against the Pagan, and by maintaining his native Cymrian soil against the invader, that as a national hero, Arthur becomes entitled to the epic glory of success.

This, therefore, is the end to his trials ordained by Merlin, who is here represented less as the wizard of popular legend, than as the seer gifted with miraculous powers for the service and ultimate victory of Christianity; and the end thus to be attained is accepted by Arthur as the definite limit of his ambition.

In the description of the trials which constitute my hero's probation, the invention of the Etrurian valley arose out of my desire to combine with the execution of a plan fundamental to the whole poem, some incidental indication of the effect produced by the discovery of Classic arts and letters on the Gothic world in its progress towards modern civilization. More especially, however, is this portion of the work intended to illustrate the influence of that holiday region apart from the work-day world, in which the Romantic Age retains for awhile both nations and individuals who are destined to derive from romance an exalted conception of life's practical duties, as well as a deepened devotion to their fulfilment. The sorrow which awaits the Adventurer on quitting the land never to be regained, opens his eyes to the latent secrets of existence, and widens for him the scope of the present, not only by a survey of the past, but by glimpses of the future. Neither men nor nations, however, can adequately fit themselves for great destinies unless to practical energies they add spiritual and intellectual freedom; nor can any beneficent conquest be achieved over the brute forces of nature without moral subjugation of the superstitious terrors and false desires that assail the mind. It is then only that the guardian and guiding instinct of a noble purpose assumes

definite form, and is clothed with human loveliness, as Duty becomes Beauty in the successful completion of a life truly heroic.

Such is the general outline of a design filled up in this poem by means of incidents which, whilst anxious to avoid too obvious an intrusion of any typical intention, I have so arranged as to identify the ideal story of Arthur, as far as I found to be practical, not only with the development of the heroic character in the individual, but with the composition and structural growth of the Nation that claims in Arthur its hero and its type. With this view a prominent position has been accorded to the Saxons, who are almost lost sight of in the French legends of Arthur, where they appear travestied into Saracens, among whom the worship of Mahomet pre-eminently flourished—a notable proof not only of the comparatively modern origin, but the completely foreign character of the fables which Sir Thomas Malory "reduced into Englysshe." Special significance is also assigned in this poem to the nationality of Arthur's bride, in adherence to those principles of Epic Fable which, doubtless, induced Virgil to identify the national hero of the Romans with the conquest of their Latin progenitors, and to symbolise the ultimate fusion of races by the nuptials of Æneas and Lavinia.

For the same reason, various indications have been admitted in my narrative of a distinctly Scandinavian nationality commingling with that of the other races now united under the name of Britons.

In assigning to Arthur his place in history, I have necessarily given to his realm and people something of the Cymrian characteristics or colourings, which are excluded from the French romances, though, among the corrections in the present edition, many Welch proper names and expressions to be found in former ones are paraphrased or omitted as difficult to reconcile to other than Welch ears.

As regards my employment of Humour in aid of romance, I need discuss neither the example of Ariosto nor the special grounds of my belief that the serious purpose of this poem is best developed by an occasionally humouristic treatment of it. I may, however, briefly observe, that in taking into the esoteric design of my narrative

the aspiration of all nobler life, individual or national, towards the harmonious development of the powers for good at its command, it would be scarcely possible to reject the presence of Humour as the playfellow of Genius and the assistant of Philosophy. To those who maintain that the statelier dignity of poetic narrative is lowered by such commixture I can only say, that my theories of criticism, apart from my interest in this poem, entirely differ from theirs, and since Tragedy is of graver import than even the Epopee, I do not see how, according to their canons, they can tolerate the presence of humour in the loftiest tragedies of Shakespeare.

To explain in prose what he has uttered in song is a task which cannot be agreeable to any one, and it is the wise fashion of authors now-a-days to delegate such tasks to friendly reviewers, instructed and secured beforehand. Of friends so invaluable, engaged in the periodical press, it is not my good fortune to boast; and though I have not the slightest intention to provoke a controversial comparison of the different points of view from which the Arthur of British Fable may be regarded as a national hero, some such explanation as is here given of that aspect in which I have taught myself to regard him, seemed to me a courtesy due to the reader, and that explanation could scarcely be given without some corollary remarks on the general scheme of the poem. After all, an Author cannot justify his work; it is for the work to justify the author. Whatever worth I have put into this work of mine, comprising, in condensed form, so many of the influences which a life divided between literature and action, the study of books and the commerce of mankind,—brings to bear upon the two elements of song, Imagination and Thought,—that degree of worth must ultimately be found in it; and its merits and its faults be gauged by different standards of criticism from those which experience teaches me to anticipate now. I shall be, indeed, beyond the reach of pleasure or of pain in a judgment thus tardily pronounced. But he who appeals to Time must not be impatient of the test that he invites.

LONDON,
October, 1870.

KING ARTHUR.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Opening—King Arthur keeps holiday in the Vale of Carduel—Pastimes—Arthur's sentiments on life, love, and mortal change—The strange apparition—The King follows the phantom into the forest—His return—The discomfiture of his knights—The Court disperses—Night—The restless King ascends his battlements—His soliloquy—He is attracted by the light from the Wizard's tower—Merlin described—The King's narrative—The Enchanter's invocation—Morning—The tilt-yard—Sports, knightly and national—Merlin's address to Arthur—The Three Labours enjoined—Arthur departs from Carduel—His absence explained by Merlin to the Council—Description of Arthur's three friends, Caradoc, Gawaine, and Lancelot—The especial love between Arthur and the last—Lancelot encounters Arthur—The parting of the friends.

I.

Our land's first legends, love and knightly deeds,
  And wonderous Merlin, and his wandering King,
The triple labour, and the glorious meeds
  Won from the world of Fable-land, I sing.
Go forth, O Song, amidst the banks of old,
And glide translucent o'er their sands of gold.

II.

Now is the month when, after sparkling showers,
  Her starry wreaths the virgin jasmine weaves;
Now lure the bee wild thyme and sunny hours;
  And light wings rustle thro' the glinting leaves;
Music in every bough; on mead and lawn
May lifts her fragrant altars to the dawn.

III.

Now joyous lives with every moment, start
In air, in wave, on earth;—above, below;
And o'er her new-born children, Nature's heart
Heaves with the gladness mothers only know.
Fair time yet floating before haunted eyes,
King Arthur reigns, and song is in the skies.

IV.

Hard by a stream, amidst a pleasant vale
Arthur, then young, held careless holiday:—
The stream was blithe with many a silken sail,
The vale with many a proud pavilion gay;
While Cymri's dragon, from the Roman's hold, (1)
Spread with calm wing o'er Carduel's domes of gold.

V.

Dark to the right, thick forests mantled o'er
A gradual mountain sloping to the plain;
Whose gloom but lent to light a charm the more,
As pleasure pleases most when neighbouring pain;
And all our human joys most sweet and holy,
Sport in the shadows cast from melancholy.

VI.

Below that mount, along the glossy sward
Were gentle groups, discoursing gentle things;—
Or listening idly where the skilful bard
Woke the sweet tempest of melodious strings;
Or whispering love—I ween, less idle they,
For love's the honey in the flowers of May.

VII.

Some plied in lusty race the glist'ning oar;
Some, noiseless, snared the silver-scalëd prey;
Some wreathed the dance along the level shore;
And each was happy in his chosen way.
Not by one shaft is Care, the hydra, killed,
So Mirth, determined, had his quiver filled.

VIII.

Bright as the Morn, when all the pomp of cloud
Reflects its lustre in a rosy ring,
The worthy centre of a glittering crowd
Of youth and beauty, shone the British King.
Above that group, o'er-arched from tree to tree,
Thick garlands hung their odorous canopy;

IX.

And in the midst of that delicious shade
Up sprang a sparkling fountain, silver-voiced,
And the bee murmured, and the breezes played.
In their gay youth, the youth of May rejoiced—
And they in hers—as thro' that leafy hall
Chimed the heart's laughter with the fountain's fall.

X.

Propped on his easy arm, the King reclined,
And glancing gaily round the ring, quoth he—
"'Man,' say our sages, 'hath a fickle mind,
And pleasures pall, if long enjoyed they be.'
But I, methinks, like this soft summer-day,
Mid blooms and sweets could dream myself away.

XI.

"What can the years with all their stores unquest
Give us more precious than one happy hour?
Time speeds us on when we ourselves would rest;
For who would hasten life, while in its flower,
A moment nearer to its autumn leaf;
Or tire of joy to go in search of grief?

XII.

"If love be changeful as the old declare;
Not unto Love but unto Time the blame!"
"Not unto Love!" exclaimed each lover there;
"Out upon Time!" murmured each blooming dame.
But thought had dimmed the smile in Arthur's eye,
And his light speech was rounded in a sigh.

XIII.

"Seize we the Hour;—Time is not yet to blame,"
Quoth glad Gawaine—when in that silken ring,
Sudden stood forth (none marking whence it came),
A strange, and weird, and phantom-seeming thing;
It stood, dim-outlined in a sable shroud,
And shapeless, as in noon-day hangs a cloud.

XIV.

Hushed was each lip, and every cheek was pale;
The stoutest heart beat tremulous and high:
"Arise," it muttered from the spectral veil,
"I call thee, King!" Then burst the wrathful cry,
Feet found the earth, and ready hands the sword,
And angry knighthood bristled round its lord.

XV.

But Arthur rose, and, waving back the throng,
Fronted the Phantom with a dauntless brow:
The Shape receding, indistinct, along
The unbending herbage, noiseless, dark, and slow;
Where the dense forest, night at noonday made
Glided,—as from the dial glides the shade.

XVI.

Gone;—but an ice-bound horror seemed to cling
To air; the revellers stood transfixed to stone;
While from amidst them, palely passed the King,
Dragged by a will more royal than his own:
Onwards he went; the invisible control
Compelled him, as a dream compels the soul.

XVII.

They saw, and sought to stay him, but in vain;
They saw, and sought to speak, but voice was dumb:
So Death some warrior from his armëd train
Plucks forth defenceless when his hour is come.
He gains the wood; their sight the shadows bar,
And darkness wraps him as the cloud a star.

XVIII.

Abruptly, as it came, the charm was past
That bound the circle: as from heavy sleep
Starts the hushed war-camp at the trumpet's blast,
Fierce into life the voiceless revellers leap;
Swift to the wood the glittering tumult springs,
And thro' the vale the Cymrian war-cry rings.

XIX.

From stream, from tent, from pastime near and far,
All press confus'dly to the signal cry—
So from the ROCK OF BIRDS * the shout of war
Sends countless wings in clamour thro' the sky—
The cause a word, the track a sign affords,
And all the forest gleams with starry swords.

XX.

As on some stag the hunters single, gaze,
Gathering together, and from far, the herd,
So round the margin of the woodland-maze
Pale beauty circles, trembling if a bird
Flutter a bough, or if, without a sound,
Some leaf fall breezeless, eddying to the ground.

XXI.

An hour or more had tow'rds the western seas
Speeded the golden chariot of the day,
When a white plume came glancing through the trees,
The serried branches groaningly gave way,
And, with a bound, delivered from the wood,
Safe, in the sun-light, royal Arthur stood.

* The Rock of Birds—Craig y Deryn—so called from the number of birds (chiefly those of prey) that breed on it.

XXII.

Who shall express the joy that aspect woke!
Some laughed aloud, and clapped their snowy hands;
Some ran, some knelt, some turned aside and broke
Into glad tears:—But all unheeding stands
The King; and shivers in the glowing light;
And his breast heaves as panting from a fight.

XXIII.

Yet still in those pale features, seen more near,
Speak the stern will, the soul to valour true;
It shames man not to feel man's human fear,
It shames man only if the fear subdue;
And masking trouble with a noble guile,
Soon the proud heart restores the kingly smile.

XXIV.

But no account could anxious love obtain,
Nor curious wonder, of the portents seen;
"Bootless his search," he lightly said, "and vain
As haply had the uncourteous summons been.
Some mocking sport, perchance, of merry May."
He ceased; and shuddering, turned his looks away.

XXV.

Now, back, alas, less comely than they went,
Drop, one by one, the seekers from the chase,
With mangled plumes and mantles dreadly rent;—
By many a bramble in that thorny place!
And sorely chafing in such humbled guise
To run the gauntlet in their ladies' eyes.

XXVI.

But shame and anger vanished when they saw
Him whose warm smile a life had well repaid,
For noble hearts a noble chief can draw
Into that circle where all self doth fade;
Lost in the sea a hundred waters roll,
And subject natures merge in one great soul.

XXVII.

Now once again quick question, brief reply,
"What saw, what heard the King?" "Nay, gentles, what
Saw and heard ye?"—"The forest and the sky,
The rustling branches,"—"And the phantom not?
No more," quoth Arthur, "of a thriftless chase,
For cheer so stinted brief may be the grace.

XXVIII.

"But see, the sun descendeth down the west,
And graver cares to Carduel now recall:
Gawaine, my steed;—Sweet ladies, gentle rest,
And dreams of happy morrows to ye all."
Now stirs the movement on the busy plain;
To horse—to boat; and homeward wind the train.

XXIX.

O'er hill, down stream, the pageant fades away,
More and more faint the plash of dipping oar;
Voices, and music, and the steed's shrill neigh,
From the grey twilight dying more and more;
Till over stream and valley, wide and far,
Reign the sad silence and the solemn star.

XXX.

Save where, like some true poet's lonely soul,
Careless who hears, sings on the unheeded fountain;
Save where the waning cloud-wracks slowly roll
Their ghostly march along the forest mountain—
By the last breeze of eve discattering driven
Till, as night grows, nor breeze nor cloud in heaven.

XXXI.

Sleep, the sole angel left of all below,
O'er the lulled city sheds the ambrosial wreaths,
Wet with the dews of Eden; bliss and woe
Are equals, and the lowest slave that breathes
Under the shelter of those healing wings,
Reigns, half his life, in realms too fair for Kings.

XXXII.

Too fair those realms for Arthur; long he lay
An exiled suppliant at the gate of dreams,
And vexed, and wild, and fitful as a ray
Quivering upon the surge of stormy streams;
Thought broke in glimmering trouble o'er his breast,
And found no billow where its beam could rest.*

XXXIII.

He rose, and round him drew his ermined gown,
Passed from his chamber, wound the turret stair,
And from his castle's steep embattled crown
Bared his hot forehead to the freshening air.
How Silence, like a god's tranquillity,
Fill'd with delighted peace the conscious sky!

XXXIV.

Broad, luminous, serene, the sovereign moon
Shone o'er the roofs below, the lands afar—
The vale so joyous with the mirth at noon;
The pastures virgin of the lust of war;
Fair waters sparkling as they seaward roll,
As to Time's ocean speeds a happy soul,

XXXV.

"And must these pass from me and mine away?"
Murmured the monarch; "Must the mountain home
Of those whose fathers, in a ruder day,
With naked bosoms rushed on shrinking Rome, (2)
Lose this last refuge from the ruthless wave,
And what was Britain be the Saxon's slave?

XXXVI.

"Why hymn our harps high music in our hall?
Doomed is the tree whose fruit was noble deeds—
Where the axe spared the thunder-bolt must fall,
And the wind scatter as it list the seeds!
But oft our fame dates from our latest breath
And is made deathless by a glorious death!"

* ["Qual d'acqua chiara il tremolante lume," etc.—*Ariosto*, canto viii. stan. 71. Note to the edition of 1849.]

XXXVII.

He ceased, and looked, with a defying eye,
Where the dark forest clothed the mount with awe;
Gazed, and then proudly turned:—when lo, hard by
From a lone turret in his keep, he saw,
Through the horn casement, a clear steadfast light,
Lending meek tribute to the orbs of night.

XXXVIII.

And far, and far, I ween, that little ray
Sent its pure streamlet through the world of air.
The wanderer oft, benighted on his way,
Saw it, and paused in superstitious prayer,
For well he knew the beacon and the tower,
And the great Master of the spells of power.

XXXIX.

There He, who yet in Fable's deathless page
Reigns, compassed with the ring of pleasing dread,
Which the true wizard, whether bard or sage,
Draws round him living, and commands when dead—
The solemn Merlin—from the midnight won
The hosts that bowed to starry Solomon.

XL.

Not fear that light on Arthur's breast bestowed,
As with a father's smile it met his gaze;
It cheered, it soothed, it warmed him while it glowed;
Brought back the memory of young hopeful days,
When the child stood by the great prophet's knee,
And drank high thoughts to strengthen years to be.

XLI.

As with a tender chiding, the calm light
Seemed to reproach him for secreted care,
Seemed to ask back the old familiar right
Of lore to counsel, or of love to share;
The prompt heart answers to the voiceless call,
And the step quickens o'er the winding wall.

XLII.

Before that tower precipitously sink
The walls, down-shelving to the castle base;
A slender draw-bridge, swung from brink to brink,
Alone gives fearful access to the place;
Now from that tower, the chains the drawbridge raise,
And leave the gulf all pathless to the gaze.

XLIII.

But close where Arthur stands, a warder's horn,
Fixed in the stone, to those who dare to win
The enchantor's cell, supplies the note to warn
The mighty weaver of dread webs within.
Loud sounds the horn, the chain descending clangs,
And o'er the abyss the dizzy pathway hangs;

XLIV.

Mutely the door slides sullen in the stone,
And closes back, the gloomy threshold cross'd;
There sate the prophet on a Druid throne,
Where sate Duw-Iou,* ere his reign was lost;
The wand uplifted in his still right hand,
And the weird volume on its brazen stand.

XLV.

Vast was the front which o'er as vast a breast,
Hung, as if heavy with the load sublime
Of the piled hoards which Thought, the heavenly guest,
Had wrung from Nature, or dispoiled from Time;
And the unutterable calmness shows
The toil's great victory by the soul's repose.

* Duw-Iou (the Taranus of Lucan), the most solemn and august, though not the most popular of the Druid divinities, answering to the classic Jupiter. By the Cromlechs of Duw-Iou is usually found a huge stone, the pedestal or chair of the idol,—in those more corrupt times when idols were admitted into the sublime creed of the Druids.

XLVI.

Ev'n as the Tyrian views his argosies,
Moored in the port (the gold of Ophir won),
And heeds no more the billow and the breeze,
And the clouds wandering o'er the wintry sun,
So calmly Wisdom eyes,—its voyage o'er,—
The traversed ocean from the beetling shore.

XLVII.

A hundred years pressed o'er that awful head,
As o'er an Alp, their diadem of snow;
And, as an Alp, a hundred years had fled,
And left as firm the giant form below;
So sate, ere yet discrowned, in Ida's grove,
The grey-haired father of Pelasgian Jove.

XLVIII.

Before that power, sublimer than his own,
With downcast looks, the King inclined the knee;
The enchanter smiled, and, bending from his throne,
Drew to his breast his pupil tenderly;
And pressed his lips on that young forehead fair,
And with large hand smoothed back the golden hair.

XLIX.

And, looking in those frank and azure eyes,
"What," said the prophet, "doth mine Arthur seek
From the grey wisdom which the young despise?
The young, perchance, are right!—Fair infant, speak!"
Thrice sigh'd the monarch, and at length began:
"Can wisdom ward the storms of fate from man?

L.

"What spell can thrust Affliction from the gate?
What tree is sacred from the lightning-flame?"
"Son," said the seer, "the laurel!—evën Fate
Scathes not one leaf upon the brows of Fame.
Say on."—The King smiled sternly, and obeyed—
Track we the steps which tracked the warning shade.

LI.

"On to the wood, and to its inmost dell
Will-less I went," the monarch thus pursued,
"Before me still, but darkly visible,
The phantom glided through the solitude:
At length it paused,—a sunless pool was near,
As ebon black, and yet as crystal clear.

LII.

"'Look, King, below,' whispered the shadowy one:
What seemed a hand signed beckoning to the wave,
I looked below, and never realms undone
Showed war more awful than the mirror gave;
There rushed the steed, there glanced on spear the spear,
And spectre-squadrons closed in fell career.

LIII.

"I saw—I saw my dragon standard there,—
There thronged the Briton, there the Saxon wheeled;
I saw it vanish from that nether air—
I saw it trampled on that phantom field;—
On poured the Saxon hosts—we fled—we fled!—
And the Pale Horse* rose ghastly o'er the dead.

LIV.

"Lo, the wan shadow of a giant hand
Passed o'er the pool—the demon war was gone;
City on city stretched, and land on land;
The space, thus seen in glamour, lengthening on,
Till in the fraudful mirror was contained
All this wide isle o'er which my fathers reigned.

LV.

"There, by the lord of streams, a palace rose;
On bloody floors there was a throne of state;
And in the land there dwelt one race—our foes;
And on the single throne the Saxon sate;
And Cymri's crown was on his knitted brow;
And where stands Carduel, went the labourer's plough.

* The White Horse, the standard of the Saxons.

LVI.

"And east and west, and north and south I turned,
And called my people as a king should call;
Pale 'mid the hollow mountains I discerned
Rude scattered stragglers from the common thrall;
Kingless and armyless, by crag and cave,—
Ghosts on the margin of their country's grave.

LVII.

"And even there, amidst the barren steeps,
I heard the tramp, I saw the Saxon steel;
Aloft, red murder like a deluge sweeps,
Nor rock can save, nor cavern can conceal;
Mount upon mount, the waves devouring rise,
Till in one mist of carnage closed mine eyes!

LVIII.

"Then spoke the hell-born shadow by my side—
'Thou who dost ask no nobler course for life,
Than amid summer sweets and blooms to glide,
Deeming no duty worth the cost of strife;
ARTHUR PENDRAGON, to the Saxon's sway
Thy kingdom and thy crown shall pass away.'

LIX.

"'And who art thou, that Heaven's august decrees
Usurpest thus?' I cried, and lo the space
Was void!—Amidst the horror of the trees,
And by the pool, which mirrored back the face
Of Dark in crystal darkness—there I stood,
And the sole spectre was the solitude!

LX.

"I knew no more—strong as a mighty dream
The trouble seized the soul, and sealed the sense;
I knew no more, till in the blessed beam,
Life sprang to loving Nature for defence;
Vale, flower, and fountain laughed in jocund spring,
And pride came back,—again I was a king!

LXI.

"But, ev'n the while with airy sport of tongue,
As, with light wing the skylark from its nest
Lures the invading step, I led the throng
From the dark brood of terror in my breast;
Still frowned the vision on my haunted eye,
And blood seemed reddening in the azure sky.

LXII.

"O Thou, the Almighty Lord of earth and heaven,
Without whose will not ev'n a sparrow falls,
If to my sight the fearful truth was given,
If thy dread hand hath graven on these walls
The Assyrian's doom, and to the stranger's sway
My kingdom and my crown shall pass away,—

LXIII.

"Grant me, at least, this not unworthy prayer;—
LIFE, while my life one man from chains can save;
While rocks one rampart, or while caves one lair,
Yield to the closing struggle of the brave!
Mine the last desperate but avenging hand,
If reft the sceptre, not resigned the brand!"

LXIV.

"Close to my clasp!" the prophet cried, "Impart
To these iced veins the glow of youth once more;
The healthful throb of one great human heart
Baffles more fiends than all a magian's lore.
My boy!—" young arms embracing checkt the rest,
And youth and age stood mingled breast to breast.

LXV.

"Ho!" cried the mighty master, while he broke
From the embrace, and round, from vault to floor,
Mysterious echoes answered as he spoke,
And flames twined snake-like round the wand he bore,
And freezing winds swept wheeling through the cell,
As from the wings of hosts invisible:

LXVI.

"Ho! ye spiritual ministers of all
The airy space below the Sapphire Throne,
To the swift axle of this earthly ball—
Yea, to the deep, where evermore alone
Hell's king with memory of lost glory dwells,
And from that memory weaves his hell of hells;—

LXVII.

"Ho! ye who fill the crevices of air,
And speed the whirlwind round the reeling bark—
Or dart destroying in the forkëd glare,
Or rise—the bloodless People of the Dark—
In the pale shape of Dreams, when to the bed
Of Murder glide the simulated dead;—

LXVIII.

"Hither ye myriad hosts!—O'er tower and dome,
Await the mission, and attend the word;
Whether to dive in caves beneath the gnome,
Or soar to mountain peaks beyond the bird;
So that the secret and the boon ye wrest
From Time's cold grasp, or Fate's reluctant breast!"

LXIX.

Mute stood the king—when lo, the dragon-keep
Shook to its racked foundations, as when all
Corycia's caverns and the Delphic steep
Shook to the foot-tread of invading Gaul;
Or, as his path when flaming Ætna frees,
Shakes some proud city on Sicilian seas:

LXX.

Reeled heaving from his feet the dizzy floor;
Swam dreamlike on his gaze the fading cell;
As falls the seaman, when the waves dash o'er
The plank that glideth from his grasp—he fell.
To eyes ungifted, deadly were the least
Of those last mysteries, Nature yields her priest.

LXXI.

Morn, the joy-bringer, from her sparkling urn
Scatters o'er herb and flower the orient dew;
The larks to heaven, and souls to thought return—
Life, in each source, leaps rushing forth anew,
Fills every grain in Nature's boundless plan,
And wakes some fate in each desire of Man:

LXXII.

In each desire, each thought, each fear, each hope,
Each scheme, each wish, each fancy, and each end,
That morn calls forth, say, who can span the scope?
Who track the arrow which the soul may send?
One morning woke a youth in Macedon,
And longed for fame—and half the world was won.

LXXIII.

Fair shines the sun on stately Carduel;
The falcon, hoodwinked, basks upon the wall;
The tilt-yard echoes with the clarion's swell,
And lusty youth comes thronging to the call;
And martial sports, the daily wont, begin,
The page must practise if the knight would win.

LXXIV.

Some spur the palfrey at the distant ring;
Some, with blunt lance, in mimic tourney charge;
Here whirrs the pebble from the poisëd sling,
Or flies the arrow rounding to the targe;
While Age and Fame sigh, smiling, to behold
The young leaves budding to replace the old.

LXXV.

Nor yet forgot amid the special sports
Of polished Chivalry, the primal ten
Athletic contests, known in elder courts
Ere knighthood rose from the great Father-men,
Beyond the tilt-yard spread the larger space,
For the strong wrestle and the breathless race;

LXXVI.

Here some, the huge dull weights up-heaving throw;
Some ply the staff, and some the sword and shield;
And some that falchion with its thunder-blow
Which HEUS,* the Guardian, taught the Celt to wield;
Heus, who first guided o'er 'the Hazy Main'
Our Titan † sires from orient Defrobane.

LXXVII.

Life thus astir, and sport upon the wing,
Why yet doth Arthur dream day's prime away?
Still in charmed slumber lies the quiet King;
On his own couch the merry sunbeams play;
Gleam o'er the arms hung trophied from the wall;
And Cymri's antique crown surmounting all.

LXXVIII.

Slowly he woke; life came back with a sigh,
That herald, or that henchman, to the gate
Of all our knowledge;—and his startled eye
Fell where beside his couch the prophet sate;
Calm as befits the seer whose power controuls
Hosts that obey but the serenest souls.

* HEUS is the same deity as ESUS, or HESUS, mentioned in Lucan, the Mars of the Celts. According to the Welch triads, HEUS (or HU—Hu Gadarn; *i.e.* the mighty Guardian, or Inspector) brought the people of Cymry first into this isle, from the summer country called Defrobani (in the Tauric Chersonese) over the Hazy Sea (the German Ocean). Davies, in his Celtic Researches, observes that some commentator, at least as old as the twelfth century, repeatedly explains the situation of Defrobani as "that on which Constantinople now stands." "This comment," adds Davies, "would not have been made without some authority; it belongs to an age which possessed many documents relating to the history of the Britons which are now no longer extant."

† "Our Titan sires?"—according to certain mythologists, the Celts, or Cimmerians, were the Titans. On the other hand, some of the early chroniclers make the giants, or Titans, the aborigines of the island—whom the Britons very properly exterminate.

LXXIX.

"Prince," said the prophet, "with this morn awake
From pomp, from pleasure, to rough tasks and brave;
From yonder wall the arms of knighthood take,
But leave the crown which knightly arms may save;
O'er mount and vale, go, pilgrim, forth alone,
And win the gifts which shall defend a throne.

LXXX.

"So speak the Fates—till in the heavens the sun
Rounds his revolving course, O King, return
To man's first, noblest birthright, TOIL:—so won
In Grecian fable, to the ambrosial urn
Of joyous Hebè, and the Olympian grove,
The labouring son Alcmena bore to Jove.

LXXXI.

"Only by perils faced and pains endured,
Are youth's rude forces disciplined and skilled;
Only thro' patience fame can be secured,
And a grand life be a grand dream fulfilled.
But learn the gifts thy year of proof must gain,
Fail one, fail all, and deem thy labours vain.

LXXXII.

"There grows a herb—it only flowers on graves—
By which, when tasted, mortal sight can mark
Spiritual forms, and, on her own still waves,
The sybil steerer of the phantom bark;
Where her hand beckons thee, undaunted go,
Thy loftiest prize lurks in her world below.

LXXXIII.

"There, gleam the temples of religions dead;
There, grows a forest from a single stem;
There, shining pure in airs that glow blood-red,
The falchion, welded from a single gem,
Sheathed in a rock dusked by the vulture's wings,
Behold, and win from the Three Giant Kings.

LXXXIV.

"Seek next the silver shield in which the sleep
Of infant Thor was cradled—now the care
Of the fierce Dwarf whose home is on the deep,
Where drifting ice-rocks clash in lifeless air;
And War's pale Sisters smile to see the shock
Stir the still curtains round the couch of Lok.

LXXXV.

"Crowning thy toils—before the Iron Gate
Which opes its entrance at the faintest breath,
But hath no egress; where a Power like Fate
Rules, in name milder, all things that know Death.
Thy childlike guide through aught that rests behold,
With looks that light the dark and locks of gold.

LXXXVI.

"The sword, the shield, and that young playmate-guide,
Win; and the fiend, predicting wrath, shall lie;
Be danger braved, and be delight defied,
Front death with dauntless, but with solemn eye;
And tho' dark wings hang o'er these threatened halls,
Tho' war's red surge break thundering round thy walls,

LXXXVII.

"Tho', in the rear of time these prophet eyes
See to thy sons, thy Cymrians, many a woe;
Yet from thy loins a race of kings shall rise,
Whose throne shall shadow all the seas that flow;
Whose empire, broader than the Cæsar won,
Shall clasp a realm where never sets the sun.

LXXXVIII.

"And thou, thyself, shalt live from age to age,
A thought of beauty and a type of fame;—
Not the faint memory of some mouldering page;
But by the hearths of men a household name:
Theme to all song, and marvel to all youth—
Beloved as Fable, yet believed as Truth.

LXXXIX.

"But if thou fail—thrice woe!" Up sprang the King:
"Let the woe fall on feeble kings who fail
Their country's need! When falcons spread the wing
They face the sun, not tremble at the gale:
A name to conquer and a land to save!
With such rewards, never yet failed the brave."

XC.

Ere yet the shadows from the castle's base
Showed lapsing noon—in Carduel's council hall,
To the high princes of the dragon race,
The mighty prophet, whom the awe of all
As Fate's unerring oracle adored,—
Told the self exile of the parted lord;

XCI.

For his throne's safety and his country's weal
On high emprize to distant regions bound;
The cause must wisdom for success conceal;
For each sage counsel is, as fate, profound:
And none may trace the travail in the seed
Till the blade burst to glory in the deed.

XCII.

Few were the orders, as wise orders are,
For the upholding of the chiefless throne;
To strengthen peace and yet prepare for war;
Lest the fierce Saxon (Arthur's absence known),
Loose Death's pale charger from the broken rein,
To its grim pastures on the bloody plain.

XCIII.

Leave we the startled Princes in the hall;
Leave we the wondering babblers in the mart;
The grief, the guess, the hope, the doubt, and all
That stir a nation to its inmost heart,
When strides some monster Chance, unseen till then,
Into the circles of unthinking men.

XCIV.

Where the screened portal from the embattled town,
Opes midway on the hill, the lonely King,
Forth issuing, guides his barded charger down
The steep descent. Amidst the pomp of spring
Lapses the lucid river; jocund May
Waits in the vale to strew with flowers his way.

XCV.

Of brightest steel—but not embossed with gold
As when in tourneys rode the royal knight—
His arms flash sunshine back; the azure fold
Of the broad mantle, like a wave of light,
Floats tremulous, and leaves the sword-arm free.
Fair was that darling of all Poesy.

XCVI.

Thro' the raised vizor beamed the fearless eye,
The limpid mirror of a stately soul;
Bright with young hope, but grave with purpose high;
Sweet to encourage, steadfast to control;
An eye from which subjected hosts might draw,
As from a double fountain, love and awe.

XCVII.

The careless curl, that from the helm escaped,
Gleamed in the sunlight, lending gold to gold.
The features, clear as by a chisel shaped,
Made manhood godlike as a Greek's of old;
Save that, in hardier lineaments, looked forth
The soul that nerves the war-child of the North.

XCVIII.

O'er the light limb, and o'er the shoulders broad,
The steel flowed pliant as a silken vest;
Strength was so supple that like grace it showed,
And force was only by its ease confest;
Ev'n as the storms in gentlest waters sleep,
And in the ripple flows the mighty deep.

XCIX.

Now wound his path beside the woods that hang
O'er the green pleasaunce of the sunlit plain,
When a young footstep from the forest sprang,
And a light hand was on the charger's rein;
Surprised, the adventurer halts,—but pleased surveys
The friendly face that smiles upon his gaze.

C.

Of all the flowers of knighthood in his train
Three he loved best; young Caradoc the mild,
Whose soul was filled with song; and frank Gawaine,
Whom Mirth for ever, like a fairy child,
Locked from the cares of life; but neither grew
Close to his heart, like Lancelot the true.

CI.

Gawaine when gay, and Caradoc when grave,
Pleased: but young Lancelot, or grave or gay;
As yet life's sea had rolled not with a wave
To rend the plank from those twin hearts away;
At childhood's gate instinctive love began
And warmed with every sun that led to man.

CII.

The same sports lured them, the same labours strung,
The same song thrilled them with the same delight;
Where in the aisle their maiden arms had hung,
The same moon lit them thro' the watchful night;
The same day bound their knighthood to maintain
Life from reproach, and honour from a stain.

CIII.

And if the friendship scarce in each the same,
The soul has rivals where the heart has not;
So Lancelot loved his Arthur more than fame,
And Arthur more than life his Lancelot.
Lost here Rank's mean distinctions! knightly troth,
Frank youth, high thoughts, crowned Nature's kings in both.*

CIV.

"Whither wends Arthur?" "Whence comes Lancelot?"
"From yonder forest, sought at dawn of day."
"Why from the forest?" "Prince and brother, what,
When the bird, startled, flutters from the spray,
Makes the leaves quiver? What disturbs the rill
If but a zephyr floateth from the hill?

CV.

"And ask'st thou why thy brother's heart is stirred
By every tremor that can vex thine own?
What in that forest had'st thou seen or heard?
What was that shadow o'er thy sunshine thrown?
Thy lips were silent,—be the secret thine;
But half the trouble it concealed was mine.

CVI.

"Did danger meet thee in that dismal lair,
'T was mine to face it as thy heart had done.
'T was mine—" "O brother," cried the King, "beware,
The fiend has snares it shames not man to shun;—
Ah, woe to eyes on whose recoiling sight
Opes the dark world beyond the veil of light!

* Lancelot was, indeed, the son of a king, but a dethroned and a tributary one. The popular history of his infancy will be told in a subsequent book.

CVII.

"List!—till returns to his beloved May
The lord of light whom amber beacons hail,*
The horn's blithe rally and the hound's deep bay,
May waken Music from her own sweet vale †
On spell-bound ears the Harper's song may fall,
Love deck the bower and mirth illume the hall—

CVIII.

"But thou, O thou, my Lancelot shalt mourn,
Chilled by my distant shadow on thy soul;
Not blithe to thee shall be the hunter's horn,
Nor bright the liquid sunshine of the bowl,
Turn where thou may'st, a something missed shall be:
This knows my heart—so had it mourned for thee.

CIX.

"Alone I go;—submit; since thus the Fates
And the great Prophet of our race ordain;
So shall we drive invasion from our gates,
Guard life from shame, and Cymri from the chain;
No more than this my soul to thine may tell—
Forgive,—Saints shield thee!—now thy hand—farewell!"

CX.

"Farewell! Can danger be more strong than death—
Loose the soul's link, the grave-surviving vow?
Wilt thou find fragrance ev'n in glory's wreath,
If valour weave it for thy single brow?
No—not farewell! What claim more strong than brother
Canst thou allow?"—"My Country is my Mother;"—

* Those heaps of stone found throughout Britain (Crugiau, or Carneu), were sacred to the Sun in the Druid worship, and served as beacons in his honour on May eve. May was his consecrated month. The rocking-stones which mark these sanctuaries were called amber-stones.

† Cwm-Penllafar, the Vale of Melody—so called (as Mr. Pennant suggests) from the music of the hounds when in full cry over the neighbouring Rock of the Hunter.

CXI.

Answered the King, and at the solemn words
Rebuked stood Friendship, and its voice was stilled
As when some mighty bard with sudden chords
Strikes down the passion he before had thrilled,
Making grief awe;—so rushed that sentence o'er
The soul it mastered;—Lancelot urged no more.

CXII.

But loos'ning from the hand it clasped, his own,
He waved farewell, and turned his face away;
His sorrow only by his silence shown—
Thus, when from earth glides summer's golden day,
Music forsakes the boughs, and winds the stream;
And life, in deepening quiet, mourns the beam.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Introductory reflections—Arthur's absence—The deliberations of the three friends—Merlin seeks them—The trial of the enchanted forest—Merlin's soliloquy by the fountain—The return of the knights from the forest—Merlin's selection of the one permitted to join the King—The narrative returns to Arthur—The strange guide allotted to him—He crosses the sea, and arrives at the court of the Vandal—Ludovick, the Vandal King, described—His wily questions—Arthur's answers—The Vandal seeks his friend Astutio—Arthur leaves the court—Conference between Astutio and Ludovick—Astutio's profound statesmanship and subtle schemes—The Ambassador from Mercia—His address to Ludovick—The Saxons pursue Arthur—Meanwhile the Cymrian King arrives at the sea-shore—Description of the caves that intercept his progress—He turns inland—The Idol-shrine—The wolf and the priest.

I.

SWIFT on the dial shifts the restless shade,
With each new ray by each new moment won,—
So, when we vanish, does our memory fade
From hearts reflecting but a present sun;
The tree of life renews each fallen leaf,
And its own comfort lurks in every grief.

II.

Doth absence part—"the absent will return,"
Whispers bland Hope;—but is that absence death?
Doth joy seem buried in the lover's urn,
And sorrow ended only with thy breath?
Let but a year, perchance a month, be fled,
And joy survives—'tis sorrow that is dead.

III.

In street and mart still plies the busy craft;
Still Beauty trims for stealthy steps the bower;
By lips as gay the Hirlas horn* is quaft;
To the dark bourne still flies as fast the hour,
As when the many drew delight from one;
And Arthur's smile was as to flowers the sun.

* The Hirlas, or drinking-horn, (made of the horn of a buffalo, enriched either with gold or silver), was not a vessel peculiar to the Welch; the

IV.

Thrice blest, O King, that on thy royal head
Fall the night-dews; that the broad-spreading beech
Curtains thy sleep; that in the paths of dread,
Lonely, thou wanderest,—so thy steps may reach
The only shore that grows the amaranth tree,
Whose wreaths keep fresh in mortal memory.

V.

All is forgot save Poetry; or whether
Haunting Time's river from the vocal reeds,
Or linked not less in human souls together
With ends which make the poetry of deeds;
For either poetry alike can shine—
From Hector's valour as from Homer's line.

VI.

Yet let me wrong ye not, ye faithful three,
Gawaine, and Caradoc, and Lancelot;
Gawaine's light lip had lost its laughing glee,
And gentle Caradoc had half forgot
That famous epic which his muse had hit on,
Of Trojan Brut—from whom the name of Briton.

VII.

And thou, calm Lancelot; but there I hold;
The calm have griefs which grief alone can guess;
And so we leave whate'er he felt untold;
Light steps profane the heart's deep loneliness.
In the world's story Love yet fills the page,
But Friendship's date closed with the Hero age.

VIII.

Much, their sole comfort, much conversed the three
Upon their absent Arthur; what the cause
Of his self-exile, and its ends, could be;
Much did they ponder, hesitate, and pause
In high debate, if loyal love might still
Pursue his wanderings, though against his will.

Scandinavian nations also used it. The Hirlas Song of Owen, Prince of Powys, is familiar to all lovers of Welch literature; the best translation of which I am aware is to be found in the notes to Southey's Madoc.

IX.

But first the awe which kings command, restrained;
And next the ignorance of the path and goal;
So, thus for weeks they communed and remained;
Till o'er the woods a mellower verdure stole;
The bell-flower clothed the river-banks; the moon
Stood in the breathless firmament of June;

X.

When, as one twilight—near the forest-mount
They sate, and heard the vesper-bell afar
Swing from the dim Cathedral, and the fount
Hymn low its own sweet music to the star
Lone in the west—upon the sward was thrown
A sudden shadow stiller than their own.

XI.

They turned, beheld their Cymri's mighty seer,
Majestic Merlin, and with reverence rose;
"Knights," said the soothsayer, smiling, "be of cheer
If yet, alone thro' toil and danger, goes
Your King, one comrade of his faithful three
Fate now permits—the choice with Fate must be.

XII.

"Enter the forest—each his several way;
Return as dies in air the vesper chime;
The fiend the forest-populace obey
Hath not o'er mortals empire in the time
When holy sounds the wings of Heaven invite;
And prayer hangs charm-like on the wheels of Night.

XIII.

"What seen, what heard, mark mindful, and relate;
Here will I tarry till your steps return."
Ne'er leapt the captive from the prison grate
With livelier gladness to the smiles of morn,
Than sprang those rivals to the forest-gloom,
And its dark arms closed round them like a tomb.

XIV.

Before the fount, with thought-o'ershadowed brow,
The prophet stood, and bent a wistful eye
Along its starlit shimmer;—"Ev'n as now,"
He murmured, "didst thou lift thyself on high,
O symbol of my soul, and make thy course
One upward struggle to thy mountain source—

XV.

"When first, a musing boy, I stood beside
Thy sparkling showers, and asked my restless heart
What secrets Nature to the herd denied
But might to earnest hierophant impart;
Then, in the boundless space, around and o'er,
Thought whispered—'Rise, O seeker, and explore:

XVI.

"'Can every leaf a teeming world contain?
Can every globule gird a countless race,
Yet one death-slumber, in its dreamless reign,
Clasp all the illumed magnificence of space?
Life crowd a grain, from air's vast realms effaced,
The leaf a world—the firmament a waste?'

XVII.

"And while Thought whispered, from thy shining spring
Murmured the glorious answer—'Soul of Man,
Let the fount teach thee, and its struggle bring
Truth to thy yearnings!—whither I began
Thither I tend; my law is to aspire:
Spirit thy source, be spirit thy desire.'

XVIII.

"And I have made the life of spirit mine;
And, on the margin of my mortal grave,
My soul, already in an air divine
Ev'n in its terrors,—starlit, seeks to cleave
Up to the height on which its source must be—
And falls again, in earthward showers, like thee.

XIX.

" System on system climbing, sphere on sphere,
Upward for ever, ever, evermore,
Can all eternity not bring more near?
Is it in vain that I have sought to soar?
Vain as the Has been, is the long To be?
Type of my soul, O fountain, answer me!"

XX.

And while he spoke, behold the night's soft flowers,
Scentless at day, awoke, and bloomed, and breathed;
Fed by the falling of the fountain's showers,
Round its green marge the grateful garland wreathed;
The fount might fail its source on high to gain—
But ask the blossom if it soared in vain!

XXI.

The prophet marked, and, on his mighty brow,
Thought grew resigned; serene, though mournful still.
Now ceased the vesper, and the branches now
Stirred on the margin of the forest hill—
And Gawaine came into the starlit space—
Slow was his step, and sullen was his face.

XXII.

" What saw, what heard my son? "—" The sky and wood,
The crisping leaves by winds of winter spared."
A livelier footstep gained the fount—and stood,
Blithe in the starlight, Caradoc the bard;
The prophet smiled on that fair face—akin
Poet and prophet—" Child of Song, begin."

XXIII.

"I saw a glowworm light his fairy lamp,
Close where a little torrent forced its way
Through broad-leaved water-sedge, and alder damp;
Above the glowworm, from some lower spray
Of the near mountain-ash, the silver song
Of night's sweet chorister came clear and strong;

XXIV.

"No thrilling note of melancholy wail;
Ne'er pour'd the thrush more musical delight
Through noon-day laurels, than that nightingale
In the lone forest to the ear of Night—
Ev'n as the light web by Arachnè spun,
From bough to bough suspended in the sun,

XXV.

"Ensnares the heedless insect,—so, methought
Midway in air my soul arrested hung
In the melodious meshes; never aught
To mortal lute was so divinely sung!
Surely, O prophet, these the sound and sign,
Which make the lot, the search determines, mine."

XXVI.

"O self-deceit of man!" the soothsayer sighed,
"The worm but lent its funeral torch the ray;
The night-bird's joy but hailed the fatal guide,
In the bright glimmer, to its thoughtless prey.
And thou, bold-eyed one—in the forest, what
Met *thy* firm footstep?"—Out spoke Lancelot—

XXVII.

"I pierced the forest till a pool I reached,
Ne'er marked before—a dark yet lucid wave;
High from a blasted oak the night-owl screeched,
An otter crept from out its water-cave,
The owl grew silent when it heard my tread—
The otter marked my shadow, and it fled.

XXVIII.

"This all I saw, and all I heard."—"Rejoice!"
The Enchanter cried, "for thee the omens smile;
On thee propitious Fate hath fixed the choice;
And thou the comrade in the glorious toil.
In death the gentle bard but music heard;
But death gave way when life's firm soldier stirred.

XXIX.

"Forth ride, a dauntless champion, with the morn;
But let the night the champion nerve with prayer;
Higher and higher from the heron borne,
Wheels thy brave falcon to the heavenliest air,
Poises his wings, far towering o'er the foe,
And hangs aloft, before he swoops below.

XXX.

"Man, let the falcon teach thee!—Now, from land
To land thy guide, receive this crystal ring;
See, in the crystal moves a fairy hand,
Still, where it moveth, moves the wandering King—
Or east, or north, or south, or west, where'er
Points the sure hand, thine onward path be there!"

XXXI.

"Thine hour comes soon, young Gawaine! to the port
The light heart boundeth o'er the stormiest wave;
And thou, fair favourite in Gwyn-ab-Nudd's * court,
Whom fairies realms in every fancy gave;
Fear not from glory exiled long to be,
What toil to others, Nature brings to thee."

XXXII.

Thus with kind word, well chosen, unto each
Spoke the benign enchanter; and the twain,
Less favoured, heart and comfort from his speech
Hopeful conceived; the prophet up the plain,
Gathering weird simples, passed—to Carduel they;
And song escapes to Arthur's lonely way,

* Gwyn-ab-Nudd, the king of the fairies. He is, also, sometimes less pleasingly delineated, as the king of the infernal regions; the Welch Pluto—much the same as, in the chivalric romance writers, Proserpine is sometimes made the queen of the fairies.

XXXIII.

On tow'rds the ocean-shore (for thus the seer
Enjoined)—the royal knight, deep musing, rode;
Winding green margins, till more near and near
Unto the deep the exulting river flowed.
Here too a guide, when reached the mightier wave,
The heedful promise of the prophet gave.

XXXIV.

Where the sea flashes on the argent sands,
Soars from a lonely rock a snow-white dove;
Nor bird more beauteous to immortal lands
Bore Psychè rescued side by side with Love.
Ev'n as some thought which, pure of earthly taint,
Springs from the chaste heart of a virgin saint,

XXXV.

It hovers in the heaven, and from its wings
Shakes the clear dewdrops of unsullying seas;
Then circling gently in slow-measured rings,
Nearer and nearer to its goal it flees,
And drooping, fearless, on that noble breast,
Murmuring low joy, it coos itself to rest.

XXXVI.

The grateful King, with many a soothing word,
And bland caress, the guileless trust repaid;
When, gently sliding from his hand, the bird
Went fluttering where the hollow headlands made
A boat's small harbour; Arthur from the chain
Released the raft,—it shot along the main.

XXXVII.

Now in that boat, beneath the eyes of heaven,
Floated the three, the steed, the bird, the man;
To favouring winds the little sail was given;
The shore failed gradual, dwindling to a span;
The steed bent wistful o'er the watery realm;
And the white dove perched tranquil at the helm.

XXXVIII.

Haply by fisherman, its owner, left,
Within the boat were rude provisions stored;
The yellow harvest from the wild bee reft,
Bread, roots, dried fish; the luxuries of a board
Health spreads for toil; while skins and flasks of reed
Yield these the water, those the strenthening mead.

XXXIX.

Five days, five nights, still onward, onward o'er
Light-swelling waves, bounded the bark its way;
At last the sun set reddening on a shore;
Walls on the cliff, and war-ships in the bay;
While from bright towers, o'erlooking sea and plain,
The Leopard-banners told the Vandal's reign.

XL.

Amid those shifting royalties, the North
Poured from its teeming breast, in tumult driven,
Now to, now fro, as thunder-clouds sent forth
To darken, burst,—and, bursting, clear the heaven;
Ere yet the Nomad nations found repose,
And order dawned as Charlemain arose;

XLI.

Amidst that ferment of fierce races, won
To yonder shores a wandering Vandal horde,
Whose chief exchanged his war-tent for a throne,
And shaped a sceptre from a conqueror's sword;
His sons, expelled by rude intestine broil,
Sought that worst wilderness—the Stranger's soil.

XLII.

A distant kinsman, Ludovick his name,
Reigned in their stead, a king of sage repute;
His youth had wasted some rich seeds on fame;
His age, grown wiser, only planted—fruit.
War stormed the state, and civil discord rent,
He shunned the tempest till its wrath was spent.

XLIII.

Safe in serener lands he passed his prime;
But mused not vainly on the strife afar:
Returned, he watched—the husbandman of time—
The second harvest of rebellious war;
Cajoled the *Edelings*,* fixed the fickle *Gau*,
And to the *Leute* promised equal law:

XLIV.

The moment came, disorder split the realm;
Too stern the ruler, or too feebly stern;
The supple kinsman slided to the helm,
And trimmed the rudder with a dexterous turn;
A turn so dexterous, that it served to fling
Both over board—the people and the king.

XLV.

The captain's post repaid the pilot's task,
He seized the ship as he had cleared the prow;
Drop we the metaphor as he the mask:
And, while his gaping Vandals wondered how,
Behold the patriot to the despot grown,
Filched from the fight, and juggled to the throne!

XLVI.

And bland in words was wily Ludovick!
Much did he promise, nought did he fulfil;
The trickster Fortune loves the hands that trick,
And smiled approving on her conjuror's skill!
The promised freedom vanished in a tax,
And bays, turned briars, scourged bewildered backs,

* The EDELINGS were the nobles of the Teutonic races; the GOW or GAU, the district composed of the union of clans (MARCHA), which had its own independent administration, and chose its parliament of delegates (called Graven); and the LITI (whence the modern German word, LEUTE), were the subject population.

XLVII.

Soon is the landing of the stranger knight
Known at the court; and graciously the king
Gives to his guest the hospitable rite;
Heralds the tromp, and harpers wake the string;
Rich robes of miniver the mail replace,
And the bright banquet sparkles on the daïs.

XLVIII.

Where on the wall the cloth, gold-woven, glowed,
Beside his chair of state, the Vandal lord
Made room for that fair stranger, as he strodè,
With a king's footstep, to the kingly board.
In robes so nobly worn, the wise old man
Saw some great soul, which cunning whispered "scan."

XLIX.

A portly presence had the realm-deceiver;
An eye urbane, a people-catching smile,
A brow, of webs the everlasting weaver,
Where jovial frankness masked the serious guile;
Each word, well aimed, he feathered with a jest,
And, unsuspected, shot into the breast.

L.

Gaily he welcomed Arthur to the feast,
And pressed the goblet, which unties the tongue;
As the bowl circled so his speech increast,
And chose such flatteries as seduce the young;
Seeming in each kind question more to blend
The fondling father with the anxious friend.

LI.

If frank the prince, esteem him not the less;
The soul of knighthood loves the truth of man;
The boons he sought 'twas needful to suppress,
Not mask the seeker; so the prince began—
"Arthur my name, from Mel Ynys * I come,
And the steep homes of Cymri's Christendom.

* Mel Ynys, the Isle of Honey (sometimes Vel Ynys, with a more disputed signification), one of the old Welch names for England.

LII.

"Five days ago, in Carduel's halls a king,
A pilgrim knight, now under foreign skies;
I seek such fame as gallant deeds can bring,
And take from danger what delight denies;
Lore from experience, thought from toil to gain,
And learn as man how best as king to reign."

LIII.

The Vandal smiled, and praised the high design;
Then, careless, questioned of the Cymrian land:
"Was earth propitious to the corn and vine?
Was the sun genial?—were the breezes bland?
Did gold and gem the mountain mines conceal?"
"Our soil bears manhood, and our mountains steel,'

LIV.

Answered the Briton; "And where these are found,
All plains yield harvests, and all mines yield gold."
Next asked the Vandal, "What might be the bound
Of Cymri's realm, and what its strongest hold?"
"Its bound where might without a wrong can gain;
Its hold a people that abhors the chain!"

LV.

The Vandal mused, and thought the answers shrewd,
But little suited to the listeners by;
So turned the subject, nor again renewed
Sharp questions blunted by such bold reply.
Now ceased the banquet; to a chamber spread,
With fragrant heath, his guest the Vandal led.

LVI.

With his own hand unclasped the mantle's fold,
And took his leave in blessings without number;
Bade every angel shelter from the cold,
And every saint watch sleepless o'er the slumber;
Then his own chamber sought, and racked his breast
To find some use to which to put the guest.

LVII.

Three days did Arthur sojourn in that court,
And much he marvelled how that warlike race
Bowed to a chief, whom never knightly sport,
The gallant tourney, or the glowing chace
Allured; and least those glory-lighted dyes
Which make Death lovely in a warrior's eyes.

LVIII.

Yet, midst his marvel, much the Cymrian sees
For king to imitate and sage to praise;
Splendour and thrift in nicely poised degrees,
Caution that guards, and promptness that dismays,
The mild demeanour that excludes not awe,
And patient purpose steadfast as a law.

LIX.

On his part, Arthur in such estimation
Did the host hold, that he proposed to take
A father's charge of his forsaken nation.
"He loved not meddling, but for Arthur's sake,
Would leave his own, his guest's affairs to mind."
An offer Arthur thankfully declined.

LX.

Much grieved the Vandal "that he just had given
His last unwedded daughter to a Frank,
But still he had a wifeless son, thank heaven!
Not yet provisioned as beseemed his rank,
And one of Arthur's sisters—" Uther's son
Smiled, and replied—"Sir king, I have but one,

LXI.

"Borne by my mother to her former lord;
Not young."—"Alack! youth cannot last like riches."
"Not fair."—Then youth is less to be deplored."
"A witch." *—"All women till they're wed are witches!
Wived to my son, the witch will soon be steady!"
"Wived to your son?—she is a wife already!"

* The witch MOURGE, or MORGANA (historically ANNA), was Arthur's sister.

LXII.

O baseless dreams of man! The king stood mute!
That son, of all his house the favourite flower,
How had he sought to force it into fruit,
And graft the slip upon a lusty dower!
And this sole sister of a king so rich,
A wife already!—Saints consume the witch!

LXIII.

With brow deject, the mournful Vandal took
Occasion prompt to leave his royal guest,
And sought a friend who served him, as a book
Read in our illness, in our health dismist;
For seldom did the Vandal condescend
To that poor drudge which monarchs call a friend!

LXIV.

And yet Astutio was a man of worth
Before the brain had reasoned out the heart;
But now he learned to look upon the earth
As peddling hucksters look upon the mart;
Took souls for wares, and conscience for a till;
And damned his fame to serve his master's will.

LXV.

Much lore he had in men, and states, and things,
And kept his memory mapped in prim precision,
With histories, laws, and pedigrees of kings,
And moral saws, which ran through each division,
All neatly colour'd with appropriate hue—
The histories black, the morals heavenly blue.

LXVI.

But state-craft, mainly, was his pride and boast;
"The golden medium" was his guiding star,
Which means "move on until you're uppermost,
And then things can't be better than they are!
Brief, in two rules he summed the ends of man—
"Keep all you have, and try for all you can!"

LXVII.

While these conferred, fair Arthur wistfully
Looked from the lattice of his stately room;
The rainbow spanned the ocean of the sky;
Sunshine and cloud, the glory and the gloom,
Like grief and joy from light's same sources given;—
Tears weave with smiles to form the bridge to heaven:

LXVIII.

As such, perchance, his thought, the snow-white dove,
Which at the threshold of the Vandal's towers
Had left his side, came circling from above,
Athwart the rainbow and the sparkling showers,
Flew through the open lattice, paused, and sprung
Where on the wall the abandoned armour hung;

LXIX.

Hovered above the lance, the mail, the crest,
Then back to Arthur, and with querulous cries,
Pecked at the clasp that bound the flowing vest,
Chiding his dalliance from the armed emprize,
So Arthur deemed; and soon from head to heel
Blazed War's dread statue, sculptured from the steel.

LXX.

Then through the doorway flew the wingëd guide,
Skimmed the long gallery, shunned the thronging hall,
And, through deserted posterns, led the stride
Of its armed follower to the charger's stall;
Loud neighed the destrier at the welcome clang,
And drowsy horseboys into service sprang.

LXXI.

Though threatened danger well the prince divined,
He deemed it churlish in ungracious haste
Thus to depart, nor thank a host so kind;
But when the step the courteous thought retraced,
With breast and wing the dove opposed his way,
And warned with scaring scream the rash delay;

LXXII.

The King reluctant yields. Now in the court
Paws with impatient hoof the barded steed;
Now yawn the sombre portals of the fort;
Creaks the hoarse drawbridge;—now the walls are freed.
Thro' dun woods hanging o'er the ocean tide,
Glimmers the steel, and gleams the angel-guide.

LXXIII.

An opening glade upon the headland's brow
Sudden admits the ocean and the day.
Lo! the waves cleft before the gilded prow,
Where the tall war-ship, towering, sweeps to bay.
Why starts the King?—High over mast and sail
The Saxon Horse rides ghastly in the gale!

LXXIV.

Grateful to heaven, and heaven's plumed messenger,
He raised his reverent eyes, then shook the rein:
Bounded the barb, disdainful of the spur,
Cleared the steep cliff, and scoured along the plain.
Still, while he sped, the swifter wings that lead
Seemed to rebuke for sloth the swiftening steed.

LXXV.

Nor cause unmeet for grateful thought, I ween,
Had the good King; nor vainly warned the bird,
Nor idly fled the steed; as shall be seen,
If, where the Vandal and his friend conferred,
Awhile our path retracing, we relate
What craft deems guiltless when the craft of state.

LXXVI.

"Sire," quoth Astutio, "well I comprehend
Your cause for grief; the seedsman breaks the ground
For the new plant; new thrones that would extend
Their roots, must loosen all the earth around;
For trees and thrones no rule than this more true,
What most disturbs the old best serves the new.

LXXVII.

"Thus all ways wise to push your princely son
Under the soil of Cymri's ancient stem;
And if the ground the thriving plant had won,
What prudent man will plants that thrive, condemn?
Sir, in your move a master hand is seen,
Your pawn so well-played might have caught a queen."

LXXVIII.

"And now checkmate!" the wretched sire exclaims,
With watering eyes, and mouth that watered too.
"Nay," quoth the sage; "a match means many games.
Replace the pieces, and begin anew.
You want this Cymrian's crown—the want is just."—
"But how to get it?"—"Sir, with ease, I trust.

LXXIX.

"The witch is married—better that than burn;—
A well-known text—to witches not applied—
But let that pass:—great sir to Anglia turn,
And mate your Vandal with a Saxon bride.
Her dower,"—Cried Ludovick, "The dower's the thing!"
"The lands and sceptre of the Cymrian King."

LXXX.

Then to that anxious sire the learnëd man
Bared the large purpose latent in his speech;
O'er Britain's gloomy history glibly ran;
Anglia's new kingdoms, he described them each;
But most himself to Mercia he addresses,
For Mercia's king, great man, hath two princesses.

LXXXI.

Long on this glowing theme enlarged the sage,
And turned, returned, and turned it o'er again;
Thus when a mercer would your greed engage
In some fair silk, or cloth of comely grain,
He spreads it out—upholds it to the sun—
Strokes and restrokes it, and the pelf is won!

LXXXII.

He showed the Saxon hungering to devour
The last unconquered realm the Cymrian boasts;
He dwelt at length on Mercia's gathering power,
Swelled, year by year, from Elbe's unfailing hosts;
Then proved how Mercia scarcely could retain
Beneath the sceptre what the sword might gain;

LXXXIII.

"For Mercia's vales from Cymri's hills are far,
And Mercian warriors hard to keep afield;
And men fresh conquered stormy subjects are;
What can't be held 't is no great loss to yield;
And still the Saxon might secure his end,
If where the foe had reigned he left a friend.

LXXXIV.

"Nay, what so politic in Mercia's king
As on that throne a son-in-law to place?"
While thus they saw their birds upon the wing
Ere hatched the egg,—as is the common case—
With large capacious minds, the natural heirs
Of that vast property—the things not theirs;

LXXXV.

In comes a herald—comes with startling news:
A Saxon chief has anchored in the bay,
From Mercia's king ambassador, and sues
The royal audience ere the close of day.
The wise old men upon each other stare.
"While monarchs counsel, thus the saints prepare."

LXXXVI.

Murmured Astutio with a pious smile.
"Admit the noble Saxon," quoth the king.
The two laugh out, and rub their palms, the while
The herald speeds the ambassador to bring;
And soon a chief, fair-haired, erect, and tall,
With train and trumpet, strides along the hall.

LXXXVII.

Upon his wrist a falcon, bell'd, he bore,
Leashed at his heels six blood-hounds grimly stalked;
A broad round shield was slung his breast before;
The floors reclanged with armour as he walked·
He gained the daïs; his standard-bearer spread
Broadly the banner o'er his helmëd head;

LXXXVIII.

And thrice the tromp his blazoned herald woke,
And hailed Earl Harold from the Mercian king.
Full on the Vandal gazed the earl, and spoke:
"Greeting from Crida, Woden's heir, I bring,
And these plain words;—'The Saxon's steel is bare,
Red harvests wait it—will the Vandal share?

LXXXIX.

"'Hengist first chased the Briton from the vale;
Crida would hound the Briton from the hill;
Stern hands have loosed the Pale Horse on the gale;
The Horse shall halt not till the winds are still.
Be ours your foemen,—be your foemen shown,
And we in turn will smite them as our own.

XC.

"'We need allies—in you allies we call;
Your shores oppose the Cymrian's mountain sway;
Your armëd men stand idle in your hall;
Your vessels rot within your crowded bay:
Send three full squadrons to the Mercian bands—
Send seven tall war-ships to the Cymrian lands.

XCI.

"'If this you grant, as,—from the old renown
Of Vandal valour,—Saxon men believe,
Our arms will solve all question to your crown;
If not, the heirs you banish we receive;
But one rude maxim Saxon bluntness knows—
We serve our friends, who are not friends are foes.

XCII.

" 'Thus speaks King Crida.'" Not the manner much
Of that brief speech wise Ludovick admired;
But still the matter did so nearly touch
The great state objects recently desired,
That, with a smile, he gulped resentment down,
And trimmed the hook that angled for a crown.

XCIII.

Fair words he gave, and friendly hints of aid,
And prayed the envoy in his halls to rest;
And more, in truth, to please the earl had said,
But that the sojourn of the earlier guest
(For not the parting of the Cymrian known)
Forbade his heart too broadly to be shown.

XCIV.

But ere a long and oily speech had closed,
Astutio, who the hall, when it begun,
Had left, to seek the prince, (whom he proposed,
If yet the tidings to his ear had won
Of his foe's envoy, by some smooth pretext
To lull) came back with visage much perplext—

XCV.

And whispered Ludovick—"The King has fled!"
The Vandal stammered, stared; but, versed in all
The quick resources of a wily head,
That out of evil still a good could call,
He did but pause, with more effect to wing
The stone that chance had fitted to his sling.

XCVI.

"Saxon," he said, "thus far we had premised,
And if still wavering, not our heart in fault.
Three days ago, the Cymrian king, disguised,
First drank our cup, and tasted of our salt,
And hence our zeal to aid you we represt,
Lest men should say, 'the Vandal wronged his guest.'

XCVII.

"Lo, while we speak, the saints the bond release,
Arthur but now hath left us—we are free."
"Arthur—the Cymrian!" cried the envoy. "Peace;
In deeds, not words, men's love the Saxons see:
Left you! and whither? But a word I need—
To launch my blood-hounds and to guide my steed."

XCVIII.

Dumb sate the Vandal, dumb with fear and shame,
No slave to virtue, but its shade, was he;
A tower of strength is in an honest name—
'T is wise to seem what oft 't is dull to be!
A kingly host a kingly guest betray!
The chafing Saxon brooked not that delay—

XCIX.

But turned his sparkling eyes behind, and saw
His knights and squires with zeal as fierce inflamed,
And out he spoke—"The hospitable law
We will not trench, whate'er the guest had claimed
Let the host yield; forgive, that, hotly stirred,
His course I questioned; I retract the word:

C.

"If on your hearth he stands, protect; within
Your realm if wandering, guard him as you may;
This hearth not ours, nor this our realm;—no sin
To chace our foeman, whatsoe'er his way;
Up spear—forth sword! to selle each Saxon man—
Unleash the war-hounds—stay us those who can!"

CI.

Loud rang the armëd tumult in the hall;
Rushed to the doors the Saxon's fiery band!
Yelled the gaunt blood-hounds loosened from the thrall;
Steeds neighed; leapt forth the falchion to the hand;
Low on the earth the blood-hounds tracked the scent,
And where they guided there the hunters went.

CII.

Amazed the Vandal with his friend debates
What course were best in such extremes to choose;
Nicely they weigh;—the Saxons pass the gates:
Finely refine;—the chace its prey pursues.
And while the chace pursues, to him, whose way
The dove directs, well pleased, returns the lay.

CIII.

Twilight was on the earth, when paused the King
Lone by the beach of far-resounding seas;
Rock upon rock, behind, a Titan ring,
Closed round a gorge o'erhung with breathless trees.
A horror of still umbrage; and, before,
Wave-hollowed caves arched, ruinous, the shore.

CIV.

Column and vault, and seaweed-dripping domes,
Long vistas opening through the streets of dark,
Seemed like a city's skeleton; the homes
Of giant races vanished since the ark
Rested on Ararat: from side to side
Moaned the locked waves that ebb not with the tide

CV.

Here, path forbid; where, lengthening up the land,
The deep gorge stretches to a night of pine,
Veer the white wings; and there the slackened hand
Guides the tired steed; deeplier the shades decline;
Dulled with each step into the darker gloom
Follows the ocean's hollow-sounding boom.

CVI.

Sudden starts back the steed, with bristling mane
And nostrils snorting fear; from out the shade
Loom the vast columns of a roofless fane,
Meet for some god whom savage man hath made:
A mighty pine-torch on the altar glowed
And lit the goddess of the grim abode—

CVII.

So that the lurid idol, from its throne,
Glared on the wanderer with a stony eye;
The King breathed quick the Christian orison,
Spurred the scared barb, and passed abhorrent, by—
Nor marked a figure on the floor reclined;
It watched, it rose, it crept, it dogged behind.

CVIII.

Three days, three nights, within that dismal shrine,
Had couched that man, and hungered for his prey.
Chieftain and priest of hordes that from the Rhine
Had tracked in carnage thitherwards their way;
Fell souls that still maintain their rites of yore,
And hideous altars rank with human gore.

CIX.

By monstrous Oracles a coming foe,
Whose steps appal his gods, hath been foretold;
The fane must fall unless the blood shall flow;
Therefore three days, three nights, he watched;—behold
At last the death-torch of the blazing pine
Darts on the foe the lightning of the shrine.

CX.

Stealthily on, amidst the bushwood, crept
With practised foot, and unrelaxing eye,
The steadfast Murder;—where the still leaf slept
The still leaf stirred not: as it glided by
The mosses gave no echo: not a breath!
Nature was hushed as if in league with Death.

CXI.

As moved the man, so, on the opposing side
Of the deep gorge, with purpose like his own,
Did steps as noiseless to the blood-feast glide;
And as the man before his idol's throne
Had watched,—so watched, since daylight left the air,
A giant wolf within its leafy lair.

CXII.

Whether the blaze allured, or hunger stung,
There still had cowered and crouched the beast of prey:
With lurid eyes unwinking, spell-bound, clung
To the near ridge that faced the torchlit way;
As the steed passed, it rose: On either side,
Here glides the wild beast, there the man doth glide.

CXIII.

But, all unconscious of the double foe,
Paused Arthur, where his resting-place the dove
Seemed to select,—his couch a mound below;
A bowering beech his canopy above:
From his mailed harness he the steed released,
And left it, reinless, to its herbage feast;

CXIV.

Then from his brow the helmet he unbraced,
And from his breast the hauberk's heavy load;
On the tree's stem the trophied arms he placed,
And, ere to rest the weary limbs bestowed,
Thrice signed the cross the fiends of night to scare,
And guarded helpless sleep with potent prayer.

CXV.

Then on the moss-grown couch he laid him down,
Fearless of night, and hopeful for the morn:
On Sleep's soft lap the head without a crown
Forgot the gilded trouble it had worn;
Slumbered the King—the browsing charger strayed—
The dove, unsleeping, watched amidst the shade.

CXVI.

And now, on either hand the dreaming King,
Death halts to strike: the crouchëd wild beast, here,
From the close crag prepares its hungry spring;
There, from the thicket creeping, near and near,
Steals the wild man, and listens for a sound—
Then, with clutcht knife, draws back for his grim bound.

CXVII.

But what befell? O thou, whose gentle heart
Lists, scornful not, this unfamiliar rhyme;
If, as thy steps to busier life depart,
Still in thine ear rings low the haunting chime,
When leisure suits once more forsake the throng,
Call childhood back, and re-demand the song.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Arthur still sleeps—The sounds that break his rest—The war between the beast and the man—How ended—The Christian foe and the heathen—The narrative returns to the Saxons in pursuit of Arthur—Their chace is stayed by the caverns described in the preceding book, the tides having now advanced up the gorge through which Arthur passed, and blocked that pathway—The hunt is resumed at dawn—The tides have receded from the gorge—One of the hounds finds scent—The riders are on the track—Harold heads the pursuit—The beech tree—The man by the water-spring—The wood is left—The knight on the brow of the hill—Parley between the earl and the knight—The encounter—Harold's address to his men, and his foe—His foe's reply—The dove and the falcon—The unexpected succour—And conclusion of the fray—The narrative passes on to the description of the Happy Valley—In which the dwellers await the coming of a stranger—History of the Happy Valley—A colony founded by Etrurians from Fiesolè, forewarned of the destined growth of the Roman dominion—Its strange seclusion and safety from the changes of the ancient world—The law that forbade the daughters of the Lartian or ruling family to marry into other clans—Only one daughter (the queen) is left now, and the male line in the whole Lartian clan is extinct—The contrivance of the Augur for the continuance of the royal house, sanctioned by two former precedents—A stranger is to be lured into the valley—The simple dwellers therein to be deceived into believing him a god—He is to be married to the queen, and then, on the birth of a son, to vanish again amongst the gods, (*i.e.* to be secretly made away with)—Two temples at the opposite ends of the valley give the only gates to the place—By the first, dedicated to Tina, (the Etrurian Jove,) the stranger is to be admitted—In the second, dedicated to Mantu (the god of the shades,) he is destined to vanish—Such a stranger is now expected in the Happy Valley—He emerges, led by the Augur, from the temple of Tina—Æglè, the queen, described—Her stranger-bridegroom is led to her bower.

I.

We raise the curtain, where the unconscious King
Beneath the beech, the fearless couch had made;
Here, the fierce fangs prepared their deadly spring;
There in the hand of Murther gleamed the blade;
And not a sound to warn him from above;
Where, still unsleeping, watched the guardian dove!

II.

Hark, a dull crash !—a howling, ravenous yell!
Opening fell symphony of ghastly sound,
Jarring yet blent, as if the dismal hell
Sent its strange anguish from the rent profound:
Through all its scale the horrible discord ran,
Now mocked the beast, now took the groan of man;

III.

Wrath, and the grind of gnashing teeth; the growl
Of famine routed from its red repast;
Sharp shrilling pain; and fury from some soul
That fronts despair, and wrestles to the last.
Upsprang the King; thro' trelliced leaves the ray
Of the still moon just wins its glimmering way,

IV.

And lo, before him, close, yet wanly faint,
Forms that seem shadows, strife that seems the sport
Of things that oft some holy hermit-saint
Lone in Egyptian plains—the dread resort
Of Nile's dethronëd demon gods—hath viewed;
The grisly tempters, born of Solitude:—

V.

Coiled in the strong death-grapple, through the dim
And haggard air, before the Cymrian lay
Writhing and interlaced, with fang and limb,
As if one shape, what seemed a beast of prey
And the grand form of Man!—The bird of Heaven
Wisely no note to warn the sleep had given;

VI.

The sleep protected;—as the murderer sprang
So sprang the wolf,—each tow'rds the dreamer's breast:
Midway they met;—The murderer found the fang,
The wolf the steel;—so, starting from his rest
The saved man woke to save! Nor time was here
For pause or caution; for the sword or spear;

VII.

Clasped round the wolf, swift arms of iron draw
From their fierce hold its buried fangs;—on high
Up-borne, the baffled terrors of its jaw
Gnash vain;—one yell howls, hollow, through the sky;
And dies abruptly, stifled to a gasp,
As pants the wild-beast in its conqueror's grasp.

VIII.

Fit for a nation's bulwark that strong breast
To which the strong arms lock the powerless foe,
Till its limbs stir not,—till its gasp hath ceast;
And lifeless down the dull weight drops below.
And kindred form, which now the King surveys,
Those arms, all gentle as a woman's, raise.

IX.

The pale cheek pillowed on his pitying heart,
He wipes the blood from face, and breast, and limb,
And joyful sees—for no humaner art
Which Christian knighthood knows, unknown to him—
That the fell fangs the nobler parts forbore,
And, thanks, sweet Virgin!—life returns once more.

X.

Round him the savage stared; from dizzy eyes
Tossed the wild shaggy hair; and to his knee,—
His reeling feet—up staggered—Lo, where lies
The dead wild beast!—lo, in his saviour, see
The fellow-man, whom:—With a feeble bound
He leapt, and snatched the dagger from the ground;

XI.

And, faithful to his gods, he sprang to slay;
Breath and force failed him; gleamed and dropped the blade;
The arm hung nerveless;—by the beast of prey
Murder, still baffled, fell:—Then, soothing, said
The gentle King—"Behold no foe in me!"
And knelt by Hate like pitying Charity.

XII.

In suffering man he could not own a foe,
And his mild hand clasped that which yearned to kill!
"Ha," gasp'd the gazing savage, "dost thou know
That I had doomed thee in thy sleep?—that still
My soul would doom thee, could my hand obey?—
Wake thou, stern goddess—seize thyself the prey!"

XIII.

"Serv'st thou a goddess," said the wondering King,
"Whose rites ask innocent blood?—O brother, learn
In heaven, in earth, in each created thing,
One God, whom all call 'FATHER,' to discern!"
"Can thy God suffer thy God's foe to live?"—
"God once had foes, and said to man, 'Forgive,'"

XIV.

Answered the Christian! Dream-like the mild words
Fell on the ear, as sense again gave way
To swooning sleep; which woke but with the birds
In the cold clearness of the dawning day.—
Strung by that sleep, the savage scowled around;
Why droops his head? Kind hands his wounds have bound!

XV.

Lonely he stood, and missed that tender foe;
The wolf's glazed eye-ball mutely met his own;
Beyond, the pine-brand sent its sullen glow,
Circling blood-red the awful altar-stone;
Blood-red, as sinks the sun, from land afar,
Ere tempests wreck the Amalfian mariner;

XVI.

Or as, when Mars sits in the House of Death
For doomed Aleppo, on the hopeless Moor
Glares the fierce orb from skies without a breath,
While the chalked signal on the abhorrëd door
Tells that the Pestilence is come!—The pine
Unheeded wastes upon the hideous shrine;

XVII.

The priest returns not;—from its giant throne,
The idol calls in vain:—its realm is o'er;
The Dire Religion flies the altar-stone,
For love has breathed on what was hate before.
Lured by man's heart, by man's kind deeds subdued,
Him who had pardoned, he who wronged pursued.

XVIII.

Meanwhile speeds on the Saxon chace, behind;—
Baffled at first, and doubling to and fro,
At last the war-dogs snort the fatal wind,
Burst on the scent, which gathers as they go;
Day wanes, night comes; the star succeeds the sun,
To light the hunt until the quarry's won.

XIX.

At the first grey of dawn, they halt before
The fretted arches of the giant caves;
For here the tides rush full upon the shore.
The failing scent is snatched amidst the waves,—
Waves block the entrance of the gorge unseen;
And roar, hoarse-surging, up the pent ravine.

XX.

And worn, and spent, and panting, flag the steeds,
With mail and man bowed down; not meet to breast
The hell of waters, whence no pathway leads,
And which no plummet sounds;—Reluctant rest
Checks the pursuit, till sullenly and slow
Back, threatening still, the hosts of Ocean go,—

XXI.

And the bright clouds that circled the fair sun
Melt in the azure of the mellowing sky;
Then hark again the human hunt begun,
The ringing hoof, the hunter's cheering cry;
Round and around, by sand, and cave, and steep,
The doubtful ban-dogs, undulating, sweep:

XXII.

One of them, now winds where the wave hath left
The unguarded portals of the gorge, and there
Far-wandering halts; and from a rocky cleft
Spreads his keen nostril to the whispering air;
Then, with trailed ears, moves cowering o'er the ground,
The deep bay booming breaks:—the scent is found.

XXIII.

Hound answers hound,—along the dark ravine
Pours the fresh wave of spears and tossing plumes;
On—on; and now the idol-shrine obscene
The dying pine-brand flickeringly illumes;
The dogs go glancing through the shafts of stone,
Trample the altar, hurtle round the throne:

XXIV.

Where the lone priest had watched, they pause awhile;
Then forth, hard-breathing, down the gorge they swoop;
Soon the swart woods that close the far defile
Gleam with the shimmer of the steel-clad troop:
Glinting through leaves—now brightening through the glade,
Now lost, dispersed amidst the matted shade.

XXV.

Foremost rode Harold, on a matchless steed,
Whose sire, from Afric coasts a sea-king bore,
And gave the Mercian, as his noblest meed,
What time, then beardless, to Norwegian shore
Against a common foe, the Saxon Thane
Led three tall ships, and launched them on the Dane:

XXVI.

Foremost he rode, and on his mailed breast
Cranched the strong branches of the groaning oak.
Hark, with full peal, as suddenly suppressed,
Behind, the ban-dog's choral joy-cry broke!
Led by the note, he turns him back, to reach,
Near the wood's marge, a solitary beech.

XXVII.

Clear space spreads round it for a rood or more;
Where o'er the space the feathering branches bend,
The dogs, wedged close, with jaws that drip with gore,
Growl o'er the carcase of the wolf they rend.
Shamed at their lord's rebuke, they leave the feast—
Scent the fresh foot-track of the idol-priest;

XXVIII.

And, track by track, deep, deeper through the maze,
Slowly they go—the watchful earl behind.
Here the soft earth a recent hoof betrays;
And still a footstep near the hoof they find;—
So on, so on—the pathway spreads more large,
And daylight rushes o'er the forest marge.

XXIX.

The dogs bound emulous; but, snarling, shrink
Back at the anger of the earl's quick cry;—
Near a small water spring, had paused to drink
A man half clad, who now, with kindling eye,
And lifted knife, roused by the hostile sounds,
Plants his firm foot, and fronts the glaring hounds.

XXX.

"Fear not, rude stranger," quoth the earl in scorn;
"Not thee I seek; my dogs chace nobler prey.
Speak, thou hast seen, if wandering here since morn,
A lonely horseman;—whither wends his way?"
"Track'st thou his steps in love or hate?"—"Why, so
As hawk its quarry, or as man his foe."

XXXI.

"Thou dost not serve his God," the heathen said;
And sullen turned to quench his thirst again.
The fierce earl chafed, but longer not delayed;
For what he sought the earth itself made plain
In the clear hoof-prints; to the hounds he showed
The clue, and, cheering as they tracked, he rode.

XXXII.

But thrice, to guide his comrades from the maze,
Rings through the echoing wood his lusty horn.
Now o'er waste pastures where the wild bulls graze,
Now labouring up slow-lengthening headlands borne,
The steadfast hounds outstrip the horseman's flight,
And on the hill's dim summit fade from sight.

XXXIII.

But scarcely fade, before, though faint and far,
Fierce wrathful yells the foe at bay reveal.
On spurs the Saxon, till, like some pale star,
Gleams on the hill a lance—a helm of steel.
The brow is gained; a space of level land,
Bare to the sun—a grove at either hand;

XXXIV.

And in the middle of the space a mound;
And, on the mound a knight upon his barb.
No need for herald there his tromp to sound!—
No need for diadem and ermine garb!
Nature herself has crowned that lion mien;
And in the man the king of men is seen.

XXXV.

Upon his helmet sits a snow-white dove,
Its plumage blending with the plumëd crest.
Below the mount, recoiling, circling, move
The ban-dogs, awed by the majestic rest
Of the great foe; and, yet with fangs that grin,
And eyes that redden, raves the madding din.

XXXVI.

Still stands the steed; still, shining in the sun,
Sits on the steed the rider, statue-like:
One stately hand upon his haunch, while one
Lifts the tall lance, disdainful ev'n to strike;
Calm from the roar obscene looks forth his gaze,
Calm as the moon at which the watch-dog bays.

XXXVII.

The Saxon reined his destrier on the brow
Of the broad hill; and if his inmost heart
Ever confest to fear, fear touched it now;—
Not that chill pang which strife and death impart
To meaner men, but such religious awe
As from brave souls a foe admired can draw:

XXXVIII.

Behind a quick and anxious glance he threw,
And pleased beheld spur midway up the hill
His knights * and squires; again his horn he blew,
Then hushed the hounds, and neared the slope where still
The might of Arthur rested, as in cloud
Rests thunder; there his haughty crest he bowed,

XXXIX.

And lowered his lance, and said—"Dread foe and lord,
Pardon the Saxon Harold, nor disdain
To yield to warrior hand a kingly sword.
Behold my numbers! to resist were vain,
And flight—" Said Arthur, "Saxon, is a word
From warrior lips a king should not have heard;

XL.

"And, sooth to say, when Cymri's knights shall ride
To chace a Saxon monarch from the plain,
More knightly sport shall Cymri's king provide,
And Cymrian tromps shall ring a nobler strain.
Warrior, forsooth! when first went warrior, say,
With hound and horn—God's image for the prey?"

XLI.

Galled to the quick, the fiery earl erect
Rose in his stirrups, shook his iron hand,
And cried—"ALFADER! but for the respect
Armed numbers owe to one, my Saxon brand
Should—but why words? Ho, Mercia to the field!
Lance to the rest!—yield, scornful Cymrian, yield!"

* See note 6 in Appendix.

XLII.

For answer, Arthur closed his bassinet.
Then down it broke, the thunder from that cloud!
And, ev'n as thunder by the thunder met,
O'er his spurred steed broad-breasted Harold bowed;
Swift through the air the rushing armour flashed,
And in the shock commingling tempests clashed.

XLIII.

The Cymrian's lance smote on the Mercian's breast,
Through the pierced shield,—there, shivering in the hand.
The dove had stirred not on the Prince's crest,
And on his destrier bore him to the band,
Which, moving not, but in a steadfast ring,
With levelled lances front the coming King.

XLIV.

His shivered lance thrown by, high o'er his head
Plucked from the selle, his battle axe he shook—
Paused for an instant—breathed his foaming steed,
And chose his pathway with one lightning look:
From the hill's brow extending either side,
The Saxon troop the rearward woods denied;

XLV.

These gained, their numbers less their strife avail.
He paused, and every voice cried—"Yield, brave King!"
Scarce died the word ere through the wall of mail
Flashes the breach, and backwards reels the ring,
Plumes shorn, shields cloven, man and horse o'erthrown,
As the armed meteor flames and rushes on.

XLVI.

Till then, the danger shared, upon his crest,
Unmoved and calm, had sate the faithful dove,
Serene as, braved for some belovëd breast
All peril finds the gentle hero,—Love;
But rising now, towards the dexter side
Where stretch the woods, the prescient pinions guide.

XLVII.

Near the green marge the Cymrian checks the rein,
And, ev'n forgetful of the dove, wheels round,
To front the foe that follows up the plain:
So when the lion, with a single bound,
Breaks through Numidian spears,—he halts before
His den; and roots dread feet that fly no more.

XLVIII.

Their riven ranks reformed, the Saxons move
In curving crescent, close, compact, and slow
Behind the earl; who feels a hero's love
Fill his large heart for that great hero foe;
Murmuring, "May Harold, thus confronting all,
Pass from the spear-storm to the Golden Hall!"

XLIX.

Then to his band—"If prophecy and sign
Paling men's cheeks, and read by wizard seers,
Had not declared that Woden's threatened line,
And the large birthright of the Saxon spears,
Were crossed by SKULDA,† in the baleful skein
Of him who dares 'The choosers of the Slain,' ‡

L.

"If not forbid against his single arm
Singly to try the evën-sworded strife,
Since his new gods, or Merlin's mighty charm,
Hath made a host the were-geld of his life—
Not ours this shame!—here one, and there a field,
But men are waxen when the Fates are steeled.

* Wulhalla.
† SKULDA, the Norna, or Destiny, of the Future.
‡ The Valkyrs (in Saxon, Valcyrge, Valcyrian), the Choosers of the Slain, who ride before the battle, and select its victims; to whom, afterwards (softening their character), they administer in Walhalla.

LI.

"Seize we our captive, so the gods command—
But ye are men, let manhood guide the blow;
Spare life, or but with life-defending hand
Strike—and Walhalla take that noble foe!
Sound tromp, speed truce."—Sedately from the rest
Rode out the earl, and Cymri thus addrest:—

LII.

"Our steels have crossed: hate shivers on the shield;
If the speech galled, the lance atones the word:
Yield, for thy valour wins the right to yield;
Unstained the scutcheon, though resigned the sword.
Grant us the grace, which chance—not arms—hath won:
Why strike the many who would save the one?"

LIII.

"Fair foe, and courteous," answered Arthur, moved
By that chivalric speech, "too well the might
Of Mercia's famous Harold have I proved,
To deem it shame to yield as knight to knight;
But a king's sword is by a nation given,
Who guards a people holds his post from heaven.

LIV.

"This freedom which thou ask'st me to resign
Than life is dearer; were it but to show
That with my people thinks their King!—divine
Through me all Cymri!—Streams shall cease to flow,
Yon sun to shine, before to Saxon strife
One Cymrian yields his freedom save with life.

LV.

"And so the saints assoil ye of my blood;
Return;—the rest we leave unto our cause
And the just heavens." All silent, Harold stood
And his heart smote him. Now, amidst that pause,
Arthur looked up, and in the calm above
Behold a falcon wheeling round the dove!

LVI.

For thus it chanced; the bird which Harold bore—
As was the Saxon wont *—whate'er his way,
Had, in the woodland, slipt the hood it wore,
Unmarked; and, when the bloodhounds yelped at bay,
Lured by the sound, had risen on the wing,
Far o'er the fierce encounter hovering—

LVII.

Till when the dove had left, to guide, her lord,
It caught the white plume glancing where it went;
High in large circles to its height it soared,
Swooped;—the light pinion foiled the fierce descent;
The falcon rose rebounding to the prey;
And barred the refuge—fronting still the way.

LVIII.

In vain to Arthur seeks the dove to flee;
Round her and round, with every sweep more near,
The swift destroyer circles rapidly,
Fixing keen eyes that fascinate with fear,
A moment—and a shaft, than wing more fleet,
Hurls the pierced falcon at the Saxon's feet.

LIX.

Down, heavily it fell;—a moment stirred
Its fluttering plumes, and rolled its glazing eye;
But ev'n before the breath forsook the bird,
Ev'n while the arrow whistled through the sky,
Rushed from the grove which screened the marksman's hand,
With yell and whoop, a wild barbarian band—

* The hawk was sacred to Odin, or, as the Saxons (fond of the w) wrote the name, Woden, and almost inseparably borne by the high-born warriors of the nations by whom Odin was worshipped, whether Teutonic or Scandinavian. Hounds were also invariable attendants of the Saxon chiefs.

LX.

Half clad, with hides of beast, and shields of horn,
And huge clubs cloven from the knotted pine;
And spears like those by Thor's great children borne,
When Cæsar arched with moving steel * the Rhine—
Countless they start, as if from every tree
Had sprung the uncouth defending deity;

LXI.

They pass the King, low bending as they pass;
Bear back the startled Harold on their way;
And roaring onward, mass succeeding mass,
Snatch the hemmed Saxons from the King's survey.
On Arthur's crest the dove refolds its wing;
On Arthur's ear a voice comes murmuring:

LXII.

"Man, have I served thy God?" and Arthur saw
The savage priest-chief, leaning on his bow;
"Ay, and now aid me to fulfil His law,
Which, doubling victory, bids us spare a foe;"
And as a ship, cleaving the severed tides,
Right through the sea of spears the hero rides.

LXIII.

The wild troop part submissive as he goes;
Where, like an islet in that stormy main,
Gleamed Mercia's steel; and like a rock arose,
Breasting the breakers, the undaunted Thane;
He doffed his helmet, looked majestic round;
And dropped the murderous weapon on the ground;

* See in Plutarch (vit. Cæs.) and in Cæsar's Commentaries (lib. iv.) the description of this renowned passage. Cæsar was the first Roman who ever crossed the Rhine as an enemy. To do so in vessels he deemed not only unsafe, but unworthy of his own and the Roman dignity. Ten days were consumed in the construction of his bridge and the transport of his legions.

LXIV.

And with a meek and brotherly embrace
Twined round the Saxon's neck the peaceful arm.
Strife stood arrested—the mild kingly face,
The loving gesture, like a holy charm,
Thrilled through the ranks: you might have heard a breath!
So did soft silence seem to bury Death.

LXV.

On the fair locks, and on the noble brow,
Fell the full splendour of the heavenly ray;
The dove, dislodged, flew up—and rested now,
Poised in the tranquil and translucent day;
The calm wings seemed to canopy the head;
And from each plume a parting glory spread.

LXVI.

So leave we that still picture on the eye;
And turn, reluctant, where the wand of Song
Points to the walls of Time's long gallery:
And the dim Beautiful of Eld—too long
Mouldering unheeded in these later days,
Starts from the canvas, brightening as we gaze.

LXVII.

O lovely scene which smiles upon my view,
As, sure, it smiled on some Greek painter's dream
Of that soft isle in which the dwellers knew
No queen but Cytherea! All things seem
Formed for the home of Love!—Arcades and bowers,
Mellifluous waters lapsing amidst flowers,

LXVIII.

Or springing up, in multiform disport,
From countless founts, delightedly at play;
As if the Naiad held her joyous court
To greet the goddess whom the flowers obey;
And all her nymphs took varying shapes in glee,
Bell'd like the blossom—branching like the tree.

LXIX.

Adown the cedarn alleys glanced the wings
Of all the painted populace of air,
Whatever lulls the noonday while it sings,
Or mocks the iris with its plumes,—is there—
Music and air so interfused and blent,
That music seems life's breathing element.

LXX.

And every alley's stately vista closed
With some fair statue, on whose gleaming base
Beauty, not earth's, benignantly reposed,
As if the gods were native to the place;
And fair indeed the mortal forms, I ween,
Whose presence brings no discord to the scene!

LXXI.

O fair they are, if mortal forms they be!
Mine eye the lovely error must beguile;
See I the Hours, when from the lullëd sea *
Came Aphroditè to the rosy isle,
What time they left their orient halls above,
To greet on earth their best beguiler—Love?

LXXII.

Or are they Oreads from the Delphian steep
Waiting their goddess of the silver bow?
Or shy Napææ,† startled from their sleep,
Where blue Cythæron guards sweet vales below,
Watching as home, from vanquished Ind afar,
Comes their loved Evian in the panther-car?

LXXIII.

Why stream ye thus from yonder arching bowers?
Whom wait, whom watch ye for, O lovely band?
With spears that, thyrsus-like, glance, wreathed with flowers,
And garland-fetters, linking hand to hand,
And locks, from which drop blossoms on your way,
Like starry buds from the loose crown of May?

* Hom. Hymn.

† NAPÆÆ, the most bashful of all the rural nymphs; their rare apparition was supposed to produce delirium in the beholder.

LXXIV.

Behold how Alp on Alp shuts out the scene
From all the ruder world that lies afar;
Deep, fathom-deep, the valley which they screen,
Deep, as in chasms of cloud a happy star!
What pass admits the stranger to your land?
Whom wait, whom watch ye for, O lovely band?

LXXV.

Ages ago, what time the barbarous horde,
From whose rough bosoms sprang Imperial Rome,
Drew the slow-widening circle of the sword
Till kingdoms vanished in a robber's home,
A wise Etrurian Lar,* forewarned, 'twas said,
By his dark Cære,† from the danger fled;

LXXVI.

He left the vines of fruitful Fiesolè,
Left, with his household gods and chosen clan,
Intent beyond the Ausonian bounds to flee
Rome's shadow lengthening o'er the world of man.
So came the exiles to the rocky wall
Which, centuries after, frowned on Hannibal.

LXXVII.

Here, it so chanced, that down the deep profound
Of some huge Alp—a strayed Etrurian fell;
The pious rites ordained to explore the ground,
And give the ashes to the funeral cell;
Slowly they gained the gulf, to scare away
A vulture ravening on the mangled clay;

* See note 2 in Appendix.

† Cære, one of the twelve cities in the Etrurian league (though not originally an Etrurian population), imparted to the Romans their sacred mysteries: hence the word Cæremonia. This holy city was in close connection with Delphi. An interesting account of it, under its earlier name "Agylla," will be found in Sir W. Gell's "Topography of Rome and its vicinity." The obscure passage in Plutarch's Life of Sylla, which intimates that the Etrurian soothsayers had a forewarning of the declining fates of their country, is well known to scholars.

LXXVIII.

Smit by a javelin from the leader's hand,
The bird crept fluttering down a deep defile,
Through whose far end faint glimpses of a land
Sunned by a softer daylight, sent a smile;
This seen, the attendant seer ordained the Lar
To take the glimmer for the guiding star.

LXXIX.

What seemed a gorge was but a vistaed cave,
Long-drawn and hollowed through primeval stone;
Rude was the path, but as, beyond the grave
Elysium shines, the glorious landscape shone,
Broadening and brightening—till their wonder sees
Bloom through the Alps the lost Hesperides.

LXXX.

There, the sweet sunlight, from the heights debarred,
Gathered its pomp to lavish on the vale;
A wealth of wild sweets glittered on the sward,
Screened by the very snow-rocks from the gale;
Murmured clear waters, murmured joyous birds,
And o'er soft pastures roved the fearless herds.

LXXXI.

His rod the Augur waves above the ground,
And cries, "In Tina's name I bless the soil." *
With veilëd brows the exiles circle round;
Along the rod propitious lightnings coil;
The gods approve; rejoicing hands combine,
Swift springs a Sylvan city from the pine.

* Tina was the Jove of the Etrurians. The mode in which this people (whose mysterious civilization so tasks our fancy and so escapes from our researches) appropriated a colony is briefly described in the text. The Augur made lines in the air due north, south, east, and west, marked where the lines crossed upon the earth; then he and the chiefs associated with him sate down, covered their heads, and waited some approving omen from the gods. The Etrurian Augurs were celebrated for their power over the electric fluid. The vulture was a popular bird of omen in the founding of colonies. See Niebuhr, Müller, &c.

LXXXII.

What charm yet fails them in the lovely place?
Childhood's gay laugh—and woman's tender smile.
A chosen few the venturous steps retrace;
Love lightens toil for those who rest the while;
And, ere the winter stills the saddened bird,
The sweeter music of glad homes is heard;

LXXXIII.

And, with the objects of the dearer care,
The parting gifts of the old soil are borne;
Soon Tusca's grape hangs flushing in the air,
Soon fields wave golden with the rippling corn;
Gleams on grey slopes the olive's silvery tree,
In her lone Alpine child,—far Fiesolè

LXXXIV.

Revives—reblooms, but under happier stars!
Age rolls on age,—upon the antique world
Full many a storm hath graved its thunder scars;
Tombs only speak the Etrurian's language; *—hurled
To dust the shrines of Naith; †—the serpents hiss
On Asia's throne in lorn Persepolis;

LXXXV.

The seaweed rots upon the ports of Tyre;
On Delphi's steep the Pythian's voice is dumb;
Sad Athens leans upon her broken lyre:
From the doomed East the Bethlem Star hath come;
But Rome an empire from an empire's loss
Gains in the god Rome yielded to the Cross.

LXXXVI.

And here, as in a crypt, the miser, Time,
Hoards, from all else, embedded in the stone,
One eldest treasure—fresh as when, sublime
O'er gods and men, Jove thundered from his throne.
The garb, the arts, the creed, the tongue, the same
As when to Tarquin Cuma's sybil came.

* The Etrurian language perished between the age of Augustus and that of Julian.—LEITCH'S *Muller on Ancient Art.*

† Naith, the Egyptian goddess.

LXXXVII.

The soil's first fathers, with elaborate hands,
Had closed the rocky portals of the place;
No egress opens to unhappier lands:
As tree on tree, so race succeeds to race,
From sleep the passions no temptations draw,
And strife bows childlike to the patriarch's law;

LXXXVIII.

Ambition was not; each soft lot was cast;
Gold had no use; with war expired renown;
From priest to priest mysterious reverence past;
From king to king the mild Saturnian crown;
Like dews, the rest came harmless into birth;
Like dews exhaling—after glad'ning earth.

LXXXIX.

Not wholly dead, indeed, the love of praise—
When can that warmth from heaven forsake the heart?
The Hister's * lyre still thrilled with Camsee's lays,
Still urn and statue caught the Arretian art,
And hands, least skilled, found leisure still to cull
Some flowers, in offering to the Beautiful.

XC.

Hence, the whole vale one garden of delight;
Hence every home a temple for the Grace;
Who worships Nature finds in Art the rite;
And Beauty grows the Genius of the Place.
Enough this record of the happy land:
Whom watch, whom wait ye for, O lovely band?

* HISTER, the Etruscan minstrel.—CAMSEE, CAMESE, or CAMŒSE, the mythological sister of Janus (a national deity of the Etrurians) whose art of song is supposed to identify her with the Camœna or muse of the Latin poets.—"The Arretian art." ARRETIUM was celebrated for the material of the Etruscan vases.

XCI.

Listen awhile!—The strength of that soft state,
The arch's key-stones, are the priest and king;
To guard all power inviolate from debate,
To curb all impulse, or direct its wing,
In antique forms to mould from childhood all;—
This guards more strongly than the Alpine wall:

XCII.

The regal chief might wed as choice inclined,
Not so the daughters sprung from his embrace,
Law, strong as caste, their nuptial rite confined
To the pure circle of the Lartian race;
Hence with more awe the kingly house was viewed,
Hence nipped ambition bore no rival feud.

XCIII.

But now, as on some eldest oak, decay
In the proud topmost boughs is serely shown;
While life yet shoots from every humbler spray—
So, of the royal tribe, one branch alone
Remains; and all the honours of the race
Lend their last bloom to smile in Æglè's face.*

XCIV.

The great arch-priest, to whom the laws assign
The charge of this sweet blossom from the bud,
Consults the annals archived in the shrine,
And, twice before, when failed the Lartian blood,
And no male heir was found, the guiding page
Records the expedient of the elder age.

XCV.

Rather than yield to subject clans the hope
That wakes aspiring thought and tempts to strife,
And, lowering awful reverence, rashly ope
The pales that mark the set degrees of life,
The priest, to whom the secret only known,
Unlocked the artful portals of the stone;

* See note 3 in Appendix.

XCVI.

And watched and lured some wanderer o'er the steep,
Into the vale, return for ever o'er;
The gate, like Death's, reclosed upon the keep—
Earth left its ghost upon the Elysian shore.
And what more envied lot could earth provide—
The Hesperian gardens and the royal bride?

XCVII.

A priestly tale the simple flock deceived:
The gods had care of their Tagetian child! *
The nuptial garlands for a god they weaved;
A god himself upon the maid had smiled,
A god himself renewed the race divine,
And gave new monarchs to the Lartian line.

XCVIII.

Yet short, alas, the incense of delight
That lulled the new-found Ammon of the Hour;
Like love's own star, upon the verge of night,
Trembled the torch which lit the bridal bower;
Soon as the son was born—his mission o'er—
The stranger vanished to his gods once more.

XCIX.

Two temples closed the boundaries of the place,
One, vowed to Tina, in its walls concealed
The granite portals, by the former race
So deftly fashioned,—not a chink revealed
Where (twice unbarred in all the ages flown)
The stony donjon masked the door of stone.

* TAGES—the tutelary genius of the Etrurians. They had a noble legend that Tages appeared to Tarchun, rising from a furrow beneath his plough, with a man's head and a child's body; sung the laws destined to regulate the Etrurian colonist, then sunk, and expired. In Ovid's Metamorphoses (xvi. 533) Tages is said to have first taught the Etrurians to foresee the future.

C.

The fane of Mantu * form'd the opposing bound
Of the long valley; where the surplus wave
Of the main stream a gloomy outlet found,
Split on sharp rocks beneath a night of cave,
And there, in torrents, down some lost ravine
Where Alps took root—fell heard but never seen.

CI.

Right o'er this cave the Death-Power's temple rose;
The cave's dark vault was curtained by the shrine;
Here by the priest (the sacred scrolls depose)
Was led the bridegroom when renewed the line;
At night, that shrine his steps unprescient trod—
And morning came, and earth had lost the god!

CII.

Nine days had now the Augur to the flock
Announced the coming of the heavenly spouse;
Nine days his steps had wandered through the rock,
And his eye watched through unfamiliar boughs,
And not a foot-fall in those rugged ways!
The lone Alps wearied on his lonely gaze—

CIII.

But now this day (the tenth †) the signal torch
Streams from the temple; the mysterious swell
Of long-drawn music peals from aisle to porch:—
He leaves the bright hall where the Æsars ‡ dwell,
He comes, o'er flowers and fountains to preside,
He comes, the god-spouse to the mortal bride—

* Mantu, or Mandu, the Etrurian God of the Shades. Fane is a purely Etruscan word.

† Ten was a sacred number of the Etrurians, so also was twelve.

‡ Æsars, the name given *collectively* to the deities.
Suet. Aug. 97. *Dio. Cass.* xxvi. p. 589.

CIV.

He comes, for whom ye watched, O lovely band,
Scatter your flowers before his welcome feet!
Lo, where the temple's holy gates expand,
Haste, O ye nymphs, the brightening steps to meet!
Why start ye back?—What though the blaze of steel,
The form of Mars, the expanding gates reveal—

CV.

The face, no helmet crowns with war, displays
Not that fierce god from whom Etruria fled;
Cull from far softer legends while ye gaze,
Not there the aspect mortal maid should dread!
Have ye no songs from kindred Castaly
Of the bright wanderer from the Olympian sky,

CVI.

When in Arcadian dells his silver lute
Hushed in delight the nymph and breathless faun?
Or are your cold Etrurian minstrels mute
Of him whom Syria worshipped as the Dawn
And Greece as fair Adonis? Hail, O hail!
Scatter your flowers, and welcome to the vale!

CVII.

Wondering the stranger moves! That fairy land,
Those forms of dark yet lustrous loveliness,
That solemn seer, who leads him by the hand;
The tongue unknown, the joy he cannot guess,
Blend in one marvel every sound and sight;
And in the strangeness doubles the delight.

CVIII.

Young Æglè sits within her palace bower,
She hears the cymbals clashing from afar—
So Ormuzd's music welcomed in the hour
When the sun hastened to his morning-star.
Smile, Star of Morn—He cometh from above!
And twilight melteth round the steps of Love.

CIX.

Save the grey Augur,—since the unconscious child
Sprang to the last kiss of her dying sire,—
Those eyes by man's rude presence undefiled,
Had deepened into woman's. As a lyre
Hung on unwitnessed boughs, amidst the shade,
And but to air, her soul its music made.

CX.

Fair was her prison, walled with woven flowers,
In a soft isle embraced by softest waters,
Linnet and lark the sentries to the towers,
And for the guard Etruria's infant daughters:
But stronger far than walls, the antique law,
And more than hosts, religion's shadowy awe.

CXI.

Thus lone, thus reverenced, the young virgin grew
Into the age, when on the heart's calm wave
The light winds tremble, and emotions new
Steal to the peace departing childhood gave;
When for the vague Beyond the captive pines,
And the soul misses what it scarce divines.

CXII.

Lo where she sits—and blossoms arch the dome—
Girt by young handmaids!—Near and nearer swelling
The cymbals sound before the steps that come
O'er rose and hyacinth to the bridal dwelling;
And clear and loud, the summer air along,
From virgin voices float the choral song.

CXIII.

Lo where the sacred talismans diffuse
Their fragrant charms against the Evil Powers;
Lo where young hands the consecrated dews
From cuspëd vervain sprinkle round the flowers,
And o'er the robe with broidered palm-leaves sown,
That decks the daughter of the peaceful throne!

CXIV.

Lo, on those locks of night the myrtle crown;
Lo where the heart beats quick beneath the veil;
Lo where the lids, cast tremulously down,
Cloud stars which Eros as his own might hail;
Oh lovelier than Endymion's loveliest dream,
Joy to the heart on which those eyes shall beam!

CXV.

The bark comes bounding to the islet shore,
The trelliced gates fly back; the footsteps fall
Through jasmined galleries on the threshold floor;
And, in the Heart-Enchainer's golden thrall,
There, spell-bound halt;—So, first since youth began
Her eyes meet youth in the charmed eyes of man!

CXVI.

And there, Art's two opposed Ideals rest;
There, the twin flowers of the old world bloom forth;
The classic symbol of the gentle West,
And the bold type of the chivalric North.
What trial waits thee, Cymrian, sharper here
Than the wolf's death-fang or the Saxon's spear?

CXVII.

But would ye learn how he we left afar,
Girt by the stormy people of the wild,
Came to the confines of the Hesperus Star,
And the soft gardens of the Etrurian child:
Would ye, yet lingering in the wondrous vale,
Learn what time spares if sorrow can assail;

CXVIII.

What there, forgetful of the vanished dove,
Lost at those portals, did the King befall;
Pause till the hand has tuned the harp to love,
And notes that bring young listeners to the hall;
And he, whose sires in Cymri reigned, shall sing
How Tusca's daughter loved the Cymrian King.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to Love—Arthur, Æglè, and the Augur—Dialogue between the Cymrian and the Etrurian—Meanwhile Lancelot gains the sea-shore, where he meets with the Aleman-priest and his sons, and hears tidings of Arthur—He tells them the tale of his own infancy—Crosses the sea—Lands on the coast of Brettannie—And is guided by the crystal ring in quest of Arthur towards the Alps—He finds the King's charger, which Arthur had left without the vaulted passage into the Happy Valley—But the rock-gate being closed, he cannot discover the King, and, winding by the foot of the Alps round the valley, gains a lake and a convent—The story now returns to Arthur and Æglè—Descriptive stanzas—A raven brings Arthur news from Merlin—The King resolves to quit the valley—He seeks and finds the Augur—Dialogue—Parting scene with Æglè—Arthur follows the Augur towards the fane of the funereal god.

I.

Hail, thou, the ever young, albeit of Night,
And of primæval Chaos eldest born;
Thou, at whose birth broke forth the founts of light,
And o'er Creation flushed the earliest morn;
Life, in thy life, suffused the conscious whole;
And formless matter took the harmonious soul:—

II.

Hail, Love! the Death-defyer! age to age
Linking in kinship to the heart of man;
Dream to the bard, and marvel to the sage,
Glory and mystery since the world began;
Shadowing the cradle, brightening at the tomb,
Soft as our joys, and solemn as our doom!

III.

Ghostlike amidst the unfamiliar Past,
Dim shadows flit along the streams of Time;
Vainly our learning trifles with the vast
Unknown of ages:—Like the wizard's rhyme
We call the dead, and from the Tartarus
'T is but the dead that rise to answer us:

IV.

Voiceless and wan, we question them in vain;
They leave unsolved earth's mighty yesterday.
But wave thy wand—they bloom, they breathe again!
The link is found!—as we love, so loved they!
Warm to our clasp our human brothers start,
Man smiles on man, and heart speaks out to heart.

V.

Arch Power, of every power most dread, most sweet,
Ope at thy touch the far celestial gates;
Yet Terror flies with Joy before thy feet,
And, with the Graces, glide unseen the Fates:
Eos and Hesperus; one, with twofold light,
Bringer of day, and herald of the night.

VI.

But, lo! again, where rise upon the gaze
The Tuscan Virgin in the Alpine bower,
The steel-clad wanderer, in his rapt amaze,
Led thro' the flowerets to that crowning flower:
Eye meeting eye, as in the blest survey
Two hearts, unspeaking, breathe themselves away!

VII.

Behind the King, with silent ominous gaze
On man and maid, the dark-robed Augur sate:
Thus calm, thus cold, upon the lives it sways
Rests the stern aspect of unheeded Fate:
And setting sunbeams, thro' the blossoms stealing,
Lit circled Childhood round the Virgin kneeling.

VIII.

Slow from charmed wonder woke at last the King,
And the frank mien regained the princely grace.
Gently he passed amidst the kneeling ring,
Knelt with the infants to that downcast face;
And on the hand, that thrilled in his to be,
Pressed the pure kiss of courteous chivalry.

IX.

And softening down his hardy mountain tongue,
Spoke the knight's homage and the man's delight.
Is there one common language to the young
That, with each word more troubled and more bright,
Stirred the quick blush—as when the south wind heaves
Into sweet storm the hush of rosy leaves?—

X.

But now the listening Augur to the side
Of Arthur moves; and, signing silently,
The handmaid children from the chamber glide,
And Æglè follows slow, with drooping eye.—
Then on the King the soothsayer gazed and spoke,
And Arthur started as the accents broke.

XI.

For those dim sounds his mother-tongue express,
But in some dialect of remotest age;
Like that in which the far SARONIDES *
Exchanged dark riddles with the Samian sage.
Ghostlike the sounds; a founder of his race
Seemed in that voice the haunter of the place.

XII.

"Guest," said the priest, with laboured words and slow,
"If, as thy language, tho' corrupt, betrays,
Thou art of those great tribes our records show
As the crowned wanderers of untrodden ways,
Whose eldest god, from pole to pole enshrined,
Gives Greece her KRONOS and her BOUDH to Ind;

XIII.

"Who, from their Syrian parent-stem, spread forth
Their giant roots to every farthest shore,
Sires of young nations in the stormy North,
And slumberous East; but most renowned of yore
In purple Tyre;—if, of PHŒNICIAN race,
In truth thou art,—thrice welcome to the place.

* SARONIDES—the Druids of Gaul: "The Samian Sage"—PYTHAGORAS. The Augur is here supposed to speak Phœnician as the parent language of Arthur's native Celtic. See Note 1 in Appendix.

XIV.

"Know us as sons of that old friendly soil
Whose ports, perchance, yet glitter with the prows
Of Punic ships, when resting from their toil
In LUNA's * gulf, the seabeat crews carouse.
Unless in sooth (and here he sighed) the day
Cære foretold hath come to RASĔNA!" †

XV.

"Grave sir," quoth Arthur, piteously perplext,
"Or much—forgive me, hath my hearing erred,
Or of that People quoted in thy text,
(Perished long since)—but little have I heard:
Phœnicians! True, that name is found within
Our scrolls;—they came to YNYS-WEN ‡ for tin:

XVI.

"As for my race, our later bards declare §
It springs from Brut, the famous Knight of Troy;
But if Sir Hector spoke in Welch, I ne'er
Could clearly learn—meanwhile, I hear with joy,
My native language—pardon the remark—
Much as it might be spoken in the ark.

XVII.

"More would my pleasure be increased to know
That yon fair lady rivals your own lore
In the dear music taught so long ago,
To Punic traders seeking British shore."
"Speak as you ought to speak the maiden can;
O guttural-grumbling and disvowell'd man."‖

* Luna, a trading town on the gulf of Spezia, said to have been founded by the Etrurian Tarchun. See *Strabo*, lib. v. CAT. Orig. XXV. In a fragment of Ennius, Luna is mentioned. In Lucan's time it was deserted, "desertæ mœnia Lunæ."—*Luc.* i. 586.

† RASENA was the name which the Etrurians gave to themselves.—*Twiss's Niebuhr*, vol. i. c. vii. *Müller, die Etrusker:* DION. i. 30.

‡ Ynys-wen—England, "the White Island."

§ Sir F. Palgrave bids us remark that TALIESSIN, who was a contemporary of Arthur, or nearly so, addresses his countrymen as "the remnant of Troy."—*Palgrave's Commonwealth*, vol. i. c. x. p. 323. The Britons no doubt received that legend with many others, to which Welch scholars have too fondly assigned a more remote antiquity, from the Romans.

‖ The Etrurian here insinuates a charge very common, but singularly

XVIII.

Replied the priest "But, ere I yet disclose
The bliss that Northia * singles for your lot,
Fain would I learn what change the gods impose
On the old races and their sceptres?—what
The latest news from RASENA?"—"With shame
I own, grave sir, I never heard that name!"

XIX.

The Augur stood aghast!—"O, ruthless Fates!
Who then rules Italy?"—"The Ostrogoth."
"The Os—the what?"—"Except the Papal states;
Unless the Goth, indeed, has ravished both
The Cæsar's throne and the apostle's chair—
Spite of the knight of Thrace,—Sir Belisair." †

XX.

"But upon this, and all you seek to know
Which I, no clerk, though Christian, can relate,
Occasion meet my sojourn may bestow;—
Now, wherefore, pray you, through yon granite gate
Have you, with signs of some distress endured,
And succour sought, my wandering steps allured?"

XXI.

"Pardon, but first, soul-startling stranger," said
The slow-recovering Augur—"say if fair
The region seems to which those steps were led?
And next, the maid to whom you knelt compare
With those you leave: are hers, in sober truth,
The charms that fix the roving heart of youth?"

unjust, against the Welch language. Want of vowels is certainly not the fault of that tongue, though it must be owned that it often appears so to an uninitiated ear. Owen, in his Welch grammar, proposes to English jaws the following somewhat hard nut to crack—"Gwaewawr." Now the Welch w is a vowel answering to our oo, and the word may therefore be written "Gooacoonoor." Will any candid man say there are not vowels enough there?

* NORTHIA, the Etrurian Deity, which corresponds with the FORTUNE of the Romans, but probably with something more of the sterner attributes which the Greek and the Scandinavian gave to the FATES.

† Belisarius, whose fame was then just rising under Justinian. The Ostrogoth, Theodoric, was on the throne of Italy.

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XXII.

"Lovelier than all on earth mine eyes have seen
Smiles the gay marvel of this gentle realm;
Of all earth's beauty that fair maid the queen;
And, might I place her glove upon my helm,
I would proclaim that truth with lance and shield,
In tilt and tourney, sole against a field!"

XXIII.

"Sith that be so (though what such custom means
I rather guess than fully comprehend)
Answer again;—if right my reason gleans
From dismal harvests, and discerns the end
To which the Beautiful and Wise have come,
Hard are the fates beyond our Alpine home:

XXIV.

"What makes, without, the chief pursuit of life?"
"War," said the Cymrian, with a mournful sigh:
"The fierce provoke, the free resist, the strife,
The daring perish and the dastard fly;
Amidst a storm we snatch our troubled breath,
And life is one grim battle-field of death."

XXV.

"Then here, O stranger, find at last repose!
Here, never smites the thunder-blast of war:
Here all unknown the very name of foes;
Here, but with yielding earth men's contests are:
Our trophies—flower and olive, corn and wine:—
Accept a sceptre, be this kingdom thine!

XXVI.

"Our queen, the virgin who hath charmed thine eyes—
Our laws her spouse, in whom the gods shall send,
Decree; the gods have sent thee;—what the skies
Allot, receive:—Here, shall thy wanderings end,
Here thy woes cease, and life's voluptuous day
Glide, like yon river through our flowers, away."

XXVII.

"Kind sir," said Arthur, gratefully—"such lot
Indeed were fair beyond what dreams display;
But earth has duties which—"—"Relate them not!"
Exclaimed the Augur—"or at least delay,
Till better known the kingdom and the bride,
Then youth, and sense, and nature, shall decide."

XXVIII.

With that, the Augur, much too wise as yet
To hint compulsion, and secure from flight,
Arose, resolved each scruple to beset
With all which melteth duty in delight—
Here, for awhile, we leave the tempted King,
And turn to him who owns the crystal ring.

XXIX.

Oh, the old time's divine and fresh romance!
When o'er the lone yet ever-haunted ways
Went frank-eyed knighthood with the lifted lance,
And life with wonder charmed adventurous days;
When light more rich, through prisms that dimmed it, shone;
And Nature loomed more large through the Unknown.

XXX.

Nature, not then the slave of formal law!
Her each free sport a miracle might be;
Enchantment clothed the forest with sweet awe;
Astolfo spoke from out the Bleeding Tree;
The fairy wreathed his dance in moonlit air;
On golden sands the Mermaid sleeked her hair—

XXXI.

Then soul learned more than barren sense can teach;
(Soul with the sense now evermore at strife)
Wherever fancy wandered man could reach—
And what is now called poetry was life.
If the old beauty from the world is fled,
Is it that Truth or that Belief is dead?

XXXII.

Not following, step by step, the devious King,
But whither best his later steps are gained,
Moved the sure index of the fairy ring,
And since, at least, a moon hath waxed and waned
What time the pilgrim left the fatherland—
So tow'rds his fresher footsteps veered the hand.

XXXIII.

And now where pure Sabrina * on her breast
Hushes sweet Isca, and, like some fair nun
That yearns, earth-wearied, for the golden rest,
Reflects more clearly on stilled waves the sun,
As from her wonted borders widening free
She melts from human sight into the sea;—

XXXIV.

Across that ford passed musing Lancelot,
Then, tow'rds those lovely lands which yet retain
The Cymrian freedom, rode, and rested not
Till, rough on Devon, broke the broadened main.
Through rocks abrupt, the strong waves force their way,
Here, inland cleave—there, scoop in curves the bay;

XXXV.

Paused the good knight. Rude huts lay far and wide;
The dipping sea-gulls wheeled with startled shriek;
Drawn on the sands lay coracles of hide,†
And all was desolate; when tow'rds the creek,
Near which he halts, comes loud the plashing oar;
A boat shoots in; the seamen leap to shore.

* Sabrina, the Severn.—Isca, the Usk.

† The ancient British boats, covered with coria or hides.—"The ancient Britons," as Mr. Pennant observes, "had them of large size, and even made short voyages in them, according to the accounts we receive from Lucan."—*Pennant*, vol. i. p. 303.

XXXVI.

Three were their number,—two in youthful prime,
One of mid years;—tall, huge of limb the three;
Scarce clad, with weapons of a northward clime;
Clubs, spears, and shields—the uncouth armoury
Of man, while yet the wild beast is his foe:—
Yet something still the lords of earth may show;

XXXVII.

The pride of eye, the majesty of mien,
The front erect that looks upon the star;
While round each neck the twisted chains are seen
Of Teuton chiefs;—and signs of chiefs they are
In Cymrian lands—where still the torque of gold
Or decks the highborn or rewards the bold.

XXXVIII.

Stern Lancelot frowned; for in those sturdy forms
The Briton's eye the Saxon foeman feared.
"Why come ye hither?—nor compelled by storms,
Nor proffering barter?" As he spoke they neared
The noble knight;—and thus the elder said,
"Naught save his heart the Aleman hath led!

XXXIX.

"Ere more I answer, say if this the shore
And thou the friend of him who owns the dove,
Arthur the King,—who taught us to adore
By the man's deeds the God whose creed is love?"
Then Lancelot answered, with a moistening eye,
"Arthur's true knight and lealest friend am I."

XL.

With that, he leapt from selle to clasp his hand
Who spoke thus gently of the absent one:
And now behold them seated on the strand,
Frank faces smiling in the cordial sun;
The absent, there, seemed present; to unite
In loving bonds, his converts and his knight.

XLI

Then told the Aleman the tale by song
Already told—and we resume its flow
Where the mild hero charmed the stormy throng
And twined the arm that sheltered round his foe:
Not meanly conquered but sublimely won—
Stern Harold vailed his plume to Uther's son.

XLII.

The Saxon troop resought the Vandal King,
And Arthur sojourned with the savage race:
More easy such rude proselytes to bring
To Christian truth, than in the wondrous place
Where now he rests,—proud wisdom he shall find!
For Heaven dawns clearest on the simplest mind.

XLIII.

But when his cause of wrong the Cymrian showed;
The heathen foe—the carnage-crimsoned fields;
With one fierce impulse those fierce converts glowed,
And their wild war-howl chimed with clashing shields:
But by the past's dark history Arthur taught,
Refused the aid which Vortigern had sought.

XLIV.

Yet to the chief, for there at least no fear,
And his two sons, a slow consent he gave:
Showed by the prince the stars by which to steer,
They hewed a pine and launched it on the wave;
Bringing rough forms but dauntless hearts to swell
The force that guards the fates of Carduel.

XLV.

The story heard, the son of royal BAN
Questions the paths to which the King was led.
"Know," answered Faul (so hight the Aleman,)
"That, in our father's days, our warriors spread
O'er lands wherein eternal summer dwells,
Beyond the snow-storm's siegeless pinnacles;

XLVI.

"And on the borders of those lands, 'tis told,
There lies a lake, some dead great city's grave,
Where, when the moon is at her full, behold
Pillar and palace shine up from the wave!
And o'er the water glideth, still and dark,
Seen but by seers, a spectre and a bark.

XLVII.

"It chanced, as round our fires we sate at night,
And saga-runes to while our watch were sung,
That with the legends of our father's might
And wandering labours, this old tale was strung,
Then the roused King much questioned;—what we knew
We told, still question from each answer grew:

XLVIII.

"That night he slept not, and at morn was gone,
With the dove's guidance, where the snow-storms sleep."
Then Lancelot rose, and led his destrier on,
And gained the boat, and motioned to the deep,
His purpose well the Alemen * divine,
And launch once more the bark upon the brine,

XLIX.

And ask to aid—"Know, friends," replied the knight,
"Each wave that rolleth smooths its frown for me;
My sire and mother, by the lawless might
Of a fierce foe expelled, and forced to flee
From the fair halls of BENOIC, paused to take
Breath for new woes, beside a Fairy's lake.

* Alemen as the plural of Aleman must be excused as a poetic licence, for the sake of euphony. Literally speaking, it is as incorrect, as, in familiar speech, Musselmen for the plural of Musselman.

L.

"With them was I, their new-born helpless heir,—
The hunted exiles gazed afar on home,
And saw the giant fires that dyed the air
Like blood, twine snake-like round the crushing dome.
They clung, they gazed—no word by either spoken;
And in that hush the sterner heart was broken.

LI.

"The woman felt the cold hand fail her own;
The head that leaned fell heavy on the sod;
She knelt—she kist the lips,—the breath was flown!
She called upon a soul that was with God:
For the first time the wife's sweet power was o'er—
She who had soothed till then could soothe no more:

LII.

"In the wife's woe, the mother was forgot.
At last—for I was all earth held of him
Who had been all to her, and now was not—
She rose, and looked, with tearless eyes, but dim,
In the babe's face the father still to see;
And lo! the babe was on another's knee;—

LIII.

"Another's lip had kissed it into sleep,
And o'er the sleep another, watchful, smiled;—
The Fairy sate beside the lake's still deep,
And hushed with chaunted charms the orphan child!
Scared at the mother's cry, as fleets a dream
Both Child and Fairy melt into the stream.

LIV.

"There, in calm halls of lucent crystalline,
Fed by the dews that fell from golden stars,
But through the lymph I saw the sunbeams shine,
Nor dreamed a world beyond the glistening spars;
And my nurse blest me with the charm that saves
On stream, on sea—no matter where the waves.

LV.

"In my fifth year, to Uther's royal towers
The Fairy bore me, and her charge resigned.
My mother took the veil of Christ—the Hours
With Arthur's life the orphan's life entwined.
O'er mine own element my course I take—
All oceans smile on Lancelot of the Lake!"

LVI.

He said, and waved his hand: around the boat
The curlews hovered, as it shot to sea.
The wild men watched it lessening, lessening float,
Till lost to sight in fading momently;
Then slowly tow'rds the huts they bent their way,
And the lone waves moaned up the lifeless bay.

LVII.

Pass we the voyage. Hunger-worn, to shore
Gained man and steed; there food and rest they found
In humble roofs. The course resumed once more,
The traveller wends o'er no unsmiling ground;
Pleased, as he rides by tower and town, to see
Cymri's old oak rebloom in Brettanie.

LVIII.

Nathless, no pause, save such as needful rest
Demandeth, stays him in the friendly land.
Ever obedient to the Seer's behest,
Onward he speeds as veers the magic hand.
Howbeit not barren of adventurous days,
Sweet danger found him in the devious ways.

LIX.

What foes encountered, or what damsels freed—
What demon spells in lonely forests braving,
Leave we to songs yet vocal to the reed
On every bank, beloved by poets, waving;
Our task reluctant from the muse of old,
Takes but the tale by nobler bards untold.

LX.

Now, as he journeys, frequent more and more
The foot-prints of the steps he tracks are found;
Fame, like a light, shines broadening on before
His path, and cleaves the shadows on the ground;
High deeds and gentle, bruited near and far,
Show where that soul went flashing as a star.

LXI.

At length he gains the Ausonian Alpine walls;
Here, castle, convent, town, and hamlet fade;
Lone, through the rolling mists the hoof-tread falls;
Lone, earth's mute giants loom amidst the shade;
Yet still, as sure of hope, he tracks the king,
Up steep, through gorge, where guides the crystal ring.

LXII.

One day—along by mist-veiled chasms his course—
He saw before him indistinctly pass
Through the dun fogs, what seemed a phantom horse,
Like that which oft, amidst the dank morass,
Bestrid by goblin-meteor, starts the eye—
So fleshless, flitting, wan and shadowy.

LXIII.

By a bare rock it paused, and feebly neighed,
As the good knight, descending, seized the rein;
Dew-rusted mail the shrunken front arrayed;
The rich selle rotted with the moulder-stain;
And on the selle were slung helm, axe, and mace;
And the great lance lay careless near the place.

LXIV.

Then first the seeker's stricken spirit fell;
Too well that helmet, with its dragon crest,
Speaks of the mighty owner; and too well
That steed, so oft by snowy hands carest,
When bright-eyed Beauty from the balcon bent
To crown the victor-lord of tournament.

LXV.

Near and afar he searched—he called in vain
By crag and combe, nought answering and nought seen;
Returned, the charger long refused the rein,
Clinging, poor slave, where last its lord had been.
At length the slow reluctant hoofs obeyed
The soothing words; so went they through the shade:

LXVI.

Following the gorge that wound the Alpine wall,
Like the huge fosse of some Cyclopean town,—
While roaring round, invisible cataracts fall,—
On the black rocks twilight comes ghostly down,
And deep and deeper still the windings go,
And dark and darker as to worlds below.

LXVII.

Night halts the course, resumed at earliest day,
Through day pursued, till the last sunbeams fell
On a broad mere whose margin closed the way.
Hark! o'er the waters swung the holy bell
From a grey convent on the rising ground,
Amidst the subject hamlet stretched around.

LXVIII.

Here, while both man and steeds the welcome rest
Under the sacred roof of Christ receive,
We turn once more to Æglè and her guest.
Lo! the sweet valley in the flush of eve!
Lo! side by side, where, through the rose-arcade,
Steals the love-star, the hero, and the maid!

LXIX.

Silent they gaze into each other's eyes,
Stirring the inmost soul's unquiet sleep;
So pierce soft star-beams, blending wave and skies,
Some holy fountain trembling to its deep:
Bright to each eye each human heart is bare,
And scarce a thought to start an angel there.

LXX.

Taste while ye may, O Beautiful! the brief
Fruit, life but once wins from the Beautiful;
Ripe to the sun it blushes from the leaf,
Hear not the blast that rises while ye cull;
Brief though it be, how few in after hours
Can say "at least the Beautiful *was* ours!"

LXXI.

Two loves, and both divine and pure, there are;
One by the roof-tree takes its root for ever,
Nor tempests rend, nor changeful seasons mar—
It clings the stronger for the storm's endeavour;
Beneath its shade the wayworn find their rest,
And in its boughs the cushat builds her nest.

LXXII.

But one more frail,—in that more prized, perchance,—
Bends its rich blossoms over lonely streams
In the untrodden ways of wild Romance,
On earth's far confines, like the Tree of Dreams,*
Few find the path;—linger, O ye that find!
'Tis lost for ever when once left behind.

LXXIII.

O, the short spring!—the eternal winter!—All
Branch,—stem all shattered; fragile as the bloom!
Yet this the love that charms us to recall;
Life's golden holiday before the tomb;
Yea! *this* the love which age again lives o'er,
And hears the heart beat loud with youth once more!

LXXIV.

Before them, at the distance, o'er the blue
Of the sweet waves which girt the roseate isle,
Flitted light shapes the inwoven alleys thro':
Remotely mellowed, musical the while,
Floated the hum of voices, and the sweet
Lutes chimed with timbrels to dim-glancing feet.

* "In medio ramos," &c.—*Virgil*, l. vi. 282.

LXXV.

The calm swan rested on the breathless glass
Of dreamy waters, and the snow-white steer
Near the opposing margin, motionless,
Stood, knee-deep, gazing wistful on its clear
And life-like shadow, shimmering deep and far,
Where on the lucid darkness fell the star.

LXXVI.

Near them, upon its lichen-tinted base,
Gleamed one of those fair-fancied images
Which art hath lost—no god of Idan race,
But the winged symbol which, by Caspian seas,
Or Susa's groves, its parable addrest
To the wild faith of Iran's Zendavest.*

LXXVII.

Light as the soul, whose archetype it was,
The Genius touched, yet spurned the pedestal;
Behind, the foliage, in its purple mass,
Shut out the flushed horizon; circling all,
Nature's hushed giants stood to guard and girth
The only home of peace upon the earth.

LXXVIII.

And when, at last, from Æglè's lips, the voice
Came soft as murmured hymns at closing day,
The sweet sound seemed the sweet air to rejoice—
To give the sole charm wanting,—to convey
The crowning music to the Musical;
As with the soul of love infusing all!

* ZENDAVEST. Compare the winged genius of the Etrurians with the Feroher of the Persians, in the sculptured reliefs of Persepolis. (See Heeren's Historical Researches, Art. Persians.) Micali, vol. ii. p. 174, points out some points of similarity between the Persian and Etrurian cosmogony. It may be here observed, by the way, that it was peculiar to the Etrurians, amongst the classic nations of Europe, to delineate their deities with wings. Even when they borrowed some Hellenic god, they still invested him with this attribute, so especially Eastern. Not less worth noting by students is the resemblance, in many points, between the Scandinavian and Persian mythology.

LXXIX.

She spoke of youth's lost years, so lone before,
And coming to the present, paused and blushed;
As if Time's wing were spell-bound evermore,
And Life, the restless, in the hour were hushed:
The pause, the blush, said, more than words, "and thou
Art found!—thou lov'st me!—Fate is powerless now!"

LXXX.

That hand in his—that heart his own entwining
With its life's tendrils,—youth his pardoner be,
If in his heaven no loftier star were shining—
If round the haven boomed unheard the sea—
If in the wreath forgot the thorny crown,
And the harsh duties of severe renown.

LXXXI.

Blame we as well the idlesse of a dream,
As that entranced oblivion from the reign
Of the Great Curse, which glares in every beam
Of labouring suns to the stern race of Cain;
So life from earth did Nature here withdraw,
That the strange peace seemed but earth's common law.

LXXXII.

Yet some excuse all stronger spirits take
For all repose from toil (to strength the doom)
How sweet in that fair heathen soil to wake
The living palm God planted on the tomb!
And so, and long, did Passion's subtle art
Mask with the soul the impulse of the heart.

LXXXIII.

Wonderous and lovely in that last retreat
Of the old Gods,—the simple speech to hear
Tell of the Messenger whose beauteous feet
Had gilt the mountain-tops with tidings clear
Of veilless Heaven—while Æglè, thoughtful, said,
"Love makes this plain—love never can be dead!"

LXXXIV.

Now, as Night gently deepens round them, while
Oft to the moon upturn their happy eyes—
Still, hand in hand, they range the lullëd isle,
Air knows no breeze, scarce sighing to their sighs;
No bird of night shrieks bode from drowsy trees,
Nought lives between them and the Pleïades;

LXXXV.

Save where the moth strains to the moon its wing,
Deeming the Reachless near;—the prophet race
Of the cold stars forewarned them not; the Ring
Of great Orion, who for the embrace
Of Morn's sweet Maid had died, looked calm above
The last unconscious hours of human love.

LXXXVI.

Each astral influence unrevealing shone
O'er the dark web its solemn thread enwove;
Mars shot no anger from his fatal throne,
No beam spoke trouble in the House of Love;
Their closing path the treacherous smile illumed;
And the stern Star-kings kissed the brows they doomed—

LXXXVII.

'Tis morn once more; upon the shelving green
Of the small isle, alone the Cymrian stood
With his full heart,—when suddenly, between
Him and the sun, the azure solitude
Was broken by a dark and rapid wing,
And a dusk bird swooped downward tow'rds the King.

LXXXVIII.

And the King's cheek grew pale, for well to him,
(As now the raven, settling, touched his feet,)
Was known the mystic messenger: where, grim
O'er Snowdon's rock-lake,* demon shadows fleet
Along the bosom of that ghastly mere,
Where never wings that love the day will steer,

LXXXIX.

The Prophet's dauntless childhood strayed and found
The weird bird muttering by the waves of dread;
Three days and nights upon the haunted ground
The raven's beak the solemn infant fed:
And ever after—so the legend ran—
The lone bird tended on the lonely man.

XC.

O'er the Child's brow prest the last snows of age,
As fresh the lustrous ebon of the Bird,—
Less awe had credulous horror of the sage
Than that familiar by the Fiend conferred—
So thought the crowd; nor knew what holy lore
Lives in all things whose instinct is to soar.—

XCI.

Hoarse croaks the bird, and, with its round bright eye,
Fixes the gaze of the recoiling King;
Slowly the hand, that trembles, cuts the tie
Which binds the white scroll gleaming from the wing,
And these the words, "Weak Loiterer from thy toil,
The Saxon's march is on thy father's soil."

* Cwm Idwal (in Snowdonia). "A fit place to inspire murderous thoughts,—environed with horrible precipices shading a lake lodged in its bottom. The shepherds fable that it is the haunt of demons, and that no bird dare fly over its damned waters."—PENNANT, v. iii. p. 324.

XCII.

Bounded the Prince!—As when the sudden sun
Looses the ice-chains on the halted rill,
Smites the dumb snow-mass, and the cataracts run
In molten thunder down the clanging hill,
So from his heart the fetters burst; and strong
In its rough course the great soul rushed along.

XCIII.

As looks a warrior on the fort he scales,
Sweeps his broad glance around the eternal steeps—
Not there escape:—the wildest fancy quails
Before those heights on which the whitening deeps
Of measureless heaven repose:—below their frown,
Planed as a wall, sheers the smooth granite down.—

XCIV.

Marvel, indeed, how ev'n the enchanted wing
Had o'er such rampires won to the abode;
But not for marvel paused the kindled King,
Swift, as Pelides stung to war, he strode;
While the dark herald, with its sullen scream,
Rose, and fled, dismal as an evil dream.

XCV.

Carved as for Love—a slender boat rocked o'er
The ripple with the murmuring marge at play,
He loosed its chain, he gained the adverse shore,
Startled the groups that fluttered round his way,
Awed by the knitted brow and flashing eyes
Of him they deemed the native of the skies.

XCVI.

Tow'rds the far temple, thro' whose tomb-like door
First he had passed into the Elysian Land,
He strode—when suddenly, he saw before
His path the seated priest;—with earnest hand
Turning strange-lettered scrolls upon his knee;
While o'er him spread the platan's murmuring tree:—

XCVII.

On his mysterious leisure broke the cry
Of the imperiôus Northman, "Rise, unbar
Your granite gates—the eagle seeks the sky,
The captive freedom, and the warrior war!"
Slow rose the Augur, and this answer gave,
"Man, see thy world—its outlet is the grave!

XCVIII.

"What! dost thou think us so in love with fear,
That of our peace we should confide the key?
Tina hath closed the gates of Janus here,
Shall we expand them?—never!" Scornfully
He turned—but thrilled with priestly wrath to feel
His sacred arm lockt in a grasp of steel.

XCIX.

Trifle not, host,—Fate calls me to depart;
On my shamed soul a prophet's voice hath cried!
Thy secret!—*that* is safer in the heart
Of a true Man than in an Alp."—"Thy bride?"
Said the pale Augur—"A true man, forsooth!
What says wronged Æglè, boaster, of thy truth?"

C.

"Let Æglè answer," cried the noble lover;
"Let Æglè judge the trust I hold from Heaven.
I faithless!—I! a King?—my labours over,
From mine own soil the surge of carnage driven,
And I will come, as kings should come, to claim
Queens for their throne, and partners in their fame!"

CI.

Long mused the Augur, and at length replied,
His guile scarce marked in his malignant gaze,
"Well, guest—thy fate thine Æglè shall decide—
Then, if still wearied of untroubled days—
No more from Mantu Pales shall controul*
And one free gate shall open on thy soul!"

* Mantu, the God of the Shades—Pales, the Pastoral Deity.

CII.

He said, and drew his large robe round his form,
And wrathful swept along, as o'er the sky
A cloud sweeps dark, secret with hoarded storm;
Behind him went the guest as silently;
Afar the gazing wonderers whispered, while
They crossed the girdling wave and reached the isle.

CIII.

With violet buds, bright Æglè, in her bower,
Knits the dark riches of her lustrous hair;
Her heart springs eager to the appointed hour
When to loved eyes 'tis glorious to be fair:
Gloams of a neck, proud as the swan's, escape
The light-spun tunic rounded to the shape;

CIV.

Now from the locks the airy veil, dividing
Falls, and floats perfumed by the violet crown.
What happy thought is in that breast presiding
Like some serenest bird which settles down,
Its wanderings over, on calm summer eves
Into its nest, amid the secret leaves?

CV.

What happy thought in those large tranquil eyes
Seems prescient of the eternity of love?
The fixed content in conquered destinies
Which makes the being of the lives above,
When resting side by side no more to sever,
Soul whispers soul, "This Present is for ever."

CVI.

Who has once gazed on perfect happiness,
Nor felt it as the shadow cast from God?
It seems so still in its divine excess,
So brings all heaven around its hushed abode,
That in its very beauty awe has birth,
Dismayed by too much glory for the earth.

CVII.

Across the threshold now abruptly strode
Her youth's stern guardian. "Child of RASENA,"
He said, "the lover on thy youth bestowed
For the last time on earth thine eyes survey,
Unless thy power can chain his faithless breast,
And sated bliss deigns gracious to be blest."

CVIII.

"Not so!" cried Arthur, as his loyal knee
Bent to the earth, and with the knightly truth
Of his right hand he clasped her own;—"to be
Thine evermore; youth mingled with thy youth,
Age with thine age; in thy grave mine; above,
Spirit beside thy spirit;—this the love

CIX.

"God teacheth man to pray for! Oft, the while
I spoke of knighthood, thou hast praised its vow,
'Faith without stain, and honour without guile,
To guard.' Sweet lady, trust to Knighthood now!"
Hurrying his words rushed on; the threatened land,
The fates confided to the sceptred hand,

CX.

Here gathering woes, and there suspended toil;
And the stern warning from the distant seer:—
"Thine be my people—thine this bleeding soil;
Queen of my realm, its groaning murmurs hear!
Then ask thyself, what manhood's choice should be;
False to my country, were I worthy thee?"

CXI.

Dim through her struggling sense the light came slow,
Struck from those words of fire. Alas, poor child!
What, in thine isle of roses, shouldst thou know
Of earth's grave duties?—of that stormy wild
Of care and carnage—that relentless strife
Of man with happiness, and soul with life?

CXII.

Thou, who hadst seen the sun but rise and set
O'er one Saturnian Arcady of rest,
Snatcht from the Age of Iron? Ever, yet,
Dwells that high instinct in each nobler breast,
Which truth, like light, intuitive receives,
And what the reason grasps not, faith believes.

CXIII.

So in mute woe, one hand to his resigned,
And one pressed firmly on her swelling heart,
Passive she heard, and in her labouring mind
Strove with the dark enigma—"Part!—to part!"
Till, having solved it by the beams that broke
From that clear soul on hers, struggling she spoke:—

CXIV.

"Trust—trust in thee!—but no, I will not weep:
What thou deem'st good is the sole good to me.
Let my heart break, before thy heart it keep
From aught, which lost, could give a pang to thee.
Thou speak'st of dread and terror, strife and woe;
And I might wonder why they tempt thee so;

CXV.

"And I might ask how more can mortals please
The heavens, than thankful to enjoy the earth;
But through its mist my soul, though faintly, sees
Where thine sweeps on beyond this mountain-girth,
And, awed and dazzled, bending I confess
Life may have holier ends than happiness.

CXVI.

"For something bright and high thyself without,
Thou makest thy heart an offering; so my heart
Could sacrifice to thee! Then wherefore doubt
There are to *thy* soul what to mine *thou* art?"
She paused, and raised her earnest eyes above,
Bright with the trust devotion breathes in love:

CXVII.

Then, as she felt his tears upon her hand,
Earth called her back;—o'er him her face she bowed:
As when the silver gates of heaven expand,
And on the earth descends the melting cloud,
So sunk the spirit from sublimer air,
And all the woman rushed on her despair.

CXVIII.

"To lose thee—oh, to lose thee! To live on
And see the sun—not thee! Will the sun shine,
Will the birds sing, flowers bloom, when thou art gone?
Desolate, desolate! Thy right hand in mine,
Swear, by the Past, thou wilt return!—Oh, say,
Say it again!"—voice died in sobs away!

CXIX.

Mute looked the Augur, with his deathful eyes,
On the last anguish of their lockt embrace.
"Priest," cried the lover, "canst thou deem this prize
Lost to my future?—No, tho' round the place
Yon Alps took life, with all the fell array
Of your false gods, Love would to Love force way.

CXX.

"Hear me, adored one!" On a silent ear
The promise fell; o'er an unconscious frame
Wound the protecting arm.—"Since neither fear
Of the great Powers thou dost blaspheming name,
Nor the soft impulse native in man's heart
Restrains thee, doomed one—hasten to depart.

CXXI.

"Come, in thy treason merciful at least,
Come, while those eyes by Sleep, the Pityer, bound,
See not thy shadow pass from earth!"—The Priest
Spoke,—and now called the infant handmaids round;
But o'er that form, with arms that vainly cling,
And words that idly comfort, bends the King.

CXXII.

"Nay, nay, look up! It is these arms that fold;—
I still am here;—this hand, these tears, are mine."
Then, when they sought to loose her from his hold,
He waved them back with a fierce jealous sign;
O'er her husht breath his listening ear he bowed
And the awed children round him wept aloud.

CXXIII.

But when the soul broke faint from its eclipse,
And his own name came, shaping life's first sigh,
His very heart seemed breaking in the lips
Prest to those faithful ones;—then, tremblingly,
He rose;—he moved;—he paused;—his nerveless hand
Veiled the dread agony of man unmanned.

CXXIV.

Thus, from the chamber, as an infant meek,
The Priest's weak arm led forth the mighty King;
In vain wide air came fresh upon his cheek,
Passive he went in his great sorrowing;
Hate, the mute guide,—the waves of death, the goal,—
So, following Hermes, glides to Styx a soul.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

The Council-hall in Carduel—Merlin warns the chiefs of the coming Saxons, and enjoins the beacon fires to be lighted—The story returns to Arthur—The dove has not been absent, though unseen—It comes back to Arthur—The priest leads the King through the sepulchral valley into the temple of the Death-god—Description of the entrance of the temple, with the walls on which is depicted the progress of the guilty soul through the realms below—The cave, the raft, and the stream which conducts to the cataract—Arthur enters the boat, and the dove goes before him—Æglè awakes from her swoon, and follows the King to the temple—Her dialogue with the Augur—She disappears in the stream—Meanwhile Lancelot wanders in the valleys on the other side of the Alps, and is led to the cataract by the magic ring—The apparition of the dove—He follows the bird up the skirts of the cataract—He finds Arthur and Æglè, and conveys them to the convent—The Etrurian dirge, and the Christian hymn—Arthur and Lancelot seated by the lake—The Lady of the Lake appears in her pinnace to Lancelot—The King's sight is purged from his film by the bitter herb, and he enters the magic bark.

I.

In the high Council Hall of Carduel,
Beside the absent Arthur's ivory throne,
(What time the earlier shades of evening fell),
Wan-silvering through the hush, the cresset shone
O'er the arch seer,—as, mid the magnates there,
Rose his large front august with prophet care;

II.

Rose his large front above the luminous guests,
The deathless TWELVE of that Heroic Ring,
Which, as the belt wherein Orion rests,
Girded with subject stars the starry king;
Without, strong towers guard Rome's elaborate wall;
Within is Manhood!—strongest tower of all.

III.

First, Muse of Cymri, name the Council Three *
Who, of maturer years and graver mien,
Wise in the past, conceived the things to be,
And temper'd impulse quick with thought serene;
Nor young, nor old—no dupes to rushing Hope,
Nor narrowing to tame Fear th' ignoble scope.

IV.

Of these was Cynon of the highborn race,
A cold but dauntless—calm but earnest man;
With deep eyes shining from a thoughtful face,
And spare slight form, for ever in the van
When ripening victories crown'd laborious deeds;
Reaper of harvests—sower not of seeds;

V.

For scarcely his the quick far-darting soul
Which, like Apollo's shaft, strikes lifeless things
Into divine creation; but, the whole
Once rife, the skill which into concord brings
The jarring parts; shapes out the rudely wrought,
And calls the action living from the thought.

VI.

Next Aron see—not rash, yet gaily bold,
With the frank polish of chivalric courts;
Him from the right, no fear of wrong controul'd;
And toil he deem'd the sprightliest of his sports;
O'er War's dry chart, or Wisdom's mystic page,
Alike as smiling, and alike as sage;

* Three counselling knights were in the court of Arthur, which were Cynon the son of Clydno Eiddin, Aron the son of Kynfarch up Meirchion-gul, and Llywarch hen the son of Elidir Lydanwyn, &c.—*Note in Lady Charlotte Guest's edition of the Mabinogion*, vol. i. p. 93. In the text, for the sake of euphony to English ears, for the name of Llywarch is substituted that of his father Elidir.

VII.

With the warm instincts of the knightly heart
That rose at once if insult touch'd the realm,
He spurn'd each state-craft, each deceiving art,
And rode to war, no vizor to his helm;
This proved his worth, this line his tomb may boast—
'Who hated Cymri, hated Aron most!'

VIII.

But who with eastern hues and haughty brow,
Stern with dark beauty sits aparts from all?
Ah, couldst thou shun thy friends, Elidir!—thou
Scorning all foes, before no foe shalt fall!
On thy wronged grave one hand appeasing lays
The humble flower—oh, could it yield the bays!

IX.

Courts may have known than thou a readier tool,
States may have found than thine a subtler brain,
But States shall honour many a formal fool,
And many a tawdry fawner courts may gain,
Ere King or People in their need shall see
A soul as grand as that which fled with thee!

X.

For thou wert more than true; thou wert a Truth!
Open as Truth, and yet as Truth profound;
Thy fault was genius—that eternal youth
Whose weeds but prove the richness of the ground—
And dull men envied thee, and false men feared,
And where soared genius, there convention sneer'd.

XI.

Ah, happy hadst thou fallen, foe to foe,
The bright race run—the laurel o'er thy grave!
But hands perfidious strung the ambush bow,
And the friend's shaft the rankling torture gave—
The last proud wish its agony to hide,
The stricken deer to covert crept and died.

XII.

Next came the Warrior Three.* Of glory's charms
(Glory, the bride of heroes) nobly vain
Dark Mona's Owaine † shines with golden arms,
The Roland of the Cymrian Charlemain,
Scathed by the storm the holy chief survives,
For Fame makes holy all its lightning rives.

XIII.

Beside, with simplest garb and sober mien,
Solid as iron, not yet wrought to steel,
In his plain manhood Cornwall's chief ‡ is seen,
Who (if wild tales some glimpse of truth reveal)
Gave Northern standards to the Indian sun—
And wreaths from palms that shaded Evian won.

XIV.

Lo he whose fame outshines the Fabulous!
Sublime with eagle front, and that grey crown
Which Age, the arch-priest, sets on laurell'd brows;
Lo, Geraint, bending with a world's renown!
Yet those grey hairs *one* ribald scoffer found;—
The moon sways ocean and provokes the hound.

* Three knights of battle were in the court of Arthur; Cadwr the Earl of Cornwall, Lancelot du Lac, and Owaine the son of Urien Rheged; and this was their characteristic, that they would not retreat from battle, neither for spear, nor for arrow, nor for sword; and Arthur never had shame in battle the day he saw their faces there, &c.—*Lady C. Guest's Mabinog.* vol. i. p. 91. In the poem, for Lancelot of the Lake, whose fame is not yet supposed to be matured, is substituted the famous Geraint, the hero of a former generation.

† Owaine's birth-place and domains are variously surmised: in the text they are ascribed to Mona (Anglesey). St. Palaye, concurrently both with French fabliasts and Welch bards, makes this hero very fond of the pomp and blazonry of arms, and attributes to him the introduction of buckles to spurs, furred mantles, and the use of gloves.

‡ Cadwr.

XV.

Next the three Chiefs of Eloquence; * the kings
Whose hosts are thoughts, whose realm the human mind,
Who out of words evoke the souls of things,
And shape the lofty drama of mankind;
Wit charms the fancy, wisdom guides the sense;
To make men nobler—*that* is Eloquence!

XVI.

As from the Mount of Gold, auriferous flows
The Lydian wave, thy pomp of period shines
Resplendent Drydas—glittering as it goes
High from the mount, but labouring through the mines,
And thence the tides, enriching while they run,
Glass every fruit that ripens to the sun.

XVII.

But, like the vigour of a Celtic stream,
Comes Lolod's rush of manly sense along,
Fresh with the sparkles of a healthful beam,
And quick with impulse like a poet's song.
How listening crowds that knightly voice delights—
If from those crowds are banished all but knights!

XVIII.

The third, though young, well worthy of his place,
Was Gawaine, courteous, blithe, and debonnair,
Arch Mercury's wit, with careless Cupid's face;
Frank as the sun, but searching as the air,
Who with bland parlance prefaced doughtiest blows,
And mildly arguing—arguing brain'd his foes.

* There were three golden-tongued knights in the court of Arthur—Gwalchmai (Gawaine), Drudwas (Drydas in the text), and Eliwlod (Lolod). *Lady C. Guest's Mabinog.* note vol. i. p. 118.

XIX.

Next came the Three—in mystic Triads hight
"The KNIGHTS OF LOVE;" * some type the name conveys,
For where no lover, there methinks no knight;
All knights were lovers in King Arthur's days:
Caswallawn; Trystan of the lion rock; †
And, leaning on his harp, calm Caradoc!

XX.

Thus class'd, distinct in peace,—let war dismay,
Straight in one bond the divers natures blend—
So varying tints in tranquil sunshine play,
But form one iris if the rains descend;
And, fused in light against the clouds that lower,
Forbid the deluge while they own the shower!

XXI.

On the bright group the Prophet rests his gaze,
Then the deep voice sonorous thrills aloud—
"In Cardnel's vale the steers unheeded graze,
To jocund winds the yellowing corn is bowed,
By hearths of mirth the waves of Isca flow,
And Heaven above smiles down on peace below.

XXII.

"But far looks forth the warder from the tower,
And to the halls of Cymri's antique kings
A soul that sees the future in the hour
The desolation of its burthen brings;
Hollow sounds earth beneath the clanging tread:
Yon fields shall yield no harvest but the Dead!

* The three ardent lovers of the island of Britain—Caswallawn, Tristan, and Cynon (for the last, already placed amongst the counselling knights, Caradoc is substituted).—*Lady C. Guest's Mabinog.* vol i. note to page 94.

† Trystan's birth-place, Lyonness, is supposed to have been that part of Cornwall since destroyed by the sea. See Southey's note to Morte d'Arthur, vol. ii. p. 477.

XXIII.

"And waves shall rush in crimson to the deep,
The Meteor Horse shall pale autumnal skies—
From RAURAN'S * lairs the joyous wolves shall leap—
From EIFLE'S † crags the screaming eagles rise—
Yea! while I speak, these halls the havoc nears;
Red sets the sun behind the storm of spears.

XXIV.

"The Sons of Odin sound no tromp before
Their march: No herald comes their war to tell:
No plea for slaughter, dressed in clerkly lore,
Makes death seem justice! As the rain-clouds swell,
When air is stillest, in Bâl-Huan's ‡ halls;
The herbage waves not till the tempest falls!

XXV.

"Of old ye know them; ye the elect remains
Of perished races—rock-saved; mooring here
The ark of empire!
For your latest fanes,
For your last hearths, for all to freemen dear,
And to God sacred; take the shield and brand:
Accurst each Cymrian who survives his land!"

XXVI.

"Accurst each Cymrian who survives his land!"
Echoed deep tones, hollow as blasts escaped
From Boreal caverns, and in every hand
The hilts of swords to sainted croziers shaped
Were grimly griped—as by that symbol sign
Hallowing the human wrath to war divine.

* Aran—called Rauran by Spenser, who makes it the place of Arthur's education under Timon;
"Under the foot of RAURAN mossy hore."
† More correctly Yr Eifl, or Reitel, in Carnarvonshire.
‡ The sun.

XXVII.

The Prophet marked the deep unclamorous vow
Of the pent passion; and the morning light
Of young Humanity flashed o'er the brow
Dark with that wisdom which, like Nature's night,
Communes with stars and dreams; it flashed and waned,
And the vast front its awful hush regained.

XXVIII.

"Princes, I am but as a voice; be you
As deeds! The wind cleaves through the hollow oak,
And stirs the green wood that it wanders through,
Now wafts the seeds, now wings the levin stroke,
Now kindles, now destroys;—that wind am I,
Homeless on earth; the mystery of the sky!

XXIX.

"But when the wind into void space hath sunk,
Behold the sower tends and rears the seeds;
Behold the woodman shapes the fallen trunk;
The airy voice hath waked the human deeds;
Born of the germs, flowers bloom and harvests spring;
The pine uprooted speeds the Ocean King.

XXX.

"Warriors, since absent, (not from wanton lust
Of errant emprize, but by Fate ordained,
For all lone-labouring, worthy of his trust)
He whose young lips, in thirst of glory, drained
All that of martial arts their mistress, Rome,
Taught to assail the foe, or guard the home;

XXXI.

"Be ye his delegates, and oft with prayer
Bring angels round his wild and venturous way;
As one great orb gives life and light to air,
So times there are when all a people's day
Shines from a single life; This known, revere
The exile; mourn not—let his soul be here.

XXXII.

"Yours then, high chiefs, the conduct of the war,
But heed this counsel, won or wrung from Fate,
Strong rolls the tide when curbed its channels are,
Strong flows the force that but defends a state;
In Carduel's walls concentre Cymri's power,
And chain the dragon to his charmëd tower.

XXXIII.

"This night the moon should see the beacon-brand
Link fire to fire from Beli's Druid pile;
Rock call on rock, till blazes all the land
From Sabra's wave to Mona's parent isle!
Let Freedom write in characters of fire,
'Who climbs my throne ascends his funeral pyre!'"

XXXIV.

The Prophet ceased; and rose with stern accord
The warrior senate. Sudden every shield
Leapt into lightning from the clashing sword;
And choral voices consentaneous pealed—
"Hail to our guests! the wine of war is red;
Fire, light the banquet—steel, prepare the bed!"

XXXV.

While thus the peril threatening land and throne,
Unarmed, unheeding, dreaming, goes the King,
Where from the brief Elysium, Acheron
Awaits the victim which its priest shall bring.
And where art thou, meek guardian of the brave?
Though fails the eagle, still the dove may save.

XXXVI.

When, lured by signs that seemed his aid to implore,
From his good steed the lord of knighthood sprung;
And left it wistful by the dismal door,
Since the cragg'd roof too low descending hung
For the great war-horse in its barbed array;
And little dreamed he of the long delay;—

XXXVII.

His path the dove nor favoured nor forbade;
Motionless, folding on sharp rocks its wing,
And watching with soft eyes, resigned and sad,
Where fates, ordained for sorrow, led the King;
Nor did he miss, till earth regained the day,
The plumëd guardian vanisht from his way.

XXXVIII.

Then oft, in truth, yea oft in blissful hours,
Missed was that faithful guide through stormier life.
Ah common lot! how oft, mid summer flowers,
We miss the soother of the winter strife;
How oft we mourn in Fortune's sunlit vale
Some silenced heart with which we shared the gale!

XXXIX.

But absent *not* the dove, albeit unseen;
In some still foliage it had found its nest:
At night it hovered where his steps had been,
Pale through the moonbeams in the air of rest;
By the lulled wave and shadowy banks it past,
Lingering where love with Æglè lingered last.

XL.

And when with chiller dawn resought the lone
And leafy gloom in which it shunned the day,
Beneath those boughs you might have heard it moan,
Low-wailing to itself its plaintive lay;
Till with the sun rose all the songs that fill
Morn with delight; and *then* the dove was still.

XLI.

But now, as tow'rds the Temple of the Shades
The King went heavily—a gleam of light
Shot through the gloaming of the cedarn glades,
And the dove glided to his breast: the sight
Came like a smile from heaven upon the King,
And his heart warmed beneath the brooding wing.

XLII.

Strange was the thrill of joy, beyond belief,
Sent from the soft touch of those plumes of down:
He was not all deserted in his grief,
The brows of Fate relaxed their iron frown;
And his soul quickened to that glorious power
Which fronts the future and subdues the hour.

XLIII.

The hope it brought—not seemed the dove to share,
As if it felt the tempest in the sky,
Trembling, it nestled to its shelter there,
Nor lifted to the light its drooping eye,
Not, as its wont, to guide it came; but brave
With him the ills from which it could not save.

XLIV.

Now lost the lovelier features of the land,
Dull waves replace the fount, dark pines the bowers,
Grey-streeted tombs, far stretched on either hand,
Rear the dumb city of the Funeral Powers.
Massive and hugeous looms the dome of dread,
Where the stern Death-god frowns above the dead.

XLV.

Hewn from a rock, stand the great columns square,
With triglyphs wrought and ponderous pediment;
Such as yet greet the musing wanderer where,
Near the old Fane to which Etruria sent
Her sovereign twelve, the thick-sown violet blooms,
In Castel d'Asso's vale of hero-tombs.*

* Castel d'Asso (the Castellum Axia, in Cicero), the name now given to the valleys near Viterbo, which formed the great burial-place of the Etrurians. Near these valleys, and, as some suppose, on the site of Viterbo, was Voltumna (Fanum Voltumnæ), at which the twelve sovereigns of the twelve dynasties, and the other chiefs of the Etrurians, met in the spring of every year. Views of the rock-temples at Norchea, in this neighbourhood, are to be seen in Inghirami's Etrusc. Antiq.

XLVI.

Passing a bridge that spanned the barrier wave,
They reach the Thebes-like porch;—the Augur here
First entering, leaves the King. Within the nave
Now swell the flutes—which went before the bier
What time the funeral chaunt of Pagan Rome
Hymned glorious ghosts to Pluto's sunless home.

XLVII.

Back jar the portals—long, in measured line,
There, stand within the mute Aruspices.
In each pale hand a torch; and near the shrine
Sit on still thrones, the guardian deities;
Here SETHLANS,* sovereign of life's fixed domains—
There fatal NORTHIA with the iron chains.

XLVIII.

Between the two the Death-god broods sublime;
On his pale brow the inexorable peace
Which speaks of power beyond the shores of time;
Calm, not benign like the sweet gods of Greece,
Calm as the mystery which, in Memphian skies,
Froze life's warm current from a sphinx's eyes.

XLIX.

With many a grisly shape ineffable,
Limned were the cavernous sepulchral walls;
Life-like they stalked, the Populace of Hell,
Through the pale pomp of Acherontian halls;
Distinct as when the Trojan's living breath,
Vexed the wide silence in the wastes of death.

L.

Shown was the progress of the guilty soul
From earth's warm threshold to the throne of doom;
Here the black Genius to the dismal goal
Dragged the wan spectre from the unsheltering tomb;
While from the side it never more may warn
The better angel, sorrowing, fled forlorn.

* Sethlans, the Etrurian Vulcan. He appears sometimes to assume the attributes of Terminus, though in a higher and more ethereal sense—presiding over the bounds of life as Terminus over those of the land.

LI.

Hideous with horrent looks and goading steel
The fiend drives on the abject cowering ghost
Where (closed the eighth) sev'n yawning gates reveal
The sev'nfold anguish that awaits the Lost;
By each the gryphon flaps his ravening wings,
And dire Chimæra whets its hungry stings.

LII.

Here, ev'n that God, of all the kindliest one,
Life of all life (in Tusca's later creed,
Blent with the orient worship of the Sun,
Or His who loves the madding nymphs to lead
On the Forked Hill)—abjures his genial smile,*
And, scowls transformed, the Typhon of the Nile.

LIII.

Closed the eighth gate—for *there*, the Happy dwell;
No glimpse of joy beyond makes horror less.
But that closed gate upon the exiled Hell
Sets Hell's last seal of misery—Hopelessness.
Natheless, despite the Demon's chasing thong,
Here, as if hoping still, the hopeless throng.†

LIV.

Before the northern knight each nightmare dream
Of Theban soothsayer or Chaldæan mage,
Thus kindling in the torches' lurid beam,
As if incarnate with resistless rage,
And hell's true malice, starts from wall to wall;
He signs the cross, and looks unmoved on all.

* Tinia, the Etrurian Bacchus (son of Tina), identified symbolically with the god of the infernal regions. In the funeral monuments he sometimes assumes the most fearful aspect.

† The above description of the Etrurian Hades, with its eight gates, is taken in each detail from vases and funeral monuments, most of which are described by Micali.

LV.

Before the inmost Penetralian doors,
Holding a cypress branch, the Augur stands;
The King's firm foot strides echoless the floors,
And with dull groan the temple veil expands;
Advance the torches, and their shaken shine
Glares o'er the wave that yawns behind the shrine:—

LVI.

Glares o'er the wave, as, under vaulted rock,
All falsely smooth, the reddened surface flows;
But where the light fades—there is heard the shock
As hurrying on the headlong torrent goes;
With mocking oars—a raft sways, moored beside,
What keel save Charon's ploughs that dismal tide?

LVII.

Proud Arthur smiled upon the guileful host,
As welcome danger roused him and restored.—
"Friend," quoth the King, "methinks your streams might boast
A gentler margin and a fairer ford."
"As birth to man," replied the Priest, "the cave,
O guest, to thee; as death to man the wave.

LVIII.

"Doth it appal thee? thou canst yet return!
There love, there sunny life;—and yonder"—"Fame,
Cymri, and God!" said Arthur. "Paynim, learn
Death has two victors, deathless both—THE Name,
The Soul;—to each a realm eternal given,
This rules the earth, and that achieves the heaven."

LIX.

He said, and seized a torch with scornful hand;
The frail raft rocked to his descending tread;
Upon the prow he fixed the glowing brand,
And the raft drifted down the waves of dread.
So with his fortunes went confiding forth
The knightly Cæsar of the Christian North.

LX.

Then, from its shelter on his breast, the dove
Rose, and sailed slow before with doubtful wing;
The dun mists rolling round the vaults above,
Below, the gulf with torch-fires crimsoning;
Wan through the glare, or white amidst the gloom,
Glanced Heaven's mute daughter with the silver plume.

LXI.

Meanwhile to Æglè: from the happier trance,
And from the stun of the first human ill
Labouring returns the soul!—As lightnings glance
O'er battle fields, with sated slaughter still,
The fitful reason flickering comes and goes
O'er the past struggle—o'er the blank repose.

LXII.

At length with one long, eager, searching look,
She gazed around, and all the living space
With one great loss seemed lifeless!—then she strook
Her clenched hand on her heart; and o'er her face
Settled ineffable that icy gloom,
Which only falls when hope abandons doom.

LXIII.

Why breaks the smile—why waves the exulting hand?
Why to the threshold moves that step serene?
The brow superb awes back the maiden band,
From the roused woman towers sublime the queen.
Past bower, past isle—the dazzled crowds survey
That pomp of beauty burst upon the day.

LXIV.

Brief and imperious rings her question; quick
A hundred hands point, answering, to the fane,
As on she sweeps, behind her, fast and thick,
Gather the groupes far following in her train.
Behind some bird unknown, of glorious dyes,
So swarm the meaner people of the skies.

LXV.

O, the great force that sleeps in woman's heart!
She will, at least, behold that form once more;
See its last vestige from her world depart,
And mark the spot to haunt and wander o'er;
Rased in that impulse of the human breast
All the cold lessons on its leaves imprest;—

LXVI.

Snapt in the strength of the divine desire
All the vain swathes with which convention thralls;—
Nature breaks forth, and at her breath of fire
The elaborate snow-pile's molten temple falls;
And life's scared priestcrafts fly before that Truth,
Whose name is Passion, whose great altar, Youth!

LXVII.

Unknown the egress, dreamless of the snare,
Sole aim to look the last on the adored;
She gains the fane—she treads the aisle—and there
The deathlights guide her to the bridal lord;
On, through pale groupes around the yawning cave,
She comes—and looks upon the livid wave.

LXVIII.

She comes—she sees afar, amidst the dark,
That fair, serene, undaunted, godlike brow—
Sees on the lurid deep the lonely bark
Drift through the circling horror—sees, and now
On light's far verge it hovers, wanes, and fades,
As roars the hungering cataract up the shades.

LXIX.

Voiceless she looked, and voiceless looked and smiled
On her the priest; strange though the marvel seem,
The old man, childless, loved her more than child;
She linked each thought—she coloured every dream;
But Love, the varying Genius, guides, in turn,
The soft to pity, to revenge the stern.

LXX.

Not his the sympathy which soothes the woe,
But that which, wrathful, feels and shares the wrong.
He in the faithless but beheld the foe;
The weak he righted when he smote the strong;
In one dread crime a twofold virtue seen,
Here saved the land, and there avenged the queen.

LXXI.

So through the hush his hissing murmur stole—
"Ay, Æglè, blossom on the stem of kings,
Not to fresh altars glides the perjurer's soul,
Not to new maids the vows still thine he brings;
No rival mocks thee from the bloodless shore,
The dead, at least, are faithful evermore."

LXXII.

As when around the demigod of love,
Whom men Prometheus call, relentless fell
The flashing fires of Zeus, and Heaven above
Opened in flame, and flaming yawned the hell;
While gazing dauntless on the Thunderer's frown,
Sunk from the Earth, the Earth's Light-bringer down;

LXXIII.

So, while both worlds before its sight lay bare,
And o'er one ruin burst the lightning shock,
Love, the Arch-Titan, in sublime despair,
Faced the rent Hades from the shattered rock;
And saw in Heaven, the future Heaven foreshown,
When Love shall reign where Force usurps the throne.

LXXIV.

The Woman heard, and gathering majesty
Beamed on her front, and crowned it with command;
The pale priest shrunk before her tranquil eye,
And the light touch of her untrembling hand—
"Enjoy," she said, with voice as clear as low,
"Enjoy thy hate; where love survives I go.

LXXV.

" Sweetly thou smilest—sweetly, gentle Death,
Kinder than life;—that severs, thou unitest!
To realms He spoke of goes this living breath
A living soul, wherever space is brightest—
Fair Love—I trusted, now I claim, thy troth!
Blest be thy couch, for it hath room for both!"

LXXVI.

She said, and from each hand that would restrain
Broke, in the strength of her sublime despair;
Swift as the meteor on the northern main
Fades from the ice-lockt sea-king's livid stare—
She sprang; the robe a sudden glimmer gave,
And o'er the vision swept the closing wave.

LXXVII.

Return, wild Song, to Lancelot! Behold
Our Lord's lone house beside the placid mere!
There pipes the careless shepherd to his fold,
Or from the crags the shy capellæ peer
Through the green rents of many a hanging brake,
Which sends its quivering shadow to the lake.

LXXVIII.

And by the pastoral margins mournfully
Wanders from dawn to eve the earnest knight;
And ever to the ring he turns his eye,
And ever does the ring perplex the sight;
The fairy hand that knew no rest before,
Rests now as fixed as if its task were o'er.

LXXIX.

Tow'rds the far head of the calm water turned
The unmoving finger; yet, when gained the place,
No path for human foot the knight discerned—
Abrupt and huge, the rocks enclosed the space.
Veiling his scath'd front in eternal snows,
High above eagles Alpine Atlas rose.

LXXX.

No cleft! save that which a swift torrent clove
For its fierce hurry to the lake it fed;
Checkt for awhile in chasms concealed above,
Thence all its pomp the dazzling horror spread,
And from the beetling ridges, smooth and sheer,
Flashed in one mass, down-roaring to the mere.

LXXXI.

Still to that spot the fairy hand inclined,
And daily there with wistful searching eyes
Wandered the knight; each day no path to find,
And climb in vain the ladder to the skies;
Still was each step foiled by the Alpine wall,
Still the old guide refused its aid in all.

LXXXII.

One noon, as thus he gazed in stern despair
On rock and torrent;—from the tortured spray,
And through the mists, into cærulean air,
A dove descending rushed its arrowy way;
Swift as a falling star which, falling, brings
Woe on the helmet-crown of Dorian kings! *

LXXXIII.

Straight to the wanderer's hand bore down the bird,
With plumage crisped with fear, and piercing plaint;
Oft had he heedful, in his wanderings, heard
Of the great Wrong-Redresser, whom a saint
In the dove's guise directed—"Hail," he cried,
"I greet the token—I accept the guide!"

* In moonless nights, every eighth year, the Spartan Ephors consulted the heavens; if there appeared the meteor, which we call the shooting-star, they adjudged their kings to have committed some offence against the gods, and suspended them from their office till acquitted by the Delphic oracle, or Olympian priests.—PLUT. *Agis*, 11. MÜLLER'S *Dorians*, b. iii. c. 6.

LXXXIV.

And sudden as he spoke, arose the wing,
Warily veering tow'rds the dexter flank
Of the huge chasm, through which leapt thundering
From Nature's heart her savage; on the bank
Of that fell stream, in root, and jag, and stone,
It traced the ladder to the glacier's throne.

LXXXV.

Slow sailed the dove, and paused, and looked behind,
As labouring after, crag on crag, the knight,—
Close on the deafening roar, and whirling wind
Lashed from the surges,—through the vaporous night
Of the grey mists, loomed up the howling wild;
Strong in the charm the Fairy gave the child.

LXXXVI.

With bleeding hands, that leave a moment's red
On stone and stem washed by the mighty spray,
He gains at length the cataract's central bed
Where the rocks levelled check the torrent's way,
And form a basin o'er abysmal caves,
For the grim respite of the headlong waves.

LXXXVII.

Torrents below—the torrents still above!
Above less awful—as precipitous peak
And splintered ledge—and many a curve and cove
In the comprest indented margins, break
That crushing sense of power, in which we see
What, without Nature's God, would Nature be:

LXXXVIII.

Before him, stretched the maëlstrom of the abyss;
And, in the central torrent, giant pines,
Uprooted from the bordering wilderness
By some gone winter's blast—in flashing lines
Shot through the whirl—then, pluckt to the profound,
Vanished and rose, swift eddying round and round.

LXXXIX.

But on the marge as on the wave thou art,
O conquering Death!—what human, hueless face
Rests pillowed on a silenced human heart?
What arm still clasps in more than love's embrace
That form for which yon vulture flaps its wing?
Kneel, Lancelot, kneel, thine eyes behold thy King!

XC.

Alas in vain—still in the Death-god's cave,
Ere yet the torrent snatched the hurrying stream,
Beside a crag grey-shimmering from the wave,
And near the brink by which the pallid beam
Showed one pent path along the rugged verge,
By which to leave the raft and scape the surge,—

XCI.

Alas in vain, that haven to the ark
The dove had given!—just won the refuge-place,
When, thrice emerging from the sheeted dark,
White glanced a robe, and livid rose a face!
He saw, he sprang,—he neared, he grasped the vest!
And *both* the torrent grappled to its breast.

XCII.

Yet, in the immense and superhuman force,
Love and despair bestow upon the bold,
The strong man battled with the torrent's course,
Griped rock and layer, and ledge, with snatching hold,
Bruised, bleeding, broken, onwards, downwards driven,
No wave his treasure from his grasp had riven.

XCIII.

Saved, saved—at last before his reeling eyes,
Into the pool, that checkt the Fury, hurled,
Shone, as he rose, through all the hurtling skies,
The dove's white wing; and ere the maëlstrom whirled
The breasted waters to the central shock,
Showed the gnarled roots of the redeeming rock.

XCIV.

Less sense than instinct caught the wing that shone,
The crags that sheltered;—the wild billows gave
To the bruised limbs the force that failed their own,
And as he turned and sunk, the swerving wave
Swooped round, dashed on, and to the isthmus sped
The failing life whose arms still locked the dead.

XCV.

Long vain were Lancelot's cares and knightly skill,
Ere, through congealëd veins, pulsed back the blood;
The very wounds, the valour of the will,
The peaks that broke the fury of the flood
Had helped to save; alas *the strong* to save!
For Strength to toil, till Love re-opes the grave.

XCVI.

Twice down the dismal path, the dove his guide,
The lake's charmed knight bore twice his helpless load;
A chamois hunter, in the vale descried,
Aided the convoy to the house of God.
Dark—wroth—convulsed, the soul earth holdeth, lay;
Calm from the bier beside it, smiled the clay!

XCVII.

O Song—for Lydian elegy too stern,
Song, cradled in the Celt's rough battle-shield;
Rather from thee should life's true soldier learn
To hide the wounds—heroic while concealed;
Man's noblest conflicts ever yet have been
Waged unrecorded in a field unseen.

XCVIII.

Let the King's woe its muse in Silence claim,
When sense returned, and solitary life
Sate in the Shadow!—shade or sun the same,
Toil hath brief respite; man is made for strife,
Woman for rest!—rest, bright with dreams is given,
Child of the heathen, in the Christian heaven!

XCIX.

And to the Christian Prince's plighted bride,
The simple monks, the Christian's grave accord,
With lifted cross and swinging censer glide
To passing bells—the hermits of the Lord;
And at that hour, in her own native vale,
Her own soft race their mystic loss bewail.

C.

Methinks I see the Tuscan Genius yet,
Lured, lingering by the clay it loved so well,
And listening to the two-fold dirge that met
In upper air;—here Nazarene anthems swell
Triumphal pæans!—there, the Alps behind,
Etrurian Næniæ,* load the lagging wind.

CI.

Pauses the startled Genius to compare
The notes that mourn the life, at best so brief,
With those that welcome to empyreal air
The bright escaper from a world of grief;
Marvelling what creed, beyond the happy vale,
Can teach the soul the loathëd Styx to hail!

THE ETRURIAN NÆNIÆ.

Where art thou, pale and melancholy ghost?
No funeral rites appease thy tombless clay;
Unburied, glidest thou by the dismal coast,
O exile from the day?

There, where the voice of love is heard no more,
Where the dull wave moans back the eternal wail,
Dost thou recall the summer suns of yore,
Thine own melodious vale?

Thy Lares stand on thy deserted floors,
And miss their last sweet daughter's holy face,
What hand shall wreathe with flowers the threshold doors?
What child renew the race?

* Næniæ, the funeral hymns borrowed by the Romans from the Etrurians.

Thine are the nuptials of the dreary Shades,
Of all thy groves what rests?—the cypress tree!
As from the air a strain of music fades,
Dark silence buries thee!

Yet no, lost child of more than mortal sires,
Thy stranger bridegroom bears thee to his home,
Where the stars light the Æsars' nuptial fires
In Tina's azure dome;

From the fierce wave the god's celestial wing
Rapt thee aloft along the yielding air;
With amaranths fresh from heaven's eternal spring,
Bright Cupra* braids thy hair.

Ah, in those halls for us thou wilt not mourn,
Far are the Æsars' joys from human woe:
But not the less forsaken and forlorn
Those thou hast left below!

Never, oh never more, shall we behold thee,
The last spark dies upon the sacred hearth;
Art thou less lost, though heavenly arms enfold thee—
Art thou less lost to earth?

Slow swells the sorrowing Nænie's chaunted strain,
Time with slow flutes our leaden footsteps keep;
Sad earth, whate'er the happier heaven may gain,
Hath but a loss to weep.

THE CHRISTIAN FUNERAL HYMN.

Sing we Halleluiah—singing
Halleluiah to the Three;
Where, vain Death, oh, where thy stinging?
Where, O Grave, thy victory?

As a sun a soul hath risen,
Rising from a stormy main;
When the captive breaks the prison,
Who, but slaves, would mourn the chain?

Fear for age with cares unholy,
Feebly clinging still to sin:
When the daylight darkens slowly,
And the solemn shades begin:

Not for youth!—although the bosom
With a sharper grief be wrung;
For the May wind strews the blossom,
And the angel takes the young!

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* Cupra, or Talna, corresponding with Juno, the nuptial goddess.

Saved from sins, while yet forgiven;—
From the joys that lead astray,
From the earth at war with heaven,
Soar, O happy soul, away!

From the human love that fadeth,
In the falsehood or the tomb;
From the cloud that darkly shadeth;
From the canker in the bloom;

Thou hast passed to suns unsetting,
Where the rainbow spans the flood,
Where no moth the garb is fretting,
Where no worm is in the bud.

Let the arrow leave the quiver,
It was fashioned but to soar;
Let the wave pass from the river,
Into ocean evermore!

Mindful yet of mortal feeling
In thy fresh immortal birth;
By the Virgin Mother kneeling,
Plead for those beloved on earth.

Whisper them thou hast forsaken,
"Woe but borders unbelief;"
Comfort smiles in faith unshaken,
Shall thy glory be their grief?

Let one ray on them descending,
From the prophet Future stream;
Bliss is daylight never ending,
Sorrow but a passing dream.

O'er the grave in far communion
With the choral Seraphim,
Chaunt in notes that hail reunion,
Chaunt the Christian's funeral hymn.

Singing Halleluiah—singing
Halleluiah to the Three,
Where, vain Death, oh, where thy stinging?
Where, O Grave, thy victory?

CII.

So rests the child of creeds before the Greek's,
In our Lord's holy ground—between the walls
Of the grey convent and the verdant creeks
Of the sequestered mere; afar the falls
Of the fierce torrent from her native vale,
Vex the calm wave, and groan upon the gale.

CIII.

Survives that remnant of old races still,
In its strange haven from the surge of Time?
There yet do Camsee's songs at sunset thrill,
At the same hour when here, the vesper chime
Hymns the sweet Mother? Ah, can granite gate,
Cataract, and Alp, exclude the steps of Fate?

CIV.

World-wearied man, thou knowest not on the earth
What regions lie beyond, yet near, thy ken!
But couldst thou find them, what would be the worth?
No Fields Elysian bloom for mortal men:
But man is more than mortal, and on all
His griefs the shadow of those Fields may fall.

CV.

By Æglè's grave, the royal mourner sate,
And from his bended eyes the veiling hand
Shut out the setting sun;—thus, desolate,
He sate, with Memory in her spirit-land,
And took no heed of Lancelot's soothing words,
To the' oak, bolt-shattered, sing in vain the birds!

CVI.

Vain is their promise of returning spring;
Spring may give leaves, can spring reclose the core?
Comfort not sorrow—sorrow's self must bring
Its own stern cure!—All wisdom's holiest lore,
The 'Know thyself,' descends from heaven in tears;
The cloud must break before the horizon clears.

CVII.

The dove forsook not:—now it's poisëd wing,
Bathed in the sunset, rested o'er the lake;
Now brooded o'er the grave beside the King,
Now with husht plumes, as if it feared to wake
Sleep, less serene than Death's, it sought his breast,
And o'er the heart of misery claimed its nest.

CVIII.

Night falls—the moon is at her full;—the mere
Shines with the sheen pellucid; not a breeze!
And through the hush't and argent atmosphere
Sharp rise the summits of the breathless trees;
When Lancelot saw, all indistinct and pale,
Glide o'er the liquid glass a mistlike sail.

CIX.

Now, first from Arthur's dreams of fever gained,
And since—for grief unlocks the secret heart,—
Briefly confest, the triple toil ordained
The knightly brother knew;—so with a start
He strained the eyes, to which a fairy gave
Vision of fairy forms, along the wave.

CX.

Then in his own the King's cold hand he took,
And spoke—"Arise, thy mission calls thee now!
Let the dead rest—still lives thy country!—look,
And nerve thy knighthood to redeem its vow.
This is the Lake whose waves the Falchion hide,
And yon the bark that beeks thee to the tide!"

CXI.

Listless arose the King, and looked abroad,
Nor saw the sail;—though nearer, clearer gliding,
The Fairy nurseling, by the vapoury shroud
And vapoury helm, beheld a phantom guiding.
"Not this," replied the King, "the Lake decreed;
Where points thy hand, but floats a broken reed!

CXII.

"Where are the dangers on that placid tide?
Where are the fiends who guard the enchanted boon?
Seest thou how calmly rests the plumëd guide
On the cold grave, beneath the quiet moon!
So night gives rest to grief—with labouring day
Let the dove lead, and life resume, the way."

CXIII.

Then answered Lancelot—for he was wise
In each mysterious Druid parable:—
"Oft in the things most simple to our eyes,
The real genii of our doom may dwell—
The enchanter spoke of trials to befall;
And the lone heart has trials worse than all.

CXIV.

"Weird triads tell us that our nature knows
In its own cells the demons it should brave;
And oft the calm of after glory flows
Clear round the marge of early passion's grave;"
And the dove came, ere Lancelot ceased to speak,
To its lord's hand—a leaflet in its beak;

CXV.

A leaflet starry with the first pale flower
Budding on Æglè's grave: then Arthur knew
The herb which gives to mortal sight the power
To gaze on forms spiritual; he withdrew
From the dove's beak the mournful boon, and placed
On lips that kissed—the herb of bitter taste.

CXVI.

And straight the film fell from his heavy eyes;
And, moored beside the marge, he saw the bark,
Its fair sails swelling, though in windless skies,
And the fair Lady in the robes of dark.
O'er moonlit tracks she stretched the shadowy hand,
And lo, beneath the waters bloomed the land!

CXVII.

Forests of emerald verdure spread below,
With pillared temples gleaming far and wide,
On to the bark the mourner's footsteps go;
The pale King stands by the pale phantom's side;
And Lancelot sprang—but sudden from his reach
Glanced the wan skiff, and left him on the beach.

CXVIII.

Chained to the earth by spells, more strong than love,
He saw the pinnace steal its noiseless way,
And on the mast there sate the steadfast dove,
With white plume shining in the steadfast ray—
Slow from his sight the waves the Vision bear,
And not a speck is in the purple air.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Description of the Cymrian fire-beacons—Dialogue between Gawaine and Caradoc—The raven—Merlin announces to Gawaine that the bird selects him for the aid of the King—The knight's pious scruples—He yields reluctantly, and receives the raven as his guide—His pathetic farewell to Caradoc—The knight sets out on his adventures—The company he meets and the obligation he incurs—The bride and the sword—The bride's choice and the hound's fidelity—Sir Gawaine lies down to sleep under the fairy's oak—What there befalls him—The fairy banquet—The temptation of Sir Gawaine—The rebuke of the fairies—Sir Gawaine, much displeased with the raven, resumes his journey—His adventure with the Vikings, and how he comforts himself in his captivity.

I.

On the bare summit of the loftiest peak—
  Crowning the hills round Cymri's Iscan home,
*Rose the grey temple of the Faith Antique,
  Before whose priests had paused the march of Rome,
When the dark isle revealed its drear abodes,
And the last Hades of Cimmerian gods;

II.

While dauntless Druids, by their shrines profaned,
  Stretched o'er the steel-clad hush their swordless hands,*
And dire Religion, horror-breathing, chained
  The frozen eagles,—till the shuddering bands,
Shamed into slaughter, broke the ghastly spell,
And, lost in reeks of carnage, sunk the hell.

III.

Quivered on column-shafts the poisëd rock,
  As if a breeze could shake the ruin down;
But storm on storm had sent its thunder-shock,
  Nor reft the temple of its charmëd crown—
So awe of Power Divine on human breasts
Vibrates for ever and for ever rests.

* See Tacitus, l. xiv. cap. 30, for the celebrated description of the attack on the Druids, in their refuge in Mona, under Publius Suetonius.

THE ASIATIC

IV.

Within the fane awaits a giant pyre,
Around the pyre assembled warriors stand;
A pause of prayer;—and suddenly the fire
Flings its broad banner reddening o'er the land.
Shoot the fierce sparks and groan the crackling pines,
Tost on the wave of shields the glory shines.

V.

Lo, from dark night flash Carduel's domes of gold,
Glow the jagged rampires like a belt of light.
And to the stars springs up the Dragon-hold,
With one lone image on the lonely height—
O'er those who saw a thrilling silence fell;
There, the still Prophet watched o'er Carduel!

VI.

Forth on their mission rushed the wings of flame;
Hill after hill the land's grey warders rose;
First to the Mount of Bards* the splendour came,
Wreathed with large halo Trigarn's † stern repose;
On, post by post, the fiery courier rode,
Blood-red, Edeirnion's ‡ dells of verdure glowed;

VII.

Uprose the hardy men of Merioneth,
When, o'er the dismal strata parched and bleak,
Like some revived volcano's lurid breath
Sprang the fierce fire-jet from the herbless peak;
Flashed down on meeting streams the basalt walls,§
In molten flame Rhaiadyr's thunder falls;

* Twm Barlwm, in Monmouthshire, on which the bards are supposed to have assembled.

† Moel Trigarn in Pembrokeshire; it has on its summit the remains of an old encampment enclosing three immense cairns.

‡ The beautiful valley of Edeirnion watered by the Dee.

§ The confluence of the Machno with the Conwy; in that neighbourhood is a range of basalt rocks, bending over the water. Near where the streams meet are the celebrated falls of Rhaiadyr-y-Craig Llwyd.

VIII.

Thy Faban Mount,* Carnarvon, seized the sign,
And passed the watchword to the Fairies' Hill ;†
All Mona blazed—as if the isle divine
To Bel, the sun-god, drest her altars still ;
Menai reflects the prophet hues, and far
To twofold ocean knells the coming war.

IX.

Then wheeling round, the lurid herald swept
To quench the stars yet struggling with the glare,
Blithe to his task, resplendent Golcun ‡ leapt—
The bearded giant rose on Moel-y-Gaer—
Rose his six giant brothers,—Eifle rose,
And great Eryri § lit his chasms of snows.

X.

So one vast altar was that father-land!
But nobler altars flashed in souls of men,
Sublimer than the mountain-tops the brand
Found pyres in every lowliest hamlet glen :
Soon on the rocks shall die the grosser fire—
Souls lit to freedom burn till suns expire.

XI.

Slowly the chiefs desert the blazing fane,
Sure of steel-harvests from the dragon seed,
Descend the mountain and the walls regain ;
There unto each the glorious task decreed
Of central suns which round their orbs unite
The starry legions that reflect their light.

* Moel-Faban, Caernarvonshire.
† Moelwynnion.
‡ Cop-yr-Golcuni, or Mount of Light—probably the signal mount of the great chain of beacons on that side of Wales, Moel-y-Gaer (the Hill of the Camp), Moel-Arthur, Moel-Fenlli, &c., in all six principal beacon hills.
§ Eryri, Snowdon.

XII.

Last of the noble conclave, lingered two;
Gawaine the mirthful, Caradoc the mild,
And, as the watchfires thickened on their view,
War's fearless playmate raised his hand and smiled,
Pointing each splendour, linking rock to rock;—
And while he smiled—sighed earnest Caradoc.

XIII.

"Now by my head—an empty oath, and light!
No taller tapers ever lit to rest
Rome's stately Cæsar;—sigh'st thou at the sight
Of cost o'er-lavish, when so mean the guest?"
"Was it for this the gentle Saviour died?
Is Cain so glorious?" Caradoc replied.

XIV.

"Permit, Sir Bard, an argument on that,"
True to his fame, said golden-tongued Gawaine,
"The hawk may save his fledglings from the cat,
Nor yet deserve comparisons with Cain;
And Abel's fate, to hands unskilled, proclaims
The use of practice in gymnastic games.

XV.

"Woes that have been are man's best lesson-book;
From Abel's death, his nimbler sons should learn
To add an inch of iron to the crook,
And strike, when struck, a little in return—
Had Abel known his quarterstaff, I wot,
Those Saxon Ap-Cains ne'er had been begot."

XVI.

More had he said, but a strange, grating note,
Half laugh—half croak, was here discordant heard;
An *ave* rose—but died within his throat,
As close before him perched the enchanter's bird,
With head aslant, and glittering eye askew,
It neared the knight—the knight in haste withdrew.

XVII.

"All saints defend me, and excuse a jest!"
Muttered Sir Gawaine—"bird or fiend avaunt:
Oh, holy Abel, let this matter rest,
I do repent me of my foolish taunt!"
With that the cross upon his sword he kist,
And stared aghast—the bird was on his wrist,

XVIII.

"Hem—*vade Satanas!—discede! retro,*"
The raven croaked, and fixed himself afresh;
"*Aves damnata—jubeo et impetro,*"
Ten pointed claws here fastened on his flesh;
The knight, sore smarting, shook his arm—the bird
Pecked in reproach, and kept its perch unstirred.

XIX.

Quoth Caradoc—whose time had come to smile,
And smile he did in grave and placid wise—
"Let not thine evil thoughts, my friend, defile
The harmless wing descended from the skies."
"Skies!!!" said the knight—"black imps from skies descend
With claws like these!—the world is at an end!"

XX.

"Now shame, Gawaine, O knight of little heart,
How if a small and inoffensive raven
Dismay thee thus, couldst thou have tracked the chart
By which Æneas won his Alban-haven?
On Harpies, Scylla, Cerberus, reflect;
And undevoured—rejoice to be but peckt."

XXI.

"True," said a voice behind them,—"gentle bard,
In life as verse, the art is—to compare."
Gawaine turned short, gazed keenly, and breathed hard
As on the dark-robed Magian streamed the glare
Of the huge watchfire—"Prophet," quoth Gawaine,
"My friend scorns pecking—let him try the pain.

XXII.

"Please to call back this—offspring of the skies!
Unworthy I to be his earthly rest!"
"Methought," said Merlin, "that thy King's emprize
Had found in thee a less reluctant breast;
Again his friendship granted to his side—
Thee the bird summons, be the bird thy guide."

XXIII.

Dumb stared the knight—stared first upon the seer,
Then on the raven,—who, demure and sly,
Turned on his master a respectful ear,
And on Gawaine a magisterial eye.
"What hath a king with ravens, seer, to do?"
"Woden, the king of half the world, had two.

XXIV.

"Peace—if thy friendship answer to its boast,
Arm, take thy steed, and with the dawn depart—
The bird will lead thee to the ocean coast;
Strange are thy trials, stalwart be thy heart."
"Seer," quoth Gawaine, "my heart I hope is tough,
Nor needs a prop from this portentous chough.

XXV.

"You know the proverb—'birds of the same feather,'
A proverb much enforced in penal laws,*
In certain quarters were we seen together
It might, I fear, suffice to damn my cause:
You cite examples apt and edifying—
Woden kept ravens!—well, and Woden's frying!"

XXVI.

The enchanter smiled, in pity or in scorn;
The smile was sad, but lofty, calm, and cold—
"The straws," he said, "on passing winds upborne
Dismay the courser—man should be more bold.
Dismiss thy terrors, go thy ways, my son,
To do thy duty is the fiend to shun.

* In Welch laws it was sufficient to condemn a person to be found with notorious offenders.

XXVII.

"Not for thy sake the bird is given to thee,
'But for thy King's."—"Enough," replied the knight,
And bowed his head. The bird rose jocundly,
Spread its dark wing and rested in the light—
"Sir Bard," to Caradoc the chosen said
In the close whisper of a knight well bred:

XXVIII.

"Vowed to my King—come man, come fiend, I go,
But ne'er expect to see thy friend again,
That bird carnivorous hath designs I know
Most anthropophagous on doomed Gawaine;
I leave thee all the goods that most I prize—
Three steeds, six hawks, four gre-hounds, two blue eyes.

XXIX.

"Beat back the Saxons—beat them well, my friend,
And when they're beaten, and thy hand's at leisure,
Set to thine harp a ditty on my end—
The most appropriate were the shortest measure:
Forewarned by me all light discourses shun,
And mostly—jests on Adam's second son."

XXX.

He said, and wended down the glowing hill.
Long watched the minstrel with a wistful gaze,
Then joined the musing seer—and both were still,
Still mid the ruins—girded with the rays;
Twin heirs of light and lords of time, grey Truth
That ne'er is young—and Song the only youth.

XXXI.

At dawn from Carduel passed the chosen knight;
Still as he rode, from forest, mount, and vale,
Rang lively horns, and in the morning light
Flashed the sheen banderoll, and the pomp of mail,
The welcome guests of War's blithe festival.
Keen for the feast, and summoned to the hall.

XXXII.

Curt answer gave the knight to greeting gay,
And none to taunt from scurril churl unkind,
Oft asking, "if he did mistake the way?"—
Or hinting, "war was what he left behind;"
As noon came on, such sights and comments cease,
Lone through the pastures rides the knight in peace.

XXXIII.

Grave as a funeral mourner rode Gawaine—
The bird went first in most indecent glee,
Now soared from sight, now gambolled back again—
Now munched a beetle, and now chaced a bee—
Now plucked the wool from meditative lamb,
Now picked a quarrel with a lusty ram.

XXXIV.

Sharp through his vizor, Gawaine watched the thing,
With dire misgivings at that impish mirth:
Day waxed—day waned—and still the dusky wing
Seemed not to find one resting place on earth.
"Saints," groaned Gawaine, "have mercy on a sinner,
And move that demon—just to stop for dinner!"

XXXV.

The bird turns round, as if it understood,
Halts on the wing, and seems awhile to muse;
Then dives at once into a dismal wood,
And grumbling much, the hungry knight pursues,
To hear, and, hearing, hope once more revives,
Sweet-clinking horns, and gently-clashing knives.

XXXVI.

An opening glade a pleasant group displays;
Ladies and knights amidst the woodland feast;
Around them, reinless, steed and palfrey graze;
To earth leaps Gawaine—"I shall dine at least."
His casque he doffs—"Good knights and ladies fair,
Vouchsafe a famished man your feast to share."

XXXVII.

Loud laughed a big, broad-shouldered, burly host;
"On two conditions, eat thy fill," quoth he;
"Before one dines, 'tis well to know the cost—
Thou'lt wed my daughter, and thou'lt fight with me."
"Sir Host," said Gawaine, as he stretched his platter,
"I'll first the pie discuss and then the matter."

XXXVIII.

The ladies looked upon the comely knight,
His arch bright eye provoked the smile it found;
The men admired that vasty appetite,
Meet to do honour to the Table Round;
The host, reseated, sent the guest his horn:
Brimmed with pure drinks distilled from barley corn.

XXXIX.

Drinks rare in Cymri, true to milder mead,
But long familiar to Milesian lays,
So huge that draught, it had despatched with speed
Ten Irish chiefs in these degenerate days:
Sir Gawaine drained it, and Sir Gawaine laught,
"Cool is your drink, though scanty is the draught;

XL.

"But, pray you pardon, (sir, a slice of boar,)
Judged by your accents, mantles, beards, and wine,—
If wine this be—ye come from Erin's shore,
To aid no doubt our kindred Celtic line;
Ye saw the watch-fires on our hills at night
And march to Carduel? read I, sirs, aright?"

XLI.

"Stranger," replied the host, "your guess is wrong,
And shows your lack of history and reflexion;
Erin with Cymri is allied too long,
We come, my friend, to sever the connexion:
But first, (your bees are wonderful for honey,)
Yield us your hives—in plainer words your money."

XLII.

"Friend," said the golden-tongued Gawaine, "methought
Your mines were rich in wealthier ore than ours."
"True," said the host, superbly, "were they wrought!
But shall Milesians waste in work their powers?
Base was that thought, the heartless insult masking."
"Faith," said Gawaine, "gold's easier got by asking."

XLIII.

Upsprung the host, upsprung the guests in ire—
Upsprung the gentle dames, and fled affrighted;
High rose the din, than all the din rose higher
The croak of that cursed raven quite delighted;
Sir Gawaine finished his last slice of boar,
And said, "Good friends, more business and less roar.

XLIV.

"If you want peace—shake hands, and peace, I say,
If you want fighting, gramercy! we'll fight,"
"Ho," cried the host, "your dinner you must pay—
The two conditions."—"Host, you're in the right,
To fight I'm willing, but to wed I'm loth;
I choose the first."—"Your word is bound to *both*:

XLV.

"Me first engaged, if conquered you are—dead,
And then alone your honour is acquitted;
But conquer me, and then you must be wed;
You ate!—the contract in that act admitted."
"Host," cried the knight, half stunned by all the clatter,
"I only said I would discuss the matter.

XLVI.

"But if your faith upon my word reposed,
That thought alone King Arthur's knight shall bind."
Few moments more, and host and guest had closed—
For blows come quick when folks are so inclined:
They foined, they fenced, changed play, and hacked and hewed—
Paused, panted, eyed each other, and renewed;

XLVII.

At length a dexterous and back-handed blow,
Clove the host's casque and bowed him to his knee.
"Host," said the Cymrian to his fallen foe;
"But for thy dinner, wolves should dine on thee;
Yield—thou bleed'st badly—yield and ask thy life."
"Content," the host replied—"embrace thy wife."

XLVIII.

"O cursëd bird," cried Gawaine, with a groan,
"Into what trap has thou betrayed my life;
Happy the man to whom was given a stone
When he asked bread; I have received a wife.
Take warning, youths, and never dine with hosts
Who make their daughters adjuncts to their roasts."

XLIX.

While thus in doleful and heart-rending strain.
Mourned the lost knight, the host his daughter led,
Placed her soft hand in that of sad Gawaine—
"Joy be with both!"—the bridegroom shook his head
"I have a castle which I won by force—
Mount, happy man, for thither wends our course:

L.

"Page, bind my scalp—to broken scalps we're used.
Your bride, brave son, is worthy of your merit;
No man alive has Erin's maids accused,
And least *that* maiden, of a want of spirit;
She plies a sword as well as you, fair sir,
When out of hand, just try your hand on her."

LI.

Not once Sir Gawaine lifts his leaden eyes,
To mark the bride by partial father praised,
But mounts his steed—the gleesome raven flies
Before; beside him rides the maid amazed:
"Sir Knight," said she at last, with clear loud voice,
"I hope your musings do not blame your choice?"

LII.

"Damsel," replied the knight of golden tongue,
As with some effort he replied at all,
"Sith our two skeins in one the Fates have strung,
My thoughts were guessing when the shears would fall;
Much irks it me, lest, vowed to toil and strife,
I doom a widow where I make a wife.

LIII.

"And sooth to say, despite those matchless charms
Which well might fire our last new saint, Dubricius,
To-morrow's morn must snatch me from thine arms;
Led to far lands by auguries, not auspicious—
Wise to postpone a bond, how dear soever,
Till my return."—"Return! that may be never:

LIV.

"What if you fall,—since thus you tempt the fates—
The yew will flourish where the lily fades;
The laidliest widows find consoling mates
With far less trouble than the comeliest maids;
Wherefore, Sir Husband, have a cheerful mind,
Whate'er may chance your wife will be resigned."

LV.

That loving comfort, arguing sense discreet,
But coldly pleased the knight's ungrateful ear,
But while devising still some vile retreat,
The trumpets flourish and the walls frown near;
Just as the witching night begins to fall
They pass the gates and enter in the hall.

LVI.

Soon in those times primæval came the hour
When balmy sleep did wasted strength repair,
They led Sir Gawaine to the lady's bower,
Unbraced his mail and left him with the fair;
Then first, demurely seated side by side,
The dolorous bridegroom gazed upon the bride.

LVII.

No iron heart had he of golden tongue,
To beauty none by nature were politer;
The bride was tall and buxom, fresh and young,
And while he gazed, his tearful eyes grew brighter—
"'For worse, for better,' runs the sacred verse,
Sith now no better—let me brave the worse."

LVIII.

With that he took and kissed the lady's hand,
The lady smiled and Gawaine's heart grew bolder,
When from the roof by some unseen command
Flashed down a sword and smote him on the shoulder—
The knight leapt up, sore-bleeding from the stroke,
While from the lattice cawed the merriest croak!

LIX.

Aghast he gazed—the sword within the roof
Again had vanished; nought was to be seen—
He felt his shoulder, and remained aloof.
"Fair dame," quoth he, "explain what this may mean."
The bride replied not, hid her face and wept;
Moved, to her side, with caution, Gawaine crept.

LX.

"Nay, weep not, sweetheart, but a scratch—no more,"
He bent to kiss the dewdrops from his rose,
When presto down the glaive enchanted shore—
Gawaine leapt back in time to save his nose.
"Ah, cruel father," groan'd the lady then,
"I hoped at least thou wert content with ten!"

LXI.

"Ten what?" said Gawaine.—"Gallant knights like thee,
Who fought and conquered my deceitful sire;
Married, as thou, to miserable me,
And doomed, as thou, beneath the sword to expire—
By this device he gains their arms and steeds,
So where force fails him, there the fraud succeeds."

LXII.

"Foul felon host," the wrathful knight exclaims,
"Foul wizard bird, no doubt in league with him!
Have they no dread lest all good knights and dames
Save fiends their task, and rend them limb from limb?
But thou for Gawaine ne'er shalt be a mourner,
Thou keep the couch, and I—yon farthest corner!"

LXIII.

This said, the prudent knight on tiptoe stealing
Went from his bride as far as he could go,
Then laid him down, intent upon the ceiling;
Noses, once lost, no second crop will grow—
So watched Sir Gawaine, so the lady wept,
Percht on the lattice-sill the raven slept.

LXIV.

The knight takes heart as the sun smiles again,
Steps climb the stair, a hand unbars the door—
"Saints," cries the host, and stares upon the twain,
Amazed to see that living guest once more—
"Did you sleep well?"—"Why, yes," replied the knight,
"One gnat, indeed;—but gnats were made to bite.

LXV.

"Man must leave insects to their insect law;—
Now thanks, kind host, for board and bed and all—
Depart I must,"—the raven gave a caw.
"And I with thee," chimed in that damsel tall.
"Nay," said Gawaine, "I wend on ways of strife,"
"Sir, hold your tongue—I choose it; I'm your wife."

LXVI.

With that the lady took him by the hand,
And led him, fall'n of crest, adown the stair;
Buckled his mail, and girded on his brand,
Brimmed full the goblet nor disdained to share—
The host saith nothing, or to knight or bride;
Forth comes the steed—a palfrey by its side.

LXVII.

Then Gawaine flung from the untasted board
His manchet to a hound with hungry face;
Sprung to his selle, and wished, too late, that sword
Had closed his miseries with a *coup de grace*.
They clear the walls, the open road they gain;
The bride rode dauntless—daunted much Gawaine.

LXVIII.

Gaily the fair discoursed on many things,
But most on those ten lords—his time before,
Unhappy wights, who, as old Homer sings,
Had gone, 'Proiapsoi,' to the Stygian shore;
Then, each described and praised,—she smiled and said,
"But one live dog is worth ten lions dead."

LXIX.

The knight prepared that proverb to refute,
When the bird beckoned down a delving lane,
And there the bride provoked a new dispute:
'That path was frightful—she preferred the plain.'
"Dame," said the knight, "not I your steps compel—
Take thou the plain!—adieu! I take the dell."

LXX.

"Ah, cruel lord," with gentle voice and mien
The lady murmured, and regained his side;
"Little thou know'st—of woman's faith, I ween,
All paths alike save those that would divide;
Ungrateful knight—too dearly loved."—"But then,"
Falter'd Gawaine, "you said the same to ten!"

LXXI.

"Ah no; their deaths alone their lives endeared,
Slain for my sake, as I could die for thine;"
And while she spoke so lovely she appeared
The knight did, blissful, tow'rds her cheek incline—
But, ere a tender kiss his thanks could say,
A strong hand jerked the palfrey's neck away.

LXXII.

Unseen till then, from out the bosky dell
Had leapt a huge, black-browed, gigantic wight;
Sudden he swung the lady from her selle,
And seized that kiss defrauded from the knight,
While, with loud voice and gest uncouth, he swore
So fair a cheek he ne'er had kissed before!

LXXIII.

With mickle wrath Sir Gawaine sprang from steed,
And, quite forgetful of his wonted parle,
He did at once, without a word, proceed
To make a ghost of that presuming carle:
The carle, nor ghost nor flesh inclined to yield,
Took to his club, and made the bride his shield.

LXXIV.

"Hold, stay thine hand!" the hapless lady cried,
As high in air the knight his falchion rears;
The carle his laidly jaws distended wide,
And—"Ho," he laughed, "for me the sweet one fears,
Strike, if thou durst, and pierce two hearts in one,
Or yield the prize—by love already won."

LXXV.

In high disdain, the knight of golden tongue
Looked this way, that, uncertain where to smite;
Still as he looked, and turned, the giant swung
The unknightly buckler round from left to right.
Then said the carle—"What need of steel and strife?
A word in time may often save a life.

LXXVI.

"This lady me prefers, or I mistake,
Most ladies like an honest hearty woer;
Abide the issue, she her choice shall make;
Dare you, sir rival, leave the question to her?
If so, reshcathe your sword, remount your steed,
I loose the lady, and retire."—"Agreed."

LXXVII.

Sir Gawaine answered—sure of the result,
And charmed the fair so cheaply to deliver;
But ladies' hearts are hidden and occult,
Deep as the sea, and changeful as the river.
The carle released the fair, and left her free—
"Caw," said the raven, from the willow tree.

LXXVIII.

A winsome knight all know was fair Gawaine,
No knight more winsome shone in Arthur's court:
The carle's rough features were of homeliest grain,
As shaped by Nature in burlesque and sport;
The lady looked and mused, and scanned the two,
Then made her choice—the carle had spoken true.

LXXIX.

The knight forsaken, rubbed astounded eyes,
Then touched his steed and slowly rode away—
"Bird," quoth Gawaine, as on the raven flies,
"Be peace between us, from this blessëd day;
One single act has made me thine for life,
Thou hast shown the path by which I lost a wife!"

LXXX.

While thus his grateful thought Sir Gawaine vents,
He hears, behind, the carle's Stentorian cries;
He turns, he pales, he groans—"The carle repents!
No, by the saints, he keeps her or he dies!"
Here at his stirrup stands the panting wight—
"The lady's hound, restore the hound, sir knight."

LXXXI.

"The hound," said Gawaine, much relieved, "what hound?"
And then perceived he that the dog he fed,
With grateful steps the kindly guest had found,
And there stood faithful.—"Friend," Sir Gawaine said,
"What's just is just! the dog must have his due,
The dame had hers, to choose between the two."

LXXXII.

The carle demurred; but justice was so clear,
He'd nought to urge against the equal law;
He calls the hound, the hound disdains to hear,
He nears the hound, the hound expands its jaw;
The fangs were strong and sharp, that jaw within,
The carle drew back—"Sir knight, I fear you win."

LXXXIII.

"My friend," replies Gawaine, the ever bland,
"I took thy lesson, in return take mine;
All human ties, alas, are ropes of sand,
My lot to-day to-morrow may be thine;
But never yet the dog our bounty fed,
Betrayed the kindness or forgot the bread."

LXXXIV.

With that the courteous hand he gravely waved,
Nor deemed it prudent longer to delay;
Tempt not the reflow, from the ebb just saved!
He spurred his steed and vanished from the way.
Sure of rebuke, and troubled in his mind,
An altered man, the carle his fair rejoined.

LXXXV.

That day the raven led the knight to dine
Where merry monks spread no abstemious board;
Dainty the meat and delicate the wine,
Sir Gawaine felt his sprightlier self restored;
When tow'rds the eve the raven croaked anew,
And spread the wing for Gawaine to pursue.

LXXXVI.

With clouded brow the pliant knight obeyed,
And took his leave and quaffed his stirrup cup;
And briskly rode he thorough glen and glade,
Till the fair moon, to speak in prose, was up:
Then to the raven now familiar grown,
He said—"Friend bird, night's made for sleep, you'll own,

LXXXVII.

"This oak presents a choice of boughs for you,
For me a curtain and a grassy mound."
Straight to the oak the obedient raven flew,
And croaked with merry, yet malignant sound.
The luckless knight thought nothing of the croak,
And laid him down beneath the Fairy's Oak.

LXXXVIII.

Of evil fame was Nannau's antique tree,
Yet styled "the hollow oak of demon race;" *
But blithe Gwyn-ab-Nudd's elphin family
Were the gay demons of the slandered place;
And ne'er in scene more elphin, near and far,
On dancing fairies glanced a cloudless star.

LXXXIX.

Whether thy chafing torrent, rock-born Caine,
Flash through the delicate birch and glossy elm,
Or prison'd Mawddach † clang his triple chain
Of waters fleeing to the happier realm,
Where his course broadening smiles along the land:
So souls grow tranquil as their thoughts expand.

XC.

High over subject vales the brow serene
Of the lone mountain looked on moonlit skies;
Wide glades far opening into swards of green,
With shimmering foliage of a thousand dyes,
And tedded tufts of heath, and ivied boles
Of trees, and wild flowers scenting bosky knolls:

* In the domain of Nannau was standing to within a period comparatively recent, the legendary oak called Derwen Ceubren yr Ellyll—the hollow oak, the haunt of demons.

† Mawddach, with its three waterfalls.

XCI.

And herds of deer as slight as Jura's roe,*
Or Iran's shy gazelle, on sheenest places,
Grouped still, or flitted the far alleys thro';
The fairy quarry for the fairy chaces;
Or wheeled the bat, brushing o'er brake and scaur,
Lured by the moth, as lures the moth the star.

XCII.

Sir Gawaine slept—Sir Gawaine slept not long,
His ears were tickled, and his nose was tweaked;
Light feet ran quick his stalwart limbs along,
Light fingers pinched him, and light voices squeaked.
He oped his eyes, the left and then the right,
Fair was the scene, and hideous was his fright!

XCIII.

The tiny people swarm around, and o'er him,
Here on his breast they lead the morris dance,
There, in each ray diagonal before him,
They wheel, leap, pirouette, caper, shoot askance,
Climb row on row each other's pea-green shoulder,
And mow and point upon the shocked beholder.

XCIV.

And some had faces lovelier than Cupido's,
With rose-bud lips, all dimpling o'er with glee;
And some had brows as ominous as Dido's,
When Ilion's pious traitor put to sea;
Some had bull heads, some lion's, but in small,
And some—the finer drest—no heads at all.

XCV.

By mortal dangers scared, the wise resort
To means fugacious, *licet et licebit;*
But he who settles in a fairy's court,
Loses that option, *sedet et sedebit;*
Thrice Gawaine strove to stir, nor stirred a jot,
Charms, cramps, and torments nailed him to the spot.

* The deer in the park of Nannau are singularly small.

XCVI.

Thus of his limbs deprived, the ingenious knight
Straighway betook him to his golden tongue—
"Angels," quoth he, "or fairies, with delight
I see the race my friends the bards have sung;
Much honoured that, in any way expedient,
You make a ball-room of your most obedient."

XCVII.

Floated a sound of laughter, musical
As when in summer noon, melodious bees
Cluster o'er jasmine buds, or as the fall,
Of silver bells, on the Arabian breeze;
What time, with chiming feet in palmy shades,
Move, round the softened Moor, his Georgian maids.

XCVIII.

Forth from the rest there stepped a princely fay—
"And well, sir mortal, dost thou speak," quoth he,
"We elves are seldom froward to the gay,
Rise up, and welcome to our company."
Sir Gawaine won his footing with a spring,
Low bowed the knight, as low the fairy king.

XCIX.

"By the bright diadem of dews congealed,
And purple robe of pranksome butterfly,
Your royal rank," said Gawaine, "is revealed.
Yet more, methinks, by your majestic eye;
Of kings with mien august I know but two,
Men have their Arthur,—happier fairies, you."

C.

"Methought," replied the Elf, "thy first accost
Proclaimed thee one of Arthur's peerless train;
Elsewhere alas!—our later age hath lost
The blithe good-breeding of King Saturn's reign,
When, some four thousand years ago, with Fauns,
We Fays made merry on Arcadian lawns.

CI.

"Time flees so fast it seems but yesterday!
And life is brief for fairies as for men."
"Ha," said Gawaine, "can fairies pass away?"
"Pass like the mist on Arran's wave, what then?
At least we're young so long as we survive;
Our years six thousand—I have numbered five.

CII.

"But we have stumbled on a dismal theme;
As always happens when one meets a man—
Ho! stop that zephyr—Robin, catch that beam!
And now, my friend, we'll feast it while we can."
The moonbeam halts, the zephyr bows his wing,
Light through the leaves the laughing people spring.

CIII.

Then Gawaine felt as if he skirred the air,
His brain grew dizzy, and his breath was gone;
He stopped at last, and such inviting fare
Never plump monk set lustful eyes upon.
Wild sweet-briars girt the banquet, but the brake
Oped where in moonlight rippled Bala's lake.

CIV.

Such dainty cheer—such rush of revelry—
Such silver laughter—such arch happy faces—
Such sportive quarrels from excess of glee—
Hushed up with such sly innocent embraces,
Might well make twice six thousand years appear
To elfin minds a sadly nipped career.

CV.

The banquet o'er, the royal Fay intent
To do all honour to King Arthur's knight,
Smote with his rod the bank on which they leant,
And Fairy-land flashed glorious on the sight;
Flashed, through a silvery, soft, translucent mist,
The opal shafts and domes of amethyst;

CVI.

Flashed founts in shells of pearl, which crystal walls
And phosphor lights of myriad hues redouble;
There, in the blissful subterranean halls,
When morning wakes the world of human trouble,
Glide the gay race; each sound our discord knows,
Faint-heard above, but lulls them to repose.

CVII.

O Gawaine, blush! Alas! that gorgeous sight,
But woke the latent mammon in the man,
While fairy treasures shone upon the knight,
His greedy thoughts on lands and castles ran;
He stretched his hands, he felt the fingers itch,
"Sir Fay," quoth he, "you must be monstrous rich!"

CVIII.

The words scarce fell from those unlucky lips,
Than down rushed darkness, flooding all the place;
His feet a fairy in a twinkling trips;
A swarm of wasps seem settling on his face;
Pounce on their prey the tiny torturers flew,
And sang this moral while they pinched him blue:

CHORUS OF PREACHING FAIRIES.

Joy to him who fairy treasures
With a fairy's eye can see;
Woe to him who counts and measures
What the worth in coin may be.

Gems from withered leaves we fashion
For the spirit pure from stain;
Grasp them with a sordid passion,
And they turn to leaves again.

CHORUS OF PINCHING FAIRIES.

Here and there, and everywhere,
Tramp and cramp him inch by inch;
Fair is fair,—to each his share,
You shall preach and we will pinch.

CHORUS OF PREACHING FAIRIES.

Fairy treasures are not rated
  By their value in the mart;
Deep in secret earth created
  For the coffers of the heart.

Dost thou covet fairy money?
  Rifle but the blossom bells—
Like the wild bee, shape the honey
  Into golden cloister-cells.

CHORUS OF PINCHING FAIRIES.

Spirit hear it, flesh revere it!
  Stamp the lesson inch by inch!
Rightly merit, flesh and spirit,
  This the preaching, that the pinch!

CHORUS OF PREACHING FAIRIES.

Wretched mortal, once invited,
  Fairy land was thine at will;
Every little star had lighted
  Revels when the world was still.

Every bank a gate had granted
  To the topaz-paven halls—
Every wave had roll'd enchanted
  From our crystal music-falls.

CHORUS OF PINCHING FAIRIES.

Round him winging, sharp and stinging,
  Clip him, nip him, inch by inch,
Sermons singing, wisdom bringing,
  Point the moral with a pinch.

CHORUS OF PREACHING FAIRIES.

Now the spell is lost for ever,
  And the common earth is thine;
Count the traffic on the river,
  Weigh the ingots in the mine;

Look around, aloft, and under,
  With an eye upon the cost;
Gone the happy world of wonder!
  Woe, thy fairy land is lost!

CHORUS OF PINCHING FAIRIES.

Nature bare is, where thine air is,
Custom cramps thee inch by inch;
And when care is, human fairies
Preach and—vanish at a pinch!

CIX.

Sudden they cease—for shrill crowed chanticleer;
Grey on the darkness broke the glimmering light;
Slowly assured he was not dead with fear
And pinches, cautious peered around the knight;
He found himself replaced beneath the oak,
And heard with rising wrath the chuckling croak.

CX.

"O bird of birds, most monstrous and malific,
Were these the inns to which thou wert to lead?
Now gashed with swords, now clawed by imps horrific;
Wives—wounds—cramps—pinches! Precious guide indeed!
Ossa on Pelion piling, crime on crime:
Wretch, save thy throttle, and repent in time!"

CXI.

Thus spoke the knight—the raven gave a grunt,
That raven liked not threats to life or limb;
Then with due sense of the unjust affront,
Hopped supercilious forth, and summoned him—
His mail once more the aching knight endued,
Limped to his steed, and ruefully pursued.

CXII.

The sun was high when all the glorious sea
Flashed through the boughs that overhung the way,
And down a path as rough as path could be,
The bird flew sullen, delving towards the bay;
The moody knight dismounts, and leads with pain
The stumbling steed, oft backing from the rein.

CXIII.

One ray of hope alone illumed his soul,
"The bird will lead thee to the ocean coast,"
The wizard's words had clearly marked the goal;
The goal once won—of course the guide was lost:
While thus consoled, its croak the raven gave,
Folded its wings and hopped into a cave.

CXIV.

Sir Gawaine paused—Sir Gawaine drew his sword;
The bird unseen screamed loud for him to follow—
His soul the knight committed to our Lord,
Stepped on—and fell ten yards into a hollow;
No time had he the ground thus gained to note,
Ere six strong hands laid gripe upon his throat.

CXV.

It was a creek, three sides with rock enclosed,
The fourth stretched, opening on the golden sand;
Dull on the wavé an anchored ship reposed;
A boat with peaks of brass lay on the strand;
And in that creek caroused the grisliest crew
Thor ever nursed, or Rana * ever knew.

CXVI.

But little cared the knight for mortal foes,
From those strong hands he wrenched himself away,
Sprang to his feet, and dealt so dour his blows,
Cleft to the chin a grim Berserker lay,
A Fin fell next, and next a giant Dane—
"Ten thousand pardons!" said the bland Gawaine.

CXVII.

But ev'n in that not democratic age
Too large majorities were stubborn things,
Nor long could one man strive against the rage
Of half a hundred thick-skulled ocean kings—
Four felons crept between him and the rocks,
Lifted four clubs and felled him like an ox.

* Ran, or Rana, the malignant goddess of the sea, in Scandinavian mythology.

CXVIII.

When next the knight unclosed his dizzy eyes,
His feet were fettered and his arms were bound—
Below the ocean, and above the skies;
Sails flapped—cords crackled; long he gazed around,
Still where he gazed, fierce eyes and naked swords
Peered through the flapping sails and crackling cords—

CXIX.

A chief before him leant upon his club,
With hideous visage bushed with tawny hair.
"Who plays at bowls must count upon a rub,"
Said the bruised Gawaine with a smiling air;
"Brave sir, permit me humbly to suggest
You make your gyves too tight across the breast."

CXX.

Grinned the grim chief, vouchsafing no reply;
The knight resumed—"Your pleasant looks bespeak
A mind as gracious;—may I ask you why
You fish for Christians in King Arthur's creek?"
"The kings of creeks," replied that hideous man,
"Are we, the Vikings and the sons of Ran!

CXXI.

"Your beacon fires allured us to your strands,
The dastard herdsmen fled before our feet,
Thee, Odin's raven guided to our hands;
Thrice happy man, Valhalla's boar to eat!
The raven's choice suggests a God's idea,
And marks thee out—a sacrifice to Freya!"

CXXII.

As spoke the Viking, over Gawaine's head
Circled the raven with triumphal caw;
Then o'er the cliffs, still hoarse with glee, it fled.
Thrice a deep breath the knight relieved did draw,
Fair seemed the voyage—pleasant seemed the haven;
"Blest saints," he cried, "I have escaped the raven!"

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

Arthur and the Lady of the Lake—They land on the Meteor Isle—Which then sinks to the Halls below—Arthur beholds the Forest springing from a single stem—He tells his 'errand to the Phantom, and rejects the fruits that It proffers him in lieu of the sword—He is conducted by the Phantom to the entrance of the caves through which he must pass alone—He reaches the Coral Hall of the Three Kings—The Statue Crowned with thorns—The Asps and the Vulture, and the Diamond Sword—The Choice of the Three Arches—He turns from the first and second arch, and beholds himself, in the third, a corpse—The sleeping King rises at Arthur's question—"if his death shall be in vain?"—The Vision of times to be—Cœur de Lion and the Age of Chivalry—The Tudors—Henry VII.—the restorer of the line of Arthur and the founder of civil Freedom—Henry VIII. and the revolution of Thought—Elizabeth and the Age of Poetry—The Union of Cymrian and Saxon, under the sway of "Crowned Liberty"—Arthur makes his choice, and attempts, but in vain, to draw the sword from the Rock—The Statue with the thorn-wreath addresses him—Arthur called upon to sacrifice the Dove—His reply—The glimpse of Heaven—The trance which succeeds, and in which the King is borne to the sea-shores.

I.

As when, in Autumn nights, and Arctic skies,
  An angel makes a cloud his noiseless car,
And, thro' cærulean silence, silent flies
  From antique Hesper to some dawning star,
So still, so swift, along the windless tides
Her vapour-sail the Lake's mute Lady guides.

II.

Along the sheen, along the glassy sheen,
  Amid the lull of lucent night they go;
Till, in the haven of an islet green,
  Murmuring thro' reeds, the gentle waters flow:
Shoots the dim pinnace to the gradual strand,
And the pale Phantóm, beck'ning, glides to land.

III.

Her the King followed, yet scarce touched the shore;
When slowly, slowly sunk the meteor-isle,
Fathom on fathom, to the sparry floor
Of alabaster shaft and porphyr-pile,
Built as by Nereus for his own retreat,
Or the Nymph-mother of the silver feet.

IV.

Far, thro' the crystal lymph, the pillared halls
Went lengthening on in vistaed majesty;
The waters sapped not the enchanted walls,
Nor shut their roofless silence from the sky;
But every beam that gilds this world of ours
Broke sparkling downward into diamond showers;

V.

And the strange magic of the Place bestowed
Its own strange life upon the startled King,
Round him, like air, the subtle waters flowed;
As round the Naiad flows her native spring;
Domelike collapsed the azure;—moonlight clear
Filled the melodious silvery atmosphere—

VI.

Melodious with the chaunt of distant falls
Of sportive waves, within the waves at play,
And infant springs that bubble up the halls
In varying jets, on which the broken ray
Weaves its slight iris—hymning while they rise
To that smooth calm their restless life supplies,

VII.

Like secret thoughts in some still poet's soul,
Nourished unseen till they reflect the stars:
But overhead a trembling shadow stole,
A gloom that leaf-like quivered on the spars,
And that quick shadow, ever moving, fell
From a vast Tree with root immovcable;

VIII.

In linked arcades, and interwoven bowers
Swept the long forest from that single stem:
And, flashing through the foliage, fruits or flowers
In jewelled clusters, glowed with every gem
Golconda hideth from the greed of kings;
Or Lybian gryphons guard with drowsy wings.

IX.

Here blushed the ruby, warm as Charity,*
There the mild topaz, wrath-assuaging, shone
Radiant as Mercy;—like an angel's eye,
Or a stray splendour from the Father's throne,
The sapphire chaste a heavenlier lustre gave
To that blue heaven reflected on the wave.

X.

Never from India's cave, or Oman's sea
Swart Afrite wreathed for scornful Peri's brow,
Such gems as, wasted on that Wonder-tree,
Paled Sheban treasures in each careless bough;
And every bough which the light wavelet heaves,
Quivers to music with the quivering leaves.

XI.

Then first the Sovereign Lady of the deep
Spoke;—and the waves and whispering leaves were still,
"Ever I rise before the eyes that weep
When, born from sorrow, Wisdom wakes the will;
But few behold the shadow thro' the dark,
And few will dare the venture of the bark.

* In heraldic mysteries, the ruby is the emblem of charity—the topaz assuages choler and frenzy—the sapphire preserves chastity, &c.—See SYLVANUS MORGAN'S *Sphere of Gentry*.

XII.

"And now amid the Cuthites' temple halls
O'er which the waters undestroying flow,
Heark'ning the mysteries hymned from silver falls
Or from the springs that, gushing up below,
Gleam to the surface, whence to Heaven updrawn,
They form the clouds that harbinger the dawn.—

XIII.

"Say what the treasures which my deeps enfold
That thou would'st bear to the terrestrial day?"
Then Arthur answered—and his quest he told,
The prophet mission which his steps obey—
"Here springs the forest from the single stem:
I seek the falchion welded from the gem."

XIV.

"Pause," said the Phantom, "and survey the tree!
More worth one fruit that weighs a branchlet down,
Than all which mortals in the sword can see.
Thou ask'st the falchion to defend a crown—
But seize the fruit, and to thy grasp decreed
More realms than Ormuzd lavished on the Mede;

XV.

"Than great Darius left his doomëd son,
From Scythian wastes to Abyssinian caves;
From Nimrod's tomb in silenced Babylon
To Argive islands fretting Asian waves;
Then changed to sceptres the rude Lictor-rods,
And placed the worm called Cæsar with the gods.

XVI.

"Pause—take thy choice—each gem a host can buy,
Link race on race to Conquest's rushing car;
No ghastly Genius here thou need'st defy,
The fruits unguarded and the fiends afar;
But dark the perils that surround the Sword,
And slight its worth—ambitious if its Lord;

XVII.

"Weak to invade, though potent to defend,
Its blade will shiver in a conqueror's clasp;
A weapon meeter for the herdsman's end,
When ploughshares turn to falchions in his grasp,
Some churl who seeks to guard his humble hearth—
A Hero's soul should hunger for the Earth!"

XVIII.

"Spirit or Sorceress,"—said the frowning King,
"Fame like the sun illumes an universe;
But life and joy both fame and sun should bring;
And God ordains no glory for a curse.
What need of falchions save to guard a land?
'Tis the Churl's cause that nerves the Hero's hand.

XIX.

"Not mine the crowns the Persian lost or won,
Tiaras glittering over kneeling slaves;
Mine be the sword that freed at Marathon,
The unborn races by the Father-graves—
Or stayed the Orient in the Spartan pass,
And carved on Time, thy name, Leonidas!"

XX.

The Sibyl of the Sources of the Deep
Heard nor replied, but indistinct and wan
Went as a Dream that thro' the worlds of Sleep
Leads the charmed soul of labour-wearied man;
And ev'n as man and dream, so, side by side,
Glideth the mortal with the gliding guide.

XXI.

Glade after glade, beneath that forest tree
They pass,—till sudden, looms amid the waves,
A dismal rock, hugely and heavily,
With crags distorted vaulting horrent caves;
A single moonbeam thro' the hollow creeps:
Glides with the beam the Lady of the deeps.

XXII.

Then Arthur felt the dove that at his breast
Lay nestling warm—stir quick and quivering,
His soothing hand the crispëd plumes carest;
Slow went they on, the Lady and the King:
And, ever as they went, before their way
O'er prisoned waters lengthening stretched the ray.

XXIII.

Now the black jaws as of a hell they gain;
Pauses the Lake's pale Hecate. "Lo," she said,
"Yonder, the Genii thou invadest reign.
Alone thy feet the threshold floors must tread—
No aid from Powers not human canst thou win;
Trust to thy soul, and dare the Shapes within."

XXIV.

She spoke to vanish—but the single ray
Shot from the unseen moon, still palely breaks
The awe that rests with midnight on the way;
Faithful as Hope when Wisdom's self forsakes
The buoyant beam the lonely man pursued—
And, feeling God, he felt not solitude.

XXV.

No fiend obscene, no giant spectre grim,
(Born or of Runic or Arabian Song,)
Affronts the progress, thro' the gallery dim,
Into the sudden light which flames along
The waves, and dyes the stillness of their flood
To one red horror like a lake of blood.

XXVI.

And now, he enters, with that lurid tide,
Where time-long corals shape a mighty hall;
Three curtained arches on the dexter side,
And on the floors a ruby pedestal,
On which, with marble lips, that life-like smiled,
Stood the fair Statue of a crownëd Child:

XXVII.

It smiled, and yet its crown was wreathed of thorns,
And round its limbs coiled foul the viper's brood;
Near to that Child a rough crag, deluge-torn,
Jagged with sharp shadow abrupt, the luminous flood;
And a huge Vulture from the summit, there,
Watched with dull hunger in its glassy stare.

XXVIII.

Below the Vulture in the rock ensheathed,
Shone out the hilt-beam of the diamond glaive;
And all the hall one hue of crimson wreathed,
And all the galleries vistaed thro' the wave;
As flushed the coral fathom-deep below,
Lit into glory from the ruby's glow.

XXIX.

On thrones blood-red, there, sate three giant forms,
Rigid the first, as Death;—with lightless eyes
And brows as hushed as deserts, when the storms
Lock the tornado in the Nubian skies;—
Dead on dead knees the large hands nerveless rest,
And dead the front droops heavy on the breast.

XXX.

The second shape with bright and kindling eye,
And aspect haughty with triumphant life,
Like a young Titan reared its crest on high,
Crowned as for sway and harnessed as for strife;
But o'er one half his image there was cast,
A shadow from the throne where sate the last.

XXXI.

And this, the third and last, seemed in that sleep
Which neighbours waking in a summer's dawn,
When dreams, relaxing, scarce their captive keep:
Half o'er his face a veil transparent drawn,
Stirred with quick sighs unquiet and disturbed,
Which told the impatient soul the slumber curbed.

XXXII.

Thrilled, but undaunted, on the Adventurer strode,
Then spoke the youthful Genius with the crown
And armour: "Hail to our august abode!
Guardless we greet the seeker of Renown.
In our least terror cravens Death behold,
But vainly frown our direst for the bold."

XXXIII.

"And who are ye?" the wondering King replied,
"On whose large aspects reigns the awe sublime
Of fabled judges, that o'er souls preside
In Radamanthian Halls?" The Lords of Time,
Answered the Giant, "And our realms are three,
The WHAT HAS BEEN, WHAT IS, and WHAT SHALL BE!

XXXIV.

"But while we speak my brother's shadow creeps
Over the life-blood that it freezes fast;
Haste, while the king that shall discrown me sleeps,
Nor lose the Present,—lo how dead the Past!
Accept the trials, Prince beloved by Heaven,
To the deep heart—that nobler reason,—given.

XXXV.

"Thou hast rejected in the Cuthite's halls
The fruits that flush Ambition's dazzling tree,
The Conqueror's lust of blood-stained coronals;—
Again thine ordeal in thy judgment be!
Nor here shall empire need the arm of crime—
But Fate achieve the lot thou ask'st from Time.

XXXVI.

"Behold the threefold Future at thy choice,
Choose right, and win from Fame the master spell."
Then the concealing veils, as ceased the voice,
From the three arches with a clangor fell,
And clear, as scenes with Thespian wonders rife,
Gave to his view the Lemur-shapes of life.

XXXVII.

Lo the fair stream amidst that pleasant vale,
Wherein his youth held careless holiday;
The stream is blithe with many a silken sail,
The vale with many a proud pavilion gay,
And in the centre of the rosy ring,
Propt on his arm, reclines himself, the King.

XXXVIII.

All, all the same as when his golden prime
Lay in the lap of Life's soft Arcady;
When Youth and Pleasure owned no foe but Time,
And, scarcely conscious of the warning sigh,
His one desire was as "a Summer day,
Mid blooms and sweets to dream himself away."

XXXIX.

"Behold," the Genius said, "is that thy choice
As once it was?" "Nay, I have wept since then,"
Answered the mortal with a mournful voice,
"When the dews fall, the stars arise for men!"
So turned he to the second arch to see
The imperial peace of settled majesty;—

XL.

The kingly throne, himself the dazzling king;
Bright arms, and jewelled vests, and purple stoles;
While silver winds, from many a music-string,
Rippled the wave of glittering banderolls:
From mitred priests and ermined barons, clear
Came the loud praise which monarchs love to hear.

XLI.

"Doth this content thee?" "Ay," the Prince replied,
And towered erect, with empire on his brow;
"Ay, here at once a Monarch may decide,
Be but the substance worthy of the show!
Courts are not States—let me see MEN!—behind
Where stands the People?—Genius, lift the blind!"

XLII.

Slow fades the pageant, and the Phantom stage
As slowly filled with squalid, ghastly forms;
Here, over fireless hearths cowered shivering Age
And blew with feeble breath dead embers;—storms
Hung in the icy welkin; and the bare
Earth lay forlorn in Winter's charnel air;

XLIII.

And Youth all labour-bowed, with withered look,
Knelt by a rushing stream whose waves were gold,
And sought with lean strong hands to grasp the brook,
And clutch the glitter lapsing from the hold,
Till with mad laugh it ceased, and, tottering down
Fell, and on frowning skies scowled back the frown.

XLIV.

No careless Childhood laughed disportingly,
But dwarfed, pale mandrakes with a century's gloom
On infant brows, beneath a Poison-tree
With skeleton fingers plied a ghastly loom,
Mocking in cynic jests life's gravest things,
They wove gay King-robes, muttering "What are Kings?"

XLV.

And thro' that dreary Hades to and fro,
Stalked all unheeded the Tartarean guests;
Grim Discontent that loathes the Gods, and Woe
Clasping dead infants to her milkless breasts;
And madding Hate, and Force with iron heel,
And voiceless Vengeance sharpening secret steel.

XLVI.

And, hand in hand, a Gorgon-visaged Pair,
Envy and Famine, halt with livid smile,
Listening the demon-orator, Despair,
That, with a glozing and malignant guile,
Seems sent the gates of Paradise to ope,
And lures to Hell by simulating Hope.

XLVII.

"Can such things be below and God above?"
Faltered the King;—Replied the Genius—"Nay,
This is the state that sages most approve;
This is Man civilized!—the perfect sway
Of Merchant Kings;—the ripeness of the art
Which cheapens men—the Elysium of the Mart.

XLVIII.

"But what to thee, if Pomp hath its extremes?
Not thine the shadow—Go, enjoy the light!
Begirt by guards, shut danger from thy dreams;
That serves thy grandeur which appals thy sight;
From its own entrails if the worm supply
The silken purple—let it weave and die!"

XLIX.

"Demon—O rather," cried the Poet-king,
"Let me all lonely, on the heav'n-kist hill,
Rove with the hunter,—be my drink the spring,
The root my banquet, and the night-wind shrill
Howl o'er my couch with the wild fox—than know
One pomp which mocks that Lazar-house of woe.

L.

"Thou saidst, 'Give dues to Cæsar,'—Lord! secure
The mightier tribute Cæsars owe to men!
Thou who hast oped God's kingdom to the Poor,
Reveal Humanity to Kings!—agen
Descend, Messiah!—and to earth make known
How Christ had reigned if on the Cæsar's throne!"

LI.

So, with indignant tears in manly eyes
Turned the great Archetype of Chivalry
Lo the third arch and last!—In moonlight rise
The Cymrian rocks dark-shining from the sea,
And all those rocks, some patriot war, forgone,
Hallows with grassy mound and starlit stone.

LII.

And where the softest falls the loving light,
He sees himself, stretched lifeless on the sward,
And by the corpse, with sacred robes of white
Leans on his ivory harp a lonely Bard;
Yea, to the Dead the sole still watchers given
Are the Fame-Singer and the Hosts of Heaven.

LIII.

But on the kingly front the kingly crown
Rests;—the pale right hand grasps the diamond glaive;
The brow, on which ev'n strife hath left no frown,
Calm in the halo glory gives the brave.
"Mortal, is *this* thy choice?" the Genius cried.
"Here Death; there Pleasure; and there Pomp!—decide!"

LIV.

"Death," answer'd Arthur, "is nor good nor ill
Save in the ends for which men die—and Death
Can oft achieve what Life may not fulfil,
And kindle earth with Valour's dying breath;
But oh, one answer to one terror deign,
My land—my people!—is that death in vain?"

LV.

Mute drooped the Genius, but the unquiet form
Dreaming beside its brother king arose,
Tho' dreaming still: As leaps the sudden storm
On sands Arabian, as with spasms and throes
Bursts the Fire-mount by soft Parthenopè,
Rose the veiled Genius of the things to be:

LVI.

Shook all the hollow caves;—with tortured groan,
Shook to their roots in the far core of hell;
Deep howled to deep—the monumental throne
Of the dead giant rocked;—each coral cell
Flashed quivering billowlike. Unshaken smiled,
From the calm ruby base the thorn-crowned Child.

LVII.

The Genius rose; and thro' the phantom arch
Glided the Shadows of His own pale dreams;
The mortal saw the long procession march
Beside that image which his lemur seems:
An armëd King—three lions on his shield*—
First by the Bard-watched Shadow paused and kneeled.

LVIII.

Kneeled, there, his train—upon each mailëd breast
A red cross stampt; and deep as from a sea
With all its waves—full voices murmured—"Rest
Ever unburied, Sire of Chivalry!
Ever by Minstrel watched, and Knight adored,
King of the haloed-brow, and diamond sword!"

LIX.

Then, as from all the courts of all the earth,
The reverent pilgrims, countless, clustering came;
They whom the seas of fabled Sirens girth,
Or Baltic freezing in the Boreal flame;
Or they, who watch the Star of Bethlem quiver
By Carmel's Olive mount, and Judah's river.

LX.

From violet Provence comes the Troubadour;
Ferrara sends her clarion-sounding son;
Comes from Iberian halls the turbaned Moor
With cymbals chiming to the clarion;
And, with large stride, amid the gaudier throng,
Stalks the vast Scald of Scandinavian song.

* Richard Cœur de Lion;—poetically speaking, the mythic Arthur was the Father of the age of adventure and knighthood—and the legends respecting him reigned with full influence, in the period which Richard Cœur de Lion, here (generally and without strict prosaic regard to chronology) represents; from the lay of the Troubadour and the song of the Saracen—to the final concentration of chivalric romance in the muse of Ariosto.

LXI.

Passed he who bore the lions and the cross,
And all that gorgeous pageant left the space
Void as a heart which mourns the golden loss
Of young illusions beautiful. A Race
Sedate, supplants upon the changeful stage,
Light's early sires,—the Song-World's hero-age.

LXII.

Slow come the Shapes from out the dim Obscure,
A noon-like quiet circles swarming bays,
Seas gleam with sails, and wall-less towns secure
Rise from the donjon sites of antique days;
Lo, the calm Sovereign of that sober reign,
Unarmed,—with burghers in his pompless train!

LXIII.

And by the corpse of Arthur kneels that King,
And murmurs, "Father of the Tudor,* hail!
To thee nor bays, nor myrtle wreath I bring;
But in thy Son, the Dragon-born prevail,
And in my rule Right first deposes Wrong;
And first the weak undaunted face the strong."

LXIV.

He passed—Another, with a Nero's frown
Shading the quick light of impatient eyes,
Strides on—and casts his sceptre, clattering, down,
And from the sceptre rushingly arise
Fierce sparks; along the heath they hissing run,
And the dull earth glows lurid as a sun.

* It is needless to say that in Henry VII. the direct line of the British kings, through their most renowned heroes, is restored to the throne of England. It is here symbolically intimated, that the date in which the Father-race of the Land thus regains the Sovereign rights, is also (whatever the mere personal faults of the Tudor kings) the date destined for the first recognition of rights more important;—the dawn of a new era for the liberties of men.

LXV.

And there is heard afar the hollow crash
Of ruin;—wind-borne, on the flames are driven:
But where, round falling shrines, they coil and flash,
A seraph's hand extends a scroll from heaven,
And the rude shape cries loud, "Behold, ye blind,
I who have trampled Men, have freed the Mind!"

LXVI.

So laughing grim, passed the Destroyer on;
And, after two pale shadows, to the sound
Of lutes more musical than Helicon,
A manlike Woman marched:—The graves around
Yawned, and the ghosts of Knighthood, more serene
In death,—arose, and smiled upon the Queen.

LXVII.

With her, at either hand, two starry forms
Glide—than herself more royal—and the glow
Of their own lustre, each pale phantom warms
Into the lovely life the angels know,
And as they pass, each Fairy leaves its cell,
And GLORIANA calls on ARIEL.

LXVIII.

Yet she, unconscious as the crescent queen
Of orbs whose brightness makes her image bright,
Haught and imperious, thro' the borrowed sheen,
Claims to herself the sovereignty of light;
And is herself so stately to survey,
That orbs which lend, but seem to steal, the ray.

LXIX.

Elf-land divine, and Chivalry sublime,
Seem there to hold their last high jubilee—
One glorious *Sabbat* of enchanted Time,
Ere the dull spell seals the sweet glamoury.
And all those wonder-shapes in subject ring
Kneel where the Bard still sits beside the King.

LXX.

Slow falls a mist, far booms a labouring wind,
As into night reluctant fades the Dream;
And lo, the smouldering embers left behind
From the old sceptre-flame, with blood-red beam,
Kindle afresh, and the thick smoke-reeks go
Heavily up from marching fires below.

LXXI.

Hark! thro' sulphureous cloud the jarring bray
Of trumpet-clangours—the strong shock of steel;
And fitful flashes light the fierce array
Of faces gloomy with the calm of zeal,
Or knightlier forms, on wheeling chargers borne;
Gay in despair, and meeting zeal with scorn.

LXXII.

Forth from the throng came a majestic Woe,
That wore the shape of man—"And I"—It said,
"I am thy Son; and if the Fates bestow
Blood on my soul and ashes on my head;
Time's is the guilt, tho' mine the misery—
This teach me, Father—to forgive and die!"

LXXIII.

But here stern voices drowned the mournful word,
Crying—"Men's freedom is the heritage
Left by the Hero of the Diamond Sword,"
And others answered—"Nay, the knightly age
Leaves, as its heirloom, knighthood, and that high
Life in sublimer life call'd loyalty." *

* The Stuarts, like the Tudors, were descended from the Welch kings: but the latent meaning of the text is, that whatever most redeemed the faults on either side in the great Civil Wars, and animated, on the one, such souls as Derby and Falkland, on the other, such as Hampden and Vane, may be traced to those ennobling sentiments which are engendered by the early romance and poetry of a nation. It is only from the traditions of a Hero-age that true heroism enters into the struggles for even practical ends, and gives the sentiment of grandeur whether to freedom or loyalty. The hardest man who never read a poem, nor listened to a legend, cannot say

LXXIV.

Then, thro' the hurtling clamour came a fair
Shape like a sworded seraph—sweet and grave;
And when the war heaved distant down the air
And died, as dies a whirlwind on the wave,
By the two forms upon the starry hill,
Stood the Arch Beautiful, august and still.

LXXV.

And thus It spoke—"I too will hail thee, 'Sire,'
Type of the Hero-age!—thy sons are not
On the earth's thrones. They who, with stately lyre,
Make kingly thoughts immortal, and the lot
Of the hard life divine with visitings
Of the far angels—are thy race of Kings.

LXXVI.

"All that ennobles strife in either cause,
And, rendering service stately, freedom wise,
Knits to the throne of God our human laws—
Doth heir earth's humblest son with royalties
Born from the Hero of the Diamond Sword,
Watched by the Bard, and by the Brave adored."

LXXVII.

Then the Bard, seated by the haloed dead,
Lifts his sad eyes—and murmurs, "Sing of Him!"
Doubtful the stranger bows his lofty head,
When down descend his kindred Seraphim;
Borne on their wings he soars from human sight,
And Heaven regains the Habitant of Light.

what he would have been if the poet had never coloured, and the legend never exalted, that Prose of Life to which his scope is confined. This is designed to be conveyed in words ascribed below to Milton, who himself united all the romance of the Cavalier with all the zeal of the Republican.

LXXVIII.

Again, and once again—from many a pale
And swift succeeding, dim-distinguished, crowd,
Swells slow the pausing pageant. Mount and vale
Mingle in gentle daylight, with one cloud
On the far welkin, which the iris hues
Steal from its gloom by rays that interfuse.

LXXIX.

Mild, like all strength, sits Crownëd Liberty,
Wearing the aspect of a youthful Queen:
And far outstretched along the unmeasured sea
Rests the vast shadow of her throne; serene
From the dumb icebergs to the fiery zone,
Rests the vast shadow of that guardian throne.

LXXX.

And round her group the Cymrian's changeless race
Blent with the Saxon, brother-like; and both
Saxon and Cymrian from that sovereign trace
Their hero line;—sweet flower of age-long growth;
The single blossom on the twofold stem;—
Arthur's white plume crests Cerdic's diadem.

LXXXI.

Yet the same harp that Taliessin strung
Delights the sons whose sires the chords delighted;
Still the old music of the mountain tongue
Tells of a race not conquered but united;
That, losing nought, wins all the Saxon won,
And shares the realm where never sets the sun.

LXXXII.

Afar is heard the fall of headlong thrones
But from that throne as calm the shadow falls;
And where Oppression threats and Sorrow groans,
Justice sits listening in her gateless halls,
And ev'n, if powerless, still intent, to cure,
Whispers to Truth, "Truths conquer that endure."

LXXXIII.

Yet still on that horizon hangs the cloud,
And the cloud chains the Cymrian's anxious eye;
"Alas," he murmured, "that one mist should shroud,
Perchance from sorrow, that benignant sky!"
But while he sigh'd the Vision vanished,
And left once more the lone Bard by the dead.

LXXXIV.

"Behold the close of thirteen hundred years;
Lo! Cymri's Daughter on the Saxon's throne!
Free as their air thy Cymrian mountaineers,
And in the heavens one rainbow cloud alone,
Which shall not pass, until, the cycle o'er,
The soul of Arthur comes to earth once more;

LXXXV.

"Dost thou choose Death?" the giant Dreamer said.
"Ay, for in death I seize the life of fame,
And link the eternal millions with the dead,"
Replied the King—and to the sword he came
Large-striding;—grasped the hilt;—the charmed brand
Clove to the rock, and stirred not to his hand.

LXXXVI.

The Dreaming Genius hath his throne resumed;
Sit the Great Three, with Silence for their reign,
Awful as earliest Theban kings entombed,
Or idols granite-hewn in Indian fane;
When lo, the dove flew forth, and circling round,
Dropped on the thorn-wreath which the Statue crowned.

LXXXVII.

Then rose the Vulture with its carnage-shriek,
Up coiled the darting Asps; the bird above;
Below the reptiles;—poison-fang and beak,
Nearer and nearer gathered round the dove;
When with strange life the marble Image stirred,
And sudden pause the asps—and rests the bird.

LXXXVIII.

"Mortal," the image murmured, "I am He,
Whose voice alone the enchanted sword unsheathes,
Mightier than yonder Shapes—eternally
Throned upon light, tho' crown'd with thorny wreaths;
Changeless amid the Halls of Time;—my name
In heaven is YOUTH, and on earth is FAME.

LXXXIX.

"All altars need their sacrifice; and mine
Asks every bloom in which thy heart delighted,
Thorns are my garlands—wouldst thou serve the shrine,
Drear is the faith to which thy vows are plighted.
The asp shall twine,—the vulture watch the prey,
And horror rend thee, let but hope give way.

XC.

"Wilt thou the falchion with the thorns it brings?"
"Yea—for the thorn-wreath hath not dimmed thy smile."
"Lo, thy first offering to the vulture's wings,
And the asp's fangs!"—the cold lips answered, while
Nearer, and nearer the devourers came,
Where the dove resting hid the thorns of Fame.

XCI.

And all the memories of that faithful guide,
The sweet companion of unfriended ways,
When danger threatened, ever at his side,
And ever, in the grief of later days,
Soothing his heart with its mysterious love,
Till Æglè's soul seemed hovering in the dove,—

XCII.

All cried aloud in Arthur, and he sprang
And sudden from the slaughter snatcht the prey;
"What!" said the Image, "can a moment's pang
To the poor worthless favourite of a day
Appal the soul that yearns for ends sublime,
And sighs for empire o'er the worlds of Time?

XCIII.

"Wilt thou resign the guerdon of the sword?
Wilt thou forego the freedom of thy land?
Not one slight offering will thy heart accord?
The hero's prize is for the martyr's hand."
Safe on his breast the King replaced the guide,
Raised his majestic front, and thus replied:

XCIV.

"For Fame and Cymri, what is mine I give,
Life;—and prefer brave death to ease and power;
But not for Fame or Cymri would I live
Soiled by the stain of one dishonoured hour;
And man's great cause was ne'er triumphant made
By man's worst meanness—Trust, for gain, betrayed.

XCV.

"Let then the rock the sword for ever sheathe,
All blades are charmëd in the Patriot's grasp!"
He spoke, and lo! the Statue's thorny wreath
Bloomed into roses—and each baffled asp
Fell down and died of its own poison sting;
Back to the crag dull-sailed the death-bird's wing.

XCVI.

And from the Statue's smile, as when the morn
Unlocks the Eastern gates of Paradise,
Ineffable joy, in light and beauty borne,
Flowed; and the azure of the distant skies
Stole thro' the crimson hues the ruby gave,
And slept, like Happiness on Glory's wave.

XCVII.

"Go," said the Image, "thou hast won the Sword;
He who thus values Honour more than Fame
Makes Fame itself his servant, not his lord;
And the man's heart achieves the hero's claim.
But by Ambition is Ambition tried,
None gain the guerdon who betray the guide!"

XCVIII.

Wondering the Monarch heard, and hearing, laid
On the bright hilt-gem, the obedient hand;
Swift at the touch, leapt forth the diamond blade,
And each long vista lightened with the brand;
The speaking marble bowed its reverent head,
Rose the three Kings—the Dreamer and the Dead;

XCIX.

Voices far off, as in the heart of heaven,
Hymn'd "Hail, Fame-Conqueror in the Halls of Time;"
Deep as to hell the flaming vaults were riven;
High as to angels, space on space sublime
Opened, and flash'd upon the mortal's eye
The Morning Land of Immortality.

C.

Bowed down before the intolerable light,
Sank on his knees the King; and humbly veiled
The Home of Seraphs from the human sight;
Then the freed Soul forsook him, as it hailed
Thro' Flesh, its prison-house, the spirit-choir;
And fled as flies the music from the lyre.

CI.

And all was blank, and meaningless, and void
For the dull form, abandoned thus below;
Scarcely it felt the closing waves that buoyed
Its limbs, light-drifting down the gentle flow—
And when the conscious life returned again,
Lo, noon lay tranquil on the ocean main.

CII.

As from a dream he woke, and looked around,
For the lost Lake and Æglè's distant grave;
But dark, behind, the silent headlands frowned;
And bright, before him, smiled the murmuring wave;
His right hand rested on the falchion won;
And the dove poised her pinions in the sun.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

Lancelot continues to watch for Arthur till the eve of the following day, when a Damsel approaches the Lake—Lancelot's discreet behaviour thereon, and how the Knight and the Damsel converse—The Damsel tells her tale—Upon her leaving Lancelot, the fairy ring commands the Knight to desert his watch, and follow the Maiden—The story returns to Arthur, who, wandering by the sea-shore, perceives a Bark with the Raven flag of the sea-kings—The Dove enjoins him to enter it—The Ship is deserted, and he waits the return of the Crew—Sleep falls upon him—The consoling Vision of Æglè—What befalls Arthur on waking—Meanwhile Sir Gawaine pursues his voyage to the Shrine of Freya, at which he is to be sacrificed—How the Hound came to bear him company—Sir Gawaine argues with the Viking on the inutility of roasting him—The Viking defends that measure upon philosophical and liberal principles, and silences Gawaine—The Ship arrives at its destination—Gawaine is conducted to the Shrine of Freya—The Statue of the Goddess described—Gawaine's remarks thereon, and how he is refuted and enlightened by the Chief Priest—Sir Gawaine is bound, and in reply to his natural curiosity, the Priest explains how he and the Dog are to be roasted and devoured—The sagacious proceedings of the Dog—Sir Gawaine fails in teaching the Dog the duty of Fraternization—The Priest re-enters, and Sir Gawaine, with much satisfaction, gets the best of the Argument—Concluding Stanzas to Nature.

I.

Lone by the lake reclined young Lancelot—
  Night passed, the noonday slept on wave and plain;
Lone by the lake watched patient Lancelot;
  Like Faith assured that Love returns again.
Noon glided on to eve; when from the brake
Brushed a light step, and paused beside the lake.

II.

How lovely to the margin of the wave
  The shy-eyed Virgin came! and, all unwitting
The unseen Knight, to the frank sunbeam gave
  Her sunny hair—its snooded braids unknitting;
And, fearless, as by her own well the nymph,
Sleeked the loose tresses, mirrored in the lymph.

III.

And, playful now, the sandal silks unbound,
Oft from the cool fresh wave with coy retreat
Shrinking,—and glancing with arch looks around,
The crystal gleameth with her ivory feet.
Like floating swan-plumes, or the leaves that quiver
From water-lilies, under Himera's river.

IV.

Ah happy Knight, unscathed, such charms espying,
As brought but death to the profane of yore,
When Dian's maids to angry quivers flying
Pierced the bold heart presuming to adore!
Ah happy Knight, unguest in thy retreat,
Envying the waves that kiss those starry feet!

V.

But worthy of his bliss, the loyal Knight
Pure from all felon thoughts as Knights should be,
Revering, angered at his own delight,
The lone, unconscious, guardless modesty,
Rose, yet unseen, and to the copse hard by
Stole with quick footstep, and averted eye.

VI.

But as one tremour of the summer boughs
Scares the shy fawn, so with that faintest sound
The Virgin starts, and back from rosy brows
Flings wide the showering gold; and all around
Casts the swift trouble of her looks, to see
The white plume glisten through the rustling tree.

VII.

As by some conscious instinct of the fear
He caused, the Knight turns back his reverent gaze;
And in soft accents, tuned to Lady's ear
In gentle courts, her purposed flight delays;
So nobly timid in his look and tone
As if the power to harm were all her own.

VIII.

" Lady, and liege, O fly not thus thy slave;
If he offend, unwitting the offence,
For safer not upon the unsullying wave
Doth thy pure image rest, than Innocence
On the clear thoughts of noble men!" He said;
And low with downcast lids, replied the maid.

IX.

[O, from those lips how strangely musical
Sounds the loathed language of the Saxon foe!]
" Tho' on mine ear the Cymrian accents fall,
And in my speech, O Cymrian, thou wilt know
The Daughter of the Saxon; marvel not,
That less I fear thee in this lonely spot,

X.

" Than hadst thou spoken in my mother-tongue,
Or worn the aspect of my father-race."
Here to her eyes some tearful memory sprung,
And youth's glad sunshine vanished from her face;
Like the changed sky the gleams of April leave,
Or the quick coming of an Indian eve.

XI.

Moved, yet emboldened by that mild distress,
Near the fair shape the gentle Cymrian drew,
Bent o'er the hand his pity dared to press,
And soothed the sorrow ere the cause he knew;
Frank were those times of trustful Chevisaunce.
And Hearts when guileless open to a glance.

XII.

So see them seated by the haunted lake,
She on the grassy bank, her sylvan throne,
He at her feet—and out from every brake
The Forest-Angels singing:—all alone
With Nature and the Beautiful—and Youth
Pure in each soul as, in her fountain, Truth!

XIII.

And thus her tale the Teuton maid begun:
"Daughter of Harold, Mercia's Earl, am I.
Small need to tell to Knighthood's Christian son
What creed of wrath the Saxons sanctify.
With songs first chaunted in some thunder-field,
Stern nurses rocked me in my father's shield.

XIV.

"Motherless both,—my playmate, sole and sweet,
Years—sex, the same, was Crida's youngest child,—
Crida, the Mercian Ealder-King—our feet
Roved the same pastures when the Mead-month * smiled;
By the same hearth we paled to Saga runes,
When wolves descending howled to icy moons.

XV.

"As side by side, two osiers o'er a stream,
When air is still, with separate foliage bend,
But let a breezelet blow, and straight they seem
With trembling branches into one to blend,
So grow our natures,—when in calm, apart,
But, in each care, commingling, heart to heart.

XVI.

"Her soul was bright and tranquil as a bird
That hangs in golden noon with silent wing,
And mine, more earthly, gay, and quickly stirred
Did, like the gossamer, float light, to cling
To each frail blossom,—weaving idle dreams
Where'er on dew-drops play'd the morning beams.

XVII.

"Thus into youth we grew, when Crida bore
Home from fierce wars a British Woman-slave,
A lofty captive, who her sorrow wore
As Queens a mantle; yet not proud, tho' grave,
And grave as if with pity for the foe,
Too high for anger, too resigned for woe.

* The MEAD-MONTH, June.

XVIII.

"Much moved our young hearts that majestic face,
And much we schemed to soothe the sense of thrall.
She learned to love us,—let our love replace
That she had lost,—and thanked her God for all,
Evën for chains and bondage:—awed we heard,
And found the secret in the Gospel Word.

XIX.

"Thus, Cymrian, we were Christians. First, the slave
Taught that bright soul whose shadow fell on mine;
Thus we were Christians;—but, as thro' the cave
Flow hidden river-springs, the Faith Divine
We dared not give to day—in stealth we sung
Hymns to the Cymrian's God, in Cymri's tongue.

XX.

"And for our earlier names of heathen sound,
We did such names as saints have borne, receive;
One name in truth, tho' with a varying sound;
Genevra I—and she sweet Genevieve,—
Words that escaped from other ears, unknown,
But spoke as if heaven-whispered to our own.

XXI.

"Soon with thy creed we learned thy race to love,
Listening high tales of Arthur's peerless fame,
But most such themes did my sweet playmate move;
To her the creed endeared the champion's name,
With angel thoughts surrounded Christ's young chief,
And gave to glory haloes from Belief.

XXII.

"Not long our teacher did survive, to guide
Our feet, delighted in the new-found ways;
Smiling on us—and on the cross—she died,
And vanished in her grave our infant days;
We grew to woman when we learned to grieve,
And Childhood left the eyes of Genevieve.

XXIII.

"Oft, ev'n from me, musing she stole away,
Where thick the woodland girt the ruined hall
Of Cymrian kings, forgotten;—thro' the day
Still as the lonely nightingale midst all
The joyous choir that drown her murmur:—So
Mused Crida's daughter on the Saxon foe.

XXIV.

"Alas! alas!—sad moons have waned since then!—
One fatal morn her forest haunt she sought
Nor thence returned; whether by lawless men
Captured, or flying, of her own free thought,
From heathen shrines abhorred;—all search was vain,
Ne'er to our eyes that smile brought light again."

XXV.

Here paused the maid, and tears gushed forth anew,
Ere faltering words rewove the tale once more;
"Roused from his woe, the wrathful Crida flew
To Thor's dark priests, and Woden's wizard lore.
Tasked was each rune that sways the demon hosts,
And the strong seid * compelled revealing ghosts.

XXVI.

"And answered priest and rune, and the pale Dead,
'That in the fate of her, the Thor-descended,
The Gods of Cymri wove a mystic thread,
With Arthur's life and Cymri's glory blended,
And Dragon-Kings, ordained in future years,
To seize the birthright of the Saxon spears.

XXVII.

"'By Arthur's death, and Carduel's towers o'erthrown,
Could Thor and Crida yet the web unweave,
Protect the Saxon's threatened gods;—alone
Regain the lost one, and exulting leave
To Hengist's race the ocean-girt abodes,
Till the Last Twilight darken round the Gods.'

* Magic.

XXVIII.

"This heard and this believed, the direful King
Convenes his Eorl-born and prepares his powers,
Unfolds the omens, and the tasks they bring,
And guides the Valkyrs to the Cymrian towers.
Dreadest in war—and wisest in the hall,
Stands my great Sire—the Saxon's Herman-Saul.*

XXIX.

"He, to secure allies beyond the sea,
Departs—but first,—for well he loved his child,—
He drew me to his breast, and tenderly
Chiding my tears, he spoke, and speaking smiled,
'Whate'er betides thy father or thy land,
Far from our dangers Astrild† woos thy hand.

XXX.

"'Beorn, the bold son of Sweyn, the Göthland king,
Whose ocean war-steeds on the Baltic‡ deeps
Range their blue pasture—for thy love shall bring
As marriage-gifts, to Cymri's mountain-keeps
Arm'd men and thunder. Happy is the maid,
Whose charms lure armies to her Country's aid.'

XXXI.

"What, while I heard, my terror and my woe!
Was I, the votary of the Christian God,
Doomed to become the helpmate of His foe!
For ne'er o'er blazing altars Slaughter trod,
Redder with blood of saints remorseless slain,
Than Beorn, the Incarnate Fenris§ of the main.

* Herman-Saul (or Saule) often corruptly written Irminsula, Armensula, &c., the name of the celebrated Teuton Idol representing an armed warrior on a column, destroyed by Charlemagne A.D. 772. According to some it means literally the column of Herman, *i.e.*, the leader—the War-God. Others, however, have supposed the name to be rather Jörmun-Saul, the great or Universal Column, and so the name is rendered in the Latin translation, "Universalis Columna."

† Astrild, the Cupid of the Northern Mythology.

‡ The more proper word for the Baltic, viz., the Eastern Sea, would probably convey to the English ear, a notion contrary to that which is intended, and therefore the familiar word in the text is selected, though strictly speaking, the name of the Baltic does not appear to have been given to that Ocean before the twelfth century.

§ Fenris, the Demon Wolf, Son of Asa-Lok.

XXXII.

"Yet than such nuptials more I feared the frown
Of my dread father;—motionless I stood,
Rigid in horror, mutely bending down
The eyes that dared not weep.—So Solitude
Found me, a thing made soulless by despair,
Till tears gave way, and with the tears flowed prayer."

XXXIII.

Again Genevra paused: and beautiful,
As Art hath imaged Faith—looked up to heaven,
With eyes that glistening smiled. Along the lull
Of air, waves sighed—the winds of stealing Even
Murmured, birds sung, the leaflet rustling stirred;
The voice just hushed was all the listener heard.

XXXIV.

The maid resumed—"Scarce did my Sire return,
To loose the War-fiends on the Cymrian foe,
Than came the raven galley sent by Beorn,
For the pale partner of his realms of snow;
Shuddering, recoiling, forth I stole at night,
To the wide forest with wild thoughts of flight.

XXXV.

"I reached the ruined halls wherein so oft
Lost Genevieve had mused lone hours away,
When halting wistful there, a strange and soft
Slumber fell o'er me, or, more sooth to say,
A slumber not, but rather on my soul
A life-dream, clear as hermit-visions, stole.

XXXVI.

"I saw an aged and majestic form,
Robed in the spotless weeds thy Druids wear,
I heard a voice deep as when coming storm
Sends its first murmur through the heaving air:
'Return,'—it said—'return, and dare the sea,
The Eye that sleeps not looks from heaven on thee.'

XXXVII.

"The form was gone, the voice was hushed, and grief
Fled from my heart; I trusted, and obeyed;
Weak still, my weakness leant on my belief;
I saw the sails unfurl, the headlands fade;
I saw my father, last upon the strand,
Veiling proud sorrow with his iron hand.

XXXVIII.

"Swift through the ocean clove the flashing prows,
And half the dreaded course was glided o'er,
When, as the wolves, which night and winter rouse
In cavernous lairs, from seas without a shore
Clouds swept the skies; and the swift hurricane
Rushed from the North along the maddening main.

XXXIX.

"Startled from sleep upon the verge of doom,
With wild cry, shrilling thro' the wilder blast,
Uprose the seamen, ghostlike thro' the gloom,
Hurrying and helpless; while the sail-less mast
Now lightning-wreathed, now indistinct and pale,
Bowed, or, rebounding, groaned against the gale,

XL.

"And crashed at last;—its sullen thunder drowned
In the great storm that snapt it. Over all
Swept the long surges, and a gurgling sound
Told where some wretch, that strove in vain to call
For aid, where all were aidless, thro' the spray
Emerging, gasped, and then was whirled away.

XLI.

"But I, who ever wore upon my heart
The symbol cross of Him who had walked the seas,
Bowed o'er that sign my head; and prayed apart:
When through the darkness, on his crawling knees,
Crept to my side the chief, and crouched him there,
Mild as an infant, listening to my prayer,

XLII.

" And, clinging to my robes; 'Thee have I seen,'
Faltering he said, 'when round thee coiled the blue
Lightning, and rushed the billow-swoop, serene
And scatheless smiling; surely then I knew
That, strong in charms or runes that guard and save,
Thou mock'st the whirlwind and the roaring grave:

XLIII.

" 'Shield us, young Vala, from the wrath of Ran,
And calm the raging Helheim of the deep.'
As from a voice within, I answered, 'Man,
Nor rune nor charm locks into mortal sleep
The Present God; by Faith all ills are braved;
Trust in that God; adore Him, and be saved.'

XLIV.

" Then, pliant to my will, the ghastly crew
Crept round the cross, amid the howling dark—
Dark, save when swift and sharp, and griding thro'
The cloud-mass, clove the lightning, and the bark
Flashed like a floating hell; Low by that sign
All knelt, and voices hollow-chimed to mine.

XLV.

" Thus as we prayed, lo, opened all the Heaven,
With one long stedfast splendour—calmly o'er
The God-Cross resting: then the clouds were riven
And the rains fell; the whirlwind hushed its roar,
And the smoothed billows on the ocean's breast,
As on a mother's, sighing, sunk to rest.

XLVI.

" So came the dawn: o'er the new Christian fold,
Glad as the Heavenly Shepherd, smiled the sun;
Then to those grateful hearts my tale I told,
The heathen bonds the Christian maid should shun,
And prayed in turn their aid my soul to save
From doom more dismal than a sinless grave.

XLVII.

"They, with one shout, proclaim their law my will,
And veer the prow from northern snows afar,
Soon gentler winds the murmuring canvas fill,
Fair floats the bark where guides the western star,
From coast to coast we passed, and peaceful sailed
Into lone creeks, by yon blue mountains veiled.

XLVIII.

"Here all wide-scattered up the inward land
For stores and water, range the blithesome crew;
Lured by the smiling shores, one gentler band
I joined awhile, then left them, to pursue
Mine own glad fancies, where the brooklet clear
Shot singing onwards to the sunlit mere.

XLIX.

"And so we chanced to meet!" She ceased, and bent
Down the fresh rose-hues of her eloquent cheek;
Ere Lancelot spoke, the startled echo sent
Loud shouts reverberate, lengthening, plain to peak;
The sounds proclaim the savage followers near,
And straight the rose-hues pale,—but not from fear.

L.

Slowly Genevra rose, and her sweet eyes
Raised to the Knight's, frankly and mournfully;
"Farewell," she said, "the wingëd moment flies
Who shall say whither?—if this meeting be
Our last as first, O Christian warrior, take
The Saxon's greeting for the Christian's sake.

LI.

"And if, returning to thy perilled land,
In the hot fray thy sword confront my Sire,
Strike not;—remember me!" On her fair hand
The Cymrian seals his lips; wild thoughts inspire
Words which the lips may speak not:—but what truth
Lies hid when youth reflects its soul on youth?

LII.

Reluctant turns Genevra, lingering turns,
And up the hill, oft pausing, languid wends
As infant flame thro' humid fuel burns,
In Lancelot's heart with honour, love contends;
Longs to pursue, regain, and cry, "Where'er
Thou wanderest, lead me; Paradise is there!"

LIII.

But the lost Arthur!—at that thought, the strength
Of duty nerved the loyal sentinel:
So by the lake watched Lancelot;—at length
Upon the ring his looks, in drooping, fell,
And see, the hand, no more in dull repose,
Points to the path in which Genevra goes!

LIV.

Amazed, and wrathful at his own delight,
He doubts, he hopes, he moves, and still the ring
Repeats the sweet command, and bids the Knight
Pursue the Maid as if to find the King.
Yielding, at last, though half remorseful still,
The Cymrian follows up the twilight hill.

LV.

Meanwhile along the beach of the wide sea,
Wandered the dove-led Arthur,—needful food,
The Mænad's fruits from many a purple tree
Flushed for the vintage, gave; with musing mood,
Lonely he strays till Æthra sees again
Her starry children smiling on the main.

LVI.

Around him then, curved grey the hollow creek;
Before, a ship lay still with furlëd sail;
A gilded serpent glittered from the beak,
Along the keel encoiled with lengthening trail;
Black from the flag-mast, with impatient wings
Soared the dread Raven of the Runic kings.

LVII.

Here paused the Wanderer, for here flew the dove;
Circling around the ship, then hovering o'er;
But on the deck, no watch, no pilot move,
Life-void the vessel as the lonely shore.
Far on the sand-beach drawn, a boat he spied,
And with strong hand he launched it on the tide.

LVIII.

Gaining the bark, still not a human eye
Peers through the noiseless solitary shrouds;
So, for the crew's return, all patiently
He sate him down, and watched the phantom clouds
Flit to and fro, where, o'er the slopes afar
Reign storm-girt Arcas, and the Mother Star.

LIX.

Thus sleep stole o'er him, mercy-hallowed sleep,
His own loved Æglè, lovelier than of old,
O lovelier far—shone from the azure deep—
And, like the angel dying saints behold,
Bent o'er his brow, and with ambrosial kiss
Breathed on his soul her own pure spirit-bliss.

LX.

"Never more grieve for me," the Vision said,
"Behold how beautiful thy bride is now!
Who to yon Heaven from heathen Hades led
Me, thine Immortal? Mourner, it was thou!
Why shouldst thou mourn? In the empyreal clime
We know no severance, for we own no time.

LXI.

"Our present clasps each moment of the past
That had a joy akin to joys in heaven,
The only memories here that cannot last
Are those of sorrows dead and sins forgiven.
With me not yet—I ever am with thee,
Thy presence flows through my eternity.

LXII.

"Think but of me as one re-born in heaven
And watching o'er thee with a spirit's love,—
Seeking to breathe into each bloom yet given
Unto thine eye, sweets from the bowers above;
Think that each ray which makes thy world more bright
Comes as a message from my halls of light;

LXIII.

"That, in each blessing, we, pure spirits, bind
Those who survive us in a closer chain;
In all that glads we feel ourselves enshrined;
In all that loves, our love but lives again."
Anew she kist his brow, and at her smile
Night and Creation brightened! He, the while,

LXIV.

Stretched his vain arms, and clasped the mocking air,
And from the rapture woke!—All fiercely round
Groupe savage forms, amidst the lurid glare
Of lifted torches, red; fierce tongues resound,
Discordant clamouring hoarse—as birds of prey
Scared by man's footstep in some desolate bay.

LXV.

Mild thro' the throng a bright-haired Virgin came,
And the roar hushed;—while to the Virgin's breast
Soft-cooing fled the Dove. His own great name
Rang thro' the ranks behind; quick footsteps prest—
As thro' arm'd lines a warrior—to the spot,
And to the King knelt radiant Lancelot.

LXVI.

Here for a while the wild and fickle song
Leaves the crowned Seeker of the Silver Shield;
Thy fates, O Gawaine, done to grievous wrong
By the black guide perfidious, be revealed,
Nearing, poor Knight, the Cannibalian shrine,
Where Freya scents thee, and prepares to dine.

LXVII.

Left by a bride, and outraged by a raven,
One friend still shared the injured captive's lot;
For, as the vessel left the Cymrian haven,
The faithful hound, whom he had half forgot,
Swam to the ship, clombe, up the sides, on board,
Snarled at the Danes, and nestled by its lord.

LXVIII.

The hirsute Captain, not displeased to see a
New *bonne bouche* added to the destined roast
His floating larder had prepared for Freya,
Welcomed the dog, as Charon might a ghost;
Allowed the beast to share his master's platter,
And daily eyed them both,—and thought them fatter!

LXIX.

Ev'n in such straits, the Knight of golden tongue
Confronts his foe with arguings just and sage,
Whether in pearls from deeps Druidic strung,
Or linked synthetic from the Stagirite's page,
Labouring to show him how absurd the notion,
That roasting Gawaine would affect the Ocean.

LXX.

But that enlightened tho' unlearnëd man,
Posed all the lore Druidical or Attic;
"One truth," quoth he, "instructs the Sons of Ran,
(A seaman race are always democratic)
That truth once known, all else is worthless lumber:
'THE GREATEST PLEASURE OF THE GREATEST NUMBER.'

LXXI.

"No pleasure like a Christian roasted slowly,
To Odin's greatest number can be given;
The will of freemen to the gods is holy;
The People's voice must be the voice of Heaven.
On selfish principles you chafe at capture,
But what are private pangs to public rapture?

LXXII.

"You doubt that giving you as food for Freya
Will have much marked effect upon the seas;
Let's grant you right:—all pleasure's in idea;
If thousands think it, you the thousands please.
Your private interest must not be the guide,
When interests clash majorities decide."

LXXIII.

These doctrines, wise, and worthy of the race
From whose free notions modern freedom flows,
Bore with such force of reasoning on the case,
They left the Knight dumbfounded at the close;
Foiled in the weapons which he most had boasted,
He felt sound logic proved he should be roasted.

LXXIV.

Discreetly waving farther conversations,
He, henceforth, silent lived his little hour;
Indulged at times such soothing meditations,
As, "Flesh is grass,"—and "Life is but a flower."
For men, like swans, have strains most edifying,
They never think of till the time for dying.

LXXV.

And now at last, the fatal voyage o'er,
Sir Gawaine hears the joyous shout of "Land!"
Two Vikings lead him courteously on shore:
A crowd as courteous wait him on the strand.
Fifes, viols, trumpets braying, screaming, strumming,
Flatter his ears, and compliment his coming.

LXXVI.

Right on the shore the gracious temple stands,
Formed like a ship, and builded but of log;
Thither at once the hospitable bands
Lead the grave Knight and unsuspicious dog,
Which, greatly pleased to walk on land once more,
Swells with unprescient bark the tuneful roar.

LXXVII.

Six Priests and one tall Priestess clothed in white,
Advance—and meet them at the porch divine;
With sev'n loud shrieks, they pounce upon the Knight,
Whisked by the Priests behind the inmost shrine,
While the tall Priestess asks the congregation
To come at dawn to witness the oblation.

LXXVIII.

Tho' somewhat vexed at this so brief delay—
Yet as the rites, in truth, required preparing,
The flock obedient took themselves away;—
Meanwhile the Knight was on the Idol staring,
Not without wonder at the tastes terrestrial
Which in that image hailed a shape celestial.

LXXIX.

Full thirty ells in height—the goddess stood
Based on a column of the bones of men,
Daubed was her face with clots of human blood,
Her jaws as wide, as is a tiger's den;
With giant fangs as strong and huge as those
That cranch the reeds, thro' which the sea-horse goes.

LXXX.

"Right reverend Sir," quoth he of golden tongue,
"A most majestic gentlewoman this!
Is it the Freya whom your scalds have sung
Goddess of love and sweet connubial bliss?—
If so—despite her very noble carriage,
Her charms are scarce what youth desires in marriage."

LXXXI.

"Stranger," said one who seemed the hierarch-priest—
"In that sublime, symbolical creation,
The outward image but conveys the least
Of Freya's claims on human veneration—
But—thine own heart if Love hath ever glowed in,—
Thou'lt own that Love is quite as fierce as Odin!

LXXXII.

"Hence, as the cause of full one half our quarrels,
Freya with Odin shares the rites of blood;—
In this—thou see'st a hidden depth of morals,
But by the vulgar little understood;—
We do not roast thee in an idle frolic;
But as a type mysterious and symbolic."

LXXXIII.

The hierarch motions to the priests around,
They bind the victim to the Statue's base,
Then, to the Knight they link the wondering hound,
Some three yards distant—looking face to face.
"One word," said Gawaine—"ere your worships quit us,
"How is it meant that Freya is to eat us?"

LXXXIV.

"Stranger," replied the priest—"albeit we hold
Such questions idle, and perhaps profane;
Yet much the wise will pardon to the bold—
When what they ask 'tis easy to explain—
Still typing Truth, and shaped with sacred art,
We place a furnace in the statue's heart:

LXXXV.

"That furnace heated by mechanic laws
Which gods to priests for godlike ends permit,
We lay the victim bound across the jaws,
And let him slowly turn upon a spit;
The jaws—(when done to what we think their liking)
Close;—all is over:—The effect is striking."

LXXXVI.

At that recital made in tone complacent
The frozen Knight stared speechless and aghast,
Stared on those jaws to which he was subjacent,
And felt the grinders cranch on their repast.
Meanwhile the Priest said—"Keep your spirits up,
And ere I go, say when you'd like to sup?"

LXXXVII.

"Sup!" faltered out the melancholy Knight,
"Sup! pious Sir—no trouble there, I pray!
Good tho' I grant my natural appetite,
The thought of Freya's takes it all away:
As for the dog—poor, unenlightened glutton,
Blind to the future,—let him have his mutton."

LXXXVIII.

'Tis night: behold the dog and man alone!
The man hath said his thirtieth *noster pater*,
The dog has supped, and, having picked his bone,
(The meat was salted) feels a wish for water,
Puts out in vain a reconnoitring paw,
Feels the cord, smells it, and begins to gnaw.

LXXXIX.

Abashed Philosophy, that dog survey!
Thou call'st on freemen—bah! expand thy scope!
'*Aide-toi toi-même, et Dieu t'aidera!*'
Doth thraldom bind thee?—gnaw thyself the rope.—
Whatever Laws, and Kings, and States may be;
Wise men in earnest can be always free.

XC.

By a dim lamp upon the altar stone
Sir Gawaine marked the inventive work canine;
"Cords bind us both—the dog has gnawed his own;
O Dog skoinophagous *—a tooth for mine!—
And both may scape that too-refining Goddess
Who roasts to types what Nature meant for bodies."

* Id est "rope-eating"—a compound adjective borrowed from such Greek as Sir Gawaine might have learned at the then flourishing college of Caerleon.

XCI.

Sir Gawaine calls the emancipated hound,
And strives to show his own illegal ties;
Explaining how free dogs, themselves unbound,
With all who would be free should fraternise—
The dog looked puzzled, licked the fettered hand,
Pricked up his ears—but would not understand.

XCII.

The unhappy Knight perceived the hope was o'er,
And did again to fate his soul resign;
When hark! a footstep—and behold! once more
Appears the Hierarch of the fatal shrine;
The dog his growl at Gawaine's whisper ceast,
And dog and Knight, both silent, watched the priest.

XCIII.

The subtle captive saw with much content
No sacred comrades had that reverend man;
Beneath a load of sacred charcoal bent,
The Priest approached; when Gawaine thus began:
"It shames me much to see you thus bent double,
And feel myself the cause of so much trouble.

XCIV.

"Doth Freya's kitchen, ventrical and holy,
Afford no meaner scullion to prepare
The festive rites?—on you depends it wholly
To heat the oven and to dress the fare?"
"To hands less pure are given the outward things,
To Hierarchs only, the interior springs,"

XCV.

Replied the Priest—"and till my task is o'er
All else intruding, wrath divine incur."
Sir Gawaine heard and not a sentence more
Sir Gawaine said, than—"Up and seize him, Sir,"
Sprung at the word, the dog; and in a trice
Griped the Priest's throat and locked it like a vice.

XCVI.

"Pardon, my sacred friend," then quoth the Knight,
"You are not strangled from an idle frolic,
When bit the biter, you'll confess the bite
Is full of sense, mordacious but symbolic;
In roasting men, O culinary brother,
Learn this grand truth—'one turn deserves another!'"

XCVII.

Extremely pleased, the oratoric Knight
Regained the vantage he had lost so long,
For sore, till then, had been his just despite
That Northern wit should foil his golden tongue.
Now, in debate how proud was his condition,
The opponent posed and by his own position!

XCVIII.

Therefore, with more than his habitual breeding,
Resumed benignantly the bland Gawaine,
While much the Priest against the dog's proceeding
With stifling gasps protested, but in vain—
"Friend—(softly, dog; so—ho!) thou must confess
Our selfish interests bid us coalesce.—

XCIX.

"Unknit these cords; and, once unloosed the knot,
I pledge my troth to call the hound away,
If thou accede—a show of hands! if not
That dog at least I fear must have his day."
High in the air, both hands at once appear!
"Carried, *nem. con.*,—Dog, fetch him,—gently, here!"

C.

Not without much persuasion yields the hound!
Loosens the throat, to gripe the sacred vest.
"Priest," quoth Gawaine, "remember, but a sound,
And straight the dog—let fancy sketch the rest!"
The Priest, by fancy too dismayed already,
Fumbles the knot with fingers far from steady.

CI.

Hoarse, while he fumbles, growls the dog suspicious,
Not liking such close contact to his Lord;
The best of friends are sometimes too officious,
And grudge all help save that themselves afford.
His hands set free, the Knight assists the Priest,
And, *finis*, *funis*, stands at last releast.

CII.

True to his word—and party coalitions,
The Knight then kicks aside the dog, of course;
Salutes the foe, and states the new conditions
The facts connected with the times enforce;
All coalitions in themselves denote
That State-Metempsychosis—change of coat!

CIII.

"Ergo," quoth Gawaine,—"first, the sacred cloak;
Next, when two parties but concur *pro temp.*,
Their joint opinions only should be spoke
By that which has most cause to fear the hemp.
Wherefore, my friend, this scarf supplies the gag
To keep the cat symbolic—in the bag!—"

CIV.

So said, so done, before the Priest was able
To prove his counter interest in the case,
The Knight had bound him with the victim's cable,
Closed up his mouth and covered up his face,
His sacred vest with hands profane had taken,
And left him that which Gawaine had forsaken.

CV.

Then boldly out into the blissful air
Sir Gawaine stept! How solemn-sweet was Night!
With Ocean's heart of music heaving there,
Under its starry robe!—and all the might
Of rock and shore, and islet deluge-riven,
Distinctly dark against the lustrous heaven!

CVI.

Calm lay the largè rude Nature of the North,
Glad as when first the stars rejoicing sang,
And fresh as when from kindling Chaos forth,
A thought of God, the young Creation sprang;
When man in all the present Father found,
And for the Temple, paused and looked around!

CVII.

Nature, thou earliest gospel of the wise,
Thou never-silent hymner unto God;
Thou Angel-ladder lost amid the skies,
Tho' at the foot we dream upon the sod;
To thee the Priesthood of the Lyre belong—
They hear Religion and reply in Song.

CVIII.

If he hath held thy worship undefiled
Through all the sins and sorrows of his youth,
Let the Man echo what he heard as Child
From the far hill-tops of melodious Truth,
Leaving on troubled hearts some lingering tone
Sweet with the solace thou hast given his own!

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the North — Winter, Labour, and Necessity, as agents of Civilization—The Polar Seas described—The lonely Ship; its Leader and Crew—Honour due from Song to the Discoverer—The battle with the Walruses—The crash of the floating Icebergs—The ship ice-locked —Arthur's address to the Norwegian Crew—They abandon the vessel and reach land—The Dove finds the healing herb—Returns to the ship, which is broken up for log huts—The winter deepens—The sufferings and torpor of the crew—The effect of Will upon life—Will preserves us from ills our own, not from sympathy with the ills of others—Man in his higher development has a two-fold nature—in his imagination and his feelings—Imagination is lonely, Feeling social—The strange affection between the King and the Dove—The King sets forth to explore the desert; his joy at recognising the print of human feet—The attack of the Esquimaux—The meeting between Arthur and his friend—The crew are removed to the ice-huts of the Esquimaux—The adventures of Sir Gawaine continued—His imposture in passing himself off as a priest of Freya—He exorcises the winds which the Norwegian hags had tied up in bags—And accompanies the Whalers to the North Seas—The storm—How Gawaine and his hound are saved—He delivers the Pigmies from the Bears, and finally establishes himself in the Settlement of the Esquimaux—Philosophical controversy between Arthur and Gawaine, relative to the Raven—Arthur briefly explains how he came into the Polar Seas in search of the Shield of Thor—Lancelot and Genevra having sailed for Carduel, Gawaine informs Arthur that the Esquimaux have a legend of a Shield guarded by a Dwarf—The first appearance of the Polar Sun above the horizon.

I.

THRONED on the dazzling and untrodden height,
Formed of the frost-gems ages labour forth
From the blanched air,—crowned with the pomp of light
I' the midst of dark,—stern Father of the North,
Thee I invoke, as, awed, my steps profane
The dumb gates opening on thy deathlike reign.

II.

Thee, sure the Ithacan—thee, sure, dread lord,
When in the dusky, wan, Cimmerian waste
By the last bounds of Ocean, he explored
The land of ghosts, beheld;—and here embraced
In vain the Phantom Mother! lo, the gloom
Pierced by no sun,—the Hades of the tomb!—

III.

Magnificent Horror!—How like royal Death
Broods thy great hush above the seeds of Life!
Under the snow-mass cleaves thine icy breath,
And, with the birth of fairy forests rife,
Blushes the world of white;*—the green that glads
The wave, is but the march of myriads;

IV.

There, immense, moves uncouth leviathan;
There, from the hollows of phantasmal isles,
The morse† emerging rears the face of man,
There the huge bear scents, miles on desolate miles,
The basking seal;—and ocean shallower grows,
Where, thro' its world a world, the kraken‡ goes.

V.

Father of races who have led back Time
Into the age of Demigods;—whose art
Excels all Egypt's magic—Wizards sublime
To whom the Elements are slaves; whose chart
Belts worlds which seraphs may not yet have trod,
The embryo orbs flashed from the smile of God,—

VI.

Imperial WINTER, hail!—All hail with thee
Man's Demiurgus, Labour, side by side
With thy stern grandeur seated kingly,
And ever shaping out the fates that guide
The onward cycles to the farthest goal
I' the fields of light,—the loadstone of the soul!

* The phenomenon of the red snow on the Arctic mountains is formed by innumerable vegetable bodies; and the olive green of the Greenland Sea by Medusan animalcules, the number of which Mr. Scoresby illustrates by supposing that 80,000 persons would have been employed since the creation in counting it.

† The Morse, or Walrus, supposed to be the original of the Merman; from the likeness its face presents at a little distance to that of a human being.

‡ The Kraken is probably not wholly fabulous, but has its prototype in the enormous polypus of the Arctic Seas.

VII.

Winter, and Labour, and Necessity,
Behold the Three that make us what we are,
The eternal pilots of a shoreless sea
The ever-conquering armies of the Far:
By these we scheme, invent, ascend, aspire,
And, pardoned Titans, steal from Heaven the fire!

VIII.

Dumb Universe of Winter—there it lies
Dim thro' the mist, a spectral skeleton!
Far in the wan verge of the solid skies
Hangs day and night the phantom of a moon;
And slowly moving on the horizon's brink
Floats the vast ice-field with its glassy blink.*

IX.

But huge adown the liquid Infinite
Drift the sea Andes—by the patient wrath
Of the strong waves uprooted from their site
In bays forlorn; and on their winter path,—
Themselves a winter—glide, or heavily, where
They freeze the wind, halt in the inert air.

X.

Nor bird nor beast lessens with visible
Life, the large awe of space without the sun;
Tho' in each atom life unseen doth dwell
And glad with gladness God the Living One.
He breathes—but breathless hang the airs that freeze!
He speaks—but noiseless list the silences.

XI.

A lonely ship—lone in the measureless sea,
Lone in the channel thro' the frozen steeps,
Like some bold thought launched on infinity
By early sage—comes glimmering up the deeps!
The dull wave, dirge-like, moans beneath the oar;
The dull air heaves with wings that glide before.

* The ice-blink seen on the horizon.

XII.

From earth's warm precincts, thro' the sunless gates
That guard the central Niffelheim of Dark,
Into the heart of the vast Desolate,
Lone flies the Dove before the lonely bark.
While the crowned seeker of the glory-spell
Looks to the angel and disdains the hell.

XIII.

Huddled on deck, one-half that hardy crew
Lie shrunk and withered in the biting sky,
With filmy stare and lips of livid hue,
And sapless limbs that stiffen as they lie;
While the dire pest-scourge of the frozen zone
Rots thro' the vein, and gnaws the knotted bone.

XIV.

Yet still the hero-remnant, sires perchance
Of Rollo's Norman knighthood, dauntless steer
Along the deepening horror, and advance
Upon the invisible foe, loud chaunting clear
Some lusty song of Thor, the Hammer-God,
When o'er those iron seas the Thunderer trod,

XV.

And pierced the halls of Lok. Still, while they sung,
The sick men lifted dim their languid eyes,
And palely smiled, and with convulsive tongue
Chimed to the choral chaunt in hollow sighs;
Living or dying, those proud hearts the same
Swell to the danger and foretaste the fame.

XVI.

On, ever on, labours the lonely bark.
Time in that world seems dead. Nor jocund sun
Nor rosy Hesperus dawns; but visible Dark
Stands round the ghastly moon. For ever on
Labours the lonely bark, thro' lockt defiles
That crisping coil around the drifting isles.

XVII.

Honour, thrice honour unto ye, O Brave!
And ye, our England's sons, in the later day,
Whose valour to the shores of Hela gave
Names,—as the guides where suns deny the ray;
And, borne by hope and vivid strength of soul,
Left Man's last landmark on Earth's farthest goal!

XVIII.

Whom, nor the unmoulded chaos, with its birth
Of uncouth monsters, nor the fierce disease,
Nor horrible famine, nor the Stygian dearth
Of Orcus, dead'ning adamantine seas,
Scared from the Spirit's grand desire,—TO KNOW;
The Galileos of new worlds below.

XIX.

Man the Discoverer—whosoe'er thou art,
Honour to thee from all the lyres of song!
Honour to him who leads to Nature's heart
One footstep nearer! To the Muse belong
All who enact what in the song we read;
Man's noblest poem is Man's bravest deed.

XX.

On, ever on,—when veering to the West
Into a broader desert leads the Dove;
A larger ripple stirs the ocean's breast,
A hazier vapour undulates above;
Along the ice-fields move the things that live,
In those strange outlines the vague mist-clouds give.

XXI.

In flocks the lazy walrus lay around
Gazing and stolid; while the dismal crane
Stalked curious near;—and, on the hinder ground,
Paused indistinct the Fenris of the main,
The insatiate bear,—to sniff the stranger blood,—
For Man till then had vanished since the flood,

XXII.

And of Man all were fearless.—On the sea
The huge leviathans came up to breathe,
With their young giants leaping forth in glee,
Or leaving whirlpools where they sank beneath.
And round and round the bark the narwal sweeps,
With white horn glistening thro' the sluggish deeps.

XXIII.

Uprose a bold Norwegian, hunger-stung,
As near the icy marge a walrus lay,
Hurled his strong spear, and smote the beast, and sprung
Upon the frost-field tow'rds the wounded prey;—
Sprung and recoiled—as, writhing with the pangs,
The bulk heaved towards him with its flashing fangs.

XXIV.

Roused to fell life—around their comrade throng,
Snorting wild wrath, the shapeless, uncouth swarms;—
Like moving mounts, slow masses trail along;
Aghast the man beholds the larva-forms—
Flies—climbs the bark—the deck is scaled—is won;
And all the monstrous march rolls lengthening on.

XXV.

"Quick to your spears!" the kingly leader cries,
Spears flash on flashing tusks; groan the strong planks
With the assault: front after front they rise
With their bright stare; steel thins in vain their ranks,
And dyes with blood their birth-place and their grave;
Mass rolls on mass, as flows on wave a wave.

XXVI.

These strike and rend the reeling sides below;
Those grappling clamber up and load the decks,
With looks of wrath so human on the foe,
That half they seem reanimated wrecks
Of what were men in worlds before the Ark.
Thus raged the immane and monster war—when, hark,

XXVII.

Crashed thro' the dreary air a thunder peal!
In their slow courses meet two ice-rock isles
Clanging; the wide seas far-resounding reel;
The toppling ruin rolls in the defiles;
The pent tides quicken with the headlong shock;
Broad-billowing heave the long waves from the rock;

XXVIII.

Far down the booming vales precipitous
Plunges the stricken galley,—as a steed
Smit by the shaft runs reinless,—o'er the prows
Howl the lashed surges; Man and monster freed,
By power more awful, from the savage fray,
Here roaring sink—there dumbly whirl away.

XXIX.

The water runs in maëlstroms;—as a reed
Spins in an eddy and then skirs along,—
Round and around emerged and vanishëd
The mighty ship amidst the mightier throng
Of the revolving hell. With abrupt spring
Bounding at last—on it shot maddening.

XXX.

Behind it, thunderous swept the glacier masses,
Shivering and splintering, hurtling each on each:
Narrower and narrower press the frowning passes:—
Jammed in the farthest gorge the bark may reach,
Where the grim Scylla locks the direful way,
The fierce Charybdis flings her mangled prey.

XXXI.

As if a living thing, in every part
The vessel groans—and with a dismal chime
Cracks to the cracking ice; asunder start
Its ribbëd planks:—and, clogg'd and freezing, climb
Thro' cleft and chink, as thro' their native caves,
The gelid armies of the hardening waves.

XXXII.

One sigh whose lofty pity did embrace
The vanished many, the surviving few,
The Cymrian gave—then with a cheering face
He spoke, and breathed his soul into the crew.
"Ye, whom the haught desire of Fame, whose air
Is storm,—and tales of what your fathers were,

XXXIII.

"What time their valour wrought such deeds below
As made the valiant lift them to the gods,—
Impelled with me to spare all meaner foe,
And vanquish Nature in the fiend's abodes;—
Droop not nor faint, ye who survive, to give
Themes to such song as bids your Odin live,

XXXIV.

"And to preserve from the oblivious sea
What it in vain engulfs;—for all that life,
When noble, lives for—is the memory!
The wave hath plucked us from the monster strife,
Lo where the icebay frees us from the wave,
And yields a port in what we deemed a grave.

XXXV.

"Up and at work all hands to lash the bark
With grappling hook, and cord, and iron band
To yon firm peak, the Ararat of our ark,
Then with good heart pierce to the vapour-land;
For the crane's scream, and the bear's welcome roar
Tell where the wave joins solid to the shore."

XXXVI.

Swift as he spoke, the gallant Northmen sprang
On the sharp ice,—drew from the frozen blocks
The mangled wreck;—with many a barbëd fang
And twisted cable to the horrent rocks
Moored: and then, shouting up the solitude,
Their guiding star, the Dove's pale wing, pursued.

XXXVII.

Well had divined the King,—as on they glide,
They see the silvery Arctic fox at play,
Sure sign of land,—and, scattering wild and wide,
Clamour the sea gulls, luring to his prey
The ravening glaucus* sudden shooting o'er
The din of wings from the grey gleaming shore.

XXXVIII.

At length they reach the land,—if land that be
Which seems so like the frost-piles of the deep,
That where commenced the soil and ceased the sea,
Shews dim as is the bound between the sleep
And waking of some wretch whose palsied brain
Dulls him to ev'n the slow return of pain.

XXXIX.

Advancing farther, burst upon the eye
Patches of green miraculously isled
In the white desert. Oh! the rapture-cry
That greeted God and gladden'd thro' the wild!
The very sight suffices to restore,
Green Earth—green Earth—the Mother, smiles once more.

XL.

Blithe from the turf, the Dove the blessed leaves†
That heal the slow plague of the sunless dearth,
Bears to each sufferer whom the curse bereaves
Ev'n of all hope, save graves in that dear earth.
Woo'd by the kindly King they taste, to know
How to each ill God plants a cure below.

* The Larus Glaucus, the great bird of prey in the Polar regions.
† Herbs which act as the antidotes to the scurvy (the cochlearia, &c.) are found under the snows, when all other vegetation seems to cease.

XLI.

Long mused the anxious hero, if to dare
Once more the fearful sea—or from the bark
Shape rugged huts, and wait, slow lingering there,
Till Eos, issuing from the gates of Dark,
Unlock the main; dread choice on either hand—
The liquid Acheron, or the Stygian land.

XLII.

At length, resolved to seize the refuge given,
Once more he leads the sturdiest of the crew
Back to the wreck—the planks, asunder riven,
And such scant stores as yet the living few
May for new woes sustain, are shoreward borne;
And hasty axes shape the homes forlorn.

XLIII.

Now, every chink closed on the deathful air,
In the dark cells the weary labourers sleep;
Deaf to the hoarse growl of the hungering bear,
And the dull thunders clanging on the deep—
Till on their waking sense the discords peal,
And to the numb hand cleaves unfelt the steel.

XLIV.

What boots long told the tale of life one war
With the relentless iron Element?
More, day by day, the mounting snows debar
Ev'n search for food,—yet oft the human scent
Lures the wild beast, which, mangling while it dies,
Bursts on the prey, to fall itself the prize.

XLV.

But as the winter deepens, ev'n the beast
Shrinks from its breath, and with the loneliness
To Famine leaves the solitary feast.
Suffering halts patient in its last excess.
Closed in each fireless, lightless, foodless cave
Cowers a dumb ghost unconscious of its grave.

XLVI.

Nature hath stricken down in that waste world
All—save the soul of Arthur! That, sublime,
Hung, on the wings of heavenward faith unfurled,
O'er the far light of the predicted time;
Believe thou hast a mission to fulfil,
And human valour grows a Godhead's will:

XLVII.

Calm to that fate, above the moment given,
Shall thy strong soul divinely dreaming go,
Unconscious as an eagle, entering heaven,
Where its still shadow skims the rocks below:
High beyond this, its actual world is wrought,
And its true life is in its sphere of thought.

XLVIII.

Yet who can 'scape the infection of the heart?
Who, tho' himself invulnerably steeled,
Can boast a breast indifferent to the dart
That threats the life his love in vain would shield?
When some large nature, curious, we behold
How twofold comes it from the glorious mould!

XLIX.

How lone, and yet how living in the All!
While it *imagines* how aloof from men!
How like the ancestral Adam ere the fall,
In Eden bowers the painless denizen!
But when it *feels*—the lonely heaven resigned—
How social moves the man among mankind!

L.

Forth from the tomb-like hamlet strays the King,
Restless with ills from which himself is free;
In that dun air the only living thing,
He skirts the margin of the soundless sea;
No—not alone, the musing Wanderer strays;
Still glides the Dove along the dismal ways.

LI.

Nor can tongue tell, nor thought conceive how far
Into that storm-beat heart, the gentle bird
Had built the halcyon's nest. How precious are
In desolate hours, the Affections!—How, unheard
Mid Noon's melodious myriads of delight,
Thrills the lone note that steals the gloom from night!

LII.

And, in return, a human love replying
To his caress, seemed in those eyes to dwell,
That mellow murmur, like a human sighing,
Seemed from those founts that lie i' the heart to swell.
Love wants not speech; from silence speech it builds,
Kindness like light speaks in the air it gilds.

LIII.

That angel guide! His fate while leading on,
It followed each quick movement of his soul.
As the soft shadow from the setting sun
Precedes the splendour passing to its goal,
Before his path the gentle herald glides,
Its life reflected from the life it guides.

LIV.

Was Arthur sad? how saddened seemed the Dove!
Did Arthur hope? how gaily soared its wings!
Like to that sister spirit left above,
The half of ours, which, torn asunder, springs
Ever thro' space, yearning to join once more
The earthlier half, its own and Heaven's before;

LV.

Like an embodied living Sympathy
Which hath no voice and yet replies to all
That wakes the lightest smile, the faintest sigh,—
So did the instinct and the mystery thrall
To the earth's son the daughter of the air;
And pierce his soul—to place the sister there,

LVI.

She was to him as to the bard his Muse,
The solace of a sweet confessional;
The hopes—the fears which manly lips refuse
To speak to man,—those leaves of thought that fall
With every tremulous zephyr from the Tree
Of Life, whirled from us down the darksome sea;—

LVII.

Those hourly springs and winters of the heart
Weak to reveal to Reason's sober eye,
The proudest yet will to the Muse impart
And grave in song the record of a sigh.
And hath the Muse no symbol in the Dove?—
Both give what hearts miss most in human love.

LVIII.

Over the world of winter strays the King,
Seeking some track of Hope—some savage prey
Which, famished, fronts and feeds the famishing;
Or some dim outlet in the darkling way
From the dumb grave of snows which form with snows
Wastes wide as realms thro' which a spectre goes.

LIX.

Amazed he halts:—Lo, on the rimy layer
That clothes sharp peaks—the print of human feet!
An awe thrilled thro' him, and thus spoke in prayer,
"Thee, God, in man once more then do I greet?
Hast thou vouchsafed the brother to the brother,
Links which reweave thy children to each other?

LX.

"Be they the rudest of the clay divine
Warmed with the breath of soul, how faint so ever,
Yea, tho' their race but threat new ills to mine.
All hail the bond thy sons cannot dissever!
Bowed to thy will, of life or death dispose,
But if not human friends, grant human foes!"

LXI.

Thus while he prayed, blithe from his bosom flew
The guiding Dove, along the frozen plain
Of a mute river, winding, vale-like, thro'
Rocks lost in vapour from the voiceless main.
And as the man pursues, more thickly seen,
The foot-prints tell where man before has been.

LXII.

Sudden a voice—a yell, a whistling dart!
Dim thro' the fog, behold a dwarf-like band,
As from the inner earth, its goblins, start;
Here threatening rush, there hoarsely gibbering stand!
Halts the firm hero; mild but undismayed,
Grasps the charmed hilt, but not unsheathes the blade.

LXIII.

And, with a kingly gesture eloquent,
Seems to command the peace, not shun the fray;
Daunted they back recoil, yet not relent;
As hunters round the forest lord at bay,
Beyond his reach they form the deathful ring,
And every shaft is fitted to the string.

LXIV.

When in the circle a grand shape appears,
Day's lofty child amid those dwarfs of Night,
Ev'n thro' the hides of beasts, (its garb,) it rears
The glorious aspect of a son of light.
Hushed at that presence was the clamouring crowd;
Dropped every hand and every knee was bowed.

LXV.

Forth then alone, the man approached the King;
And his own language smote the Cymrian's ear.
"What fates, unhappy one, a stranger bring
To shores,"—he started, stopt,—and bounded near;
Gazed on that front august, a moment's space,—
Rushed,—lockt the wanderer in a long embrace;

LXVI.

Weeping and laughing in a breath, the cheek,
The lip he kist—then kneeling, claspt the hand;
And gasping, sobbing, sought in vain to speak—
Meanwhile the king the beard-grown visage scanned:
Amazed—he knew his Carduel's comely lord,
And the warm heart to heart as warm restored!

LXVII.

Speech came at length: first mindful of the lives
Claiming his care and periled for his sake
Not yet the account that love demands and gives
The generous leader paused to yield and take;
Brief words his followers' wants and woes explain;—
"Light, warmth, and food."—"*Sat verbum*," quoth Gawaine.

LXVIII.

Quick to his wondering and Pigmæan troops—
Quick sped the Knight;—he spoke and was obeyed;
Vanish once more the goblin-visaged groups
And soon return caparisoned for aid;
Laden with oil to warm and light the air,
Flesh from the seal, and mantles from the bear.

LXIX.

Back with impatient rapture bounds the King,
Smiling as he was wont to smile of yore;
While Gawaine, blithsome as a bird of spring,
Sends his sweet laughter ringing to the shore;
Runs thro' that maze of questions, "How and Why?"
And lost in joy stops never for reply.

LXX.

Before them roved wild dogs too numb to bark,
Led by one civilised, majestic hound,
Who scarcely deigned his followers to remark,
Save, when they touched him, by a snarl profound.
Teaching that plebs, as history may my readers,
How curs are looked on by patrician leaders.

LXXI.

Now gained the huts, silent with drowsy life,
That scarcely feels the quick restoring skill;
Trained with stern elements to wage the strife,
The pigmy race are Nature's conquerors still.
With practised hands they chafe the frozen veins,
And gradual loose the chill heart from its chains;

LXXII.

Heap round the limbs the fur's thick warmth of fold,
And gild with cheerful oil the leaden air,
Slow wake the eyes of Famine to behold
The smiling faces and the proffered fare;
Rank tho' the food, 't is that which best supplies
The powers exhausted by the withering skies.

LXXIII.

This done, they next the languid sufferers bear,
Wrapt from the cold, athwart the vapoury shade,
Regain the vale, and show the homes that there
Art's earliest god, Necessity, had made;
Abodes hewn out from winter, winter-proof,
Ice-blocks the walls, and hollowed ice the roof! *

LXXIV.

Without, the snowy lavas, hardening o'er,
Hide from the beasts the buried homes of men,
But in the dome is placed the artful door
Thro' which the inmate gains or leaves the den.
Down thro' the chasm each lowers the living load,
Then from the winter seals the pent abode.

* The houses of the Esquimaux who received Captain Lyon were thus constructed:—the frozen snow being formed into slabs of about two feet long and half a foot thick; the benches were made with snow, strewed with twigs, and covered with skins; and the lamp suspended from the roof, fed with seal or walrus oil, was the sole substitute for the hearth, furnished light, and fire for cooking.

The Esquimaux were known to the settlers and pirates of Norway by the contemptuous name of dwarfs or pigmies.—(*Skrællings.*)

LXXV.

There, ever burns, sole source of warmth and light,
The faithful lamp the whale or walrus gives,
Thus, Lord of Europe, in the heart of Night,
Unjoyous not, thy patient brother lives!
To thee desire, to him possession sent,
Thine worlds of wishes,—his that inch, Content!

LXXVI.

But Gawaine's home, more dainty than the rest,
Betrayed his tastes exotic and luxurious,
The walls of ice in furry hangings drest
Formed an apartment elegant if curious;
Like some gigantic son of Major Ursa
Turned inside out by barbarous *vice versa*.

LXXVII.

Here then he lodged his royal guest and friend,
And, having placed a slice of seal before him,
Quoth he, "Thou ask'st me for my tale, attend;
Then give me thine: *Heus renovo dolorem!*"
Therewith the usage villainous and rough,
Schemed in cold blood by that malignant chough;

LXXVIII.

The fraudful dinner—its dessert a wife;—
The bridal roof with nose-assaulting glaive;
The oak whose leaves with pinching imps were rife;
The atrocious trap into the Viking's cave;
The chief obdurate in his crass idea
Of proving Freedom by a roast to Freya;

LXXIX.

The graphic portrait of the Nuptial goddess;
And diabolic if symbolic spit;
The hierarch's heresy on types and bodies;
And how at last he posed and silenced it;
All facts traced clearly to that *corvus niger*,
Were told with pathos that had touched a tiger.

LXXX.

So far the gentle sympathizing Nine
In dulcet strains have sung Sir Gawaine's woes;
What now remains they bid the historic line
With Dorian dryness unadorned disclose;
Poets are formed to traverse earth and sky,
They who can walk not never yet could fly.

LXXXI.

Along the beach Sir Gawaine and the hound
Had roved all night, and at the dawn of day
Come unawares upon a squadron bound
To fish for whales, arrested in a bay
For want of winds, which certain Norway hags
Had squeezed from heaven and bottled up in bags.

LXXXII.

Straight when the seamen, fretting on the shore,
Behold a wanderer clad as Freya's priest,
They rush, and round him kneeling, they implore
The runes, by which the winds may be releast:
The spurious priest a gracious answer made,
And told them Freya sent him to their aid;

LXXXIII.

Bade them conduct himself and hound on board,
And broil two portions of their choicest meat.
"The spell," quoth he, "our sacred arts afford
To free the wind, is in the food we eat;
We dine, and dining exorcise the witches,
And loose the bags from their infernal stitches.

LXXXIV.

"Haste then, my children, and dispel the wind;
Haste, for the bags are awfully inflating!"
The ship is gained. Both priest and dog have dined;
The crews assembled on the decks are waiting.
A heavier man arose the audacious priest,
And stately stepped he west and stately east;

LXXXV.

Mutely invoked St. David and St. Brân
To charge a stout north-western with their blessing;
Then cleared his throat and lustily began
A howl of vowels huge from Taliessin.
Prone fell the crews before the thundering tunes,
In words like mountains rolled the enormous runes;

LXXXVI.

The excited hound, symphonious with the song,
Yelled as if heaven and earth were rent asunder;
The rocks Orphèan seemed to dance along;
The affrighted whales plunged waves affrighted under;
Polyphlosboian, onwards booming, bore
The deafening, strident, rauque, Homeric roar!

LXXXVII.

As lions lash themselves to louder ire,
By his own song the knight sublimely stung
Caught the full œstro of the poet's fire,
And grew more stunning every note he sung:
In each dread blast a patriot's soul exhales,
And Norway quakes before the storm of Wales.

LXXXVIII.

Whether, as grateful Cymri should believe,
That blatant voice heroic burst the bags,
For sure it might the caves of Boreas cleave,
Much more the stitchwork of such *losel hags*—
Or heaven, on any terms, resolved on peace;
The wind sprung up before the Knight would cease.

LXXXIX.

Never again hath singer heard such praise
As Gawaine heard; for never since hath song
Found out the secret how the wind to raise:—
Around the charmer now the seamen throng,
And bribe his blest attendance on their toil,
With bales of bear-skin and with tuns of oil.

XC.

Well pleased to leave the inhospitable shores,
The artful Knight yet slowly seemed to yield.—
Now thro' the ocean plunge the brazen prores;
They pass the threshold of the world congealed;
Surprise the snorting mammoths of the main;
And pile the decks with Pelions of the slain.

XCI.

When, in the midmost harvest of the spoil,
Pounce comes a storm unspeakably more hideous
Than that which drove upon the Lybian soil
Anchises' son the pious and perfidious,
When whooping Notus, as the Nine assure us,
Rushed out to play with Africus and Eurus.

XCII.

Torn each from each, or down the maëlstrom whirled,
Or grasped engulpht by the devouring sea,
Or on the ribs of hurrying icebergs hurled,
The sundered vessels vanish momently.
Scarce thro' the blasts which swept his own, Gawaine
Heard the crew shrieking "Chaunt the runes again!"

XCIII.

Far other thoughts engaged the prescient knight,
Fast to a plank he lashed himself and hound;
Scarce done, ere, presto, shooting out of sight,
The enormous eddy spun him round and round,
Along the deck a monstrous wave had poured,
Caught up the plank and tossed it overboard.

XCIV.

What of the ship became, saith history not.
What of the man—the man himself shall show.
"Like stone from sling," quoth Gawaine, "I was shot
Into a ridge of what they call a *floe*,*
There much amazed, but rescued from the waters,
Myself and hound took up our frigid quarters.

* The smaller kind of ice-field is called by the northern whale fishers, 'a floe'—the name is probably of very ancient date.

XCV.

"Freed from the plank, drenched, spluttering, stunned, and bruised,
We peered about us on the sweltering deep,
And seeing nought, and being much confused,
Crept side by side and nestled into sleep.
The nearest kindred most avoid each other,
So to shun Death, we visited his brother.

XCVI.

"Awaked at last, we found the waves had stranded
A store of waifs portentous and nefarious;
Here a dead whale was at my elbow landed,
There a sick Polypus, that sea-Briareus,
Stretched out its claws to incorporate my corpus;
While howled the hound half buried by a porpoise.

XCVII.

"Nimbly I rose, disporpoising my friend;—
Around me scattered lay more piteous wrecks,
With every wave the accursëd Tritons send
Some sad memento of submergent decks,
Prows, rudders, casks, ropes, blubber, hides, and hooks,
Sailors, salt beef, tubs, cabin boys, and cooks.

XCVIII.

"Graves on the dead, with pious care bestowed,
(Graves in the ice hewn out with mickle pain
By axe and bill, which with the waifs had flowed
To that strange shore) I next collect the gain;
Placed in a hollow cleft—and covered o'er;
Then knight and hound proceeded to explore.

XCIX.

"Far had we wandered, for the storm had joined
To a great isle of ice, our friend the *floe*,
When as the day (three hours its length!) declined,
Out brayed a roar; I stared around, and lo
A flight of dwarfs about the size of sea-moths,
Chased by two bears that might have eat behemoths!

C.

" Armed with the axe the Tritons had ejected,
I rushed to succour the Pigmæan nation,
In strife our valour, I have oft suspected,
Proportions safety to intoxication,
As drunken men securely walk on walls
From which the wretch who keeps his senses falls;

CI.

" The blood mounts up, suffuses sight and brain;
The Hercles vein herculeanates the form;
The rill when swollen swallows up a plain,
The breeze runs mad before it blows a storm,
To do great deeds, first lose your wits,—then do them;
In fine—I burst upon the bears, and slew them.

CII.

" The dwarfs, delivered, kneel, and pull their noses; *
In tugs which mean to say 'the Pigmy Nation
A vote of thanks respectfully proposes
From all the noses of the corporation.'
Your Highness knows '*Magister Artis Venter:*'
On signs for breakfast my replies concenter;

CIII.

" Quick they conceive, and quick obey; the beasts
Are skinned, and drawn, and quartered in a trice,
But Vulcan leaves Diana to the feasts,
And not a wood-nymph consecrates the ice;
Bear is but so-so, when 't is cooked the best,—
But bear just skinned and perfectly undrest!

CIV.

" Then I bethink me of the planks and casks
Stowed in the cleft—for fuel *quantum suff.:*
I draw the dwarfs—sore-chattering, from their tasks,
Choose out the morsels least obdurely tough;
With these I load the Pigmies—bid them follow—
Regain the haven, and review the hollow.

* A salutation still in vogue among certain tribes of the Esquimaux.

CV.

"But when those minnow-men beheld the whale
It really was a spectacle affecting:
They shout, they sob, they leap—embrace the tail,
Peep in the jaws; then, round me re-collecting,
Draw forth those noselings from their hiding places,
Which serve as public speakers to their faces.

CVI.

"While I revolve what this salute may mean,
They rush once more upon the poor balæna,
Clutch—rend—gnaw—bolt the blubber; but the lean
Reject as drying to the duodena:
This done,—my broil they aid me to obtain,
And, while I eat—the noses go again.

CVII.

"My tale is closed—the grateful pigmies lead
Myself and hound across the ice defiles;
Regain their people and recite my deed,
Describe the monsters and display the spoils;
With royal rank my feats the dwarfs repay,
And build the palace which you now survey.

CVIII.

"The vanquished bears are trophied on the wall;
The oil you scent once floated in the whale;
I had a vision to illume the hall
With lights less fragrant,—human hopes are frail!
With cares ingenious from the bruins' fat,
I made some candles,—which the ladies ate.

CIX.

"'Tis now your turn to tell the tale, Sir King,—
And by the way our comrade, Lancelot?
I hope he found a raven in the ring!
Monstrum horrendum!—Sire, I question not.
That in your justice you have heard enough
When we get home—to crucify that chough."

CX.

"Gawaine," said Arthur, with his quiet smile,
"Methinks thy heart will soon absolve the raven,
Thy friend had perished in this icy isle
But for thy voyage to the Viking's haven,
In every ill which gives thee such offence,
Thou see'st the raven, I the Providence!"

CXI.

The knight reluctant shook his learned head;
"So please you, Sire, you cannot find a thief
Who picks our pouch, but Providence hath led
His steps to pick it;—yet, to my belief,
There's not a judge who'd scruple to exhibit
That proof of Providence upon a gibbet.

CXII.

"The chough was sent by Providence:—Agreed:
Then send the chough to Providence, in turn!
Yet in the hound and not the chough, indeed,
Your friendly sight should Providence discern;
For had the hound been just a whit less nimble,
Thanks to the chough, your friend had been a symbol."

CXIII.

"Thy logic," answered Arthur, "is unsound,
But for the chough thou never hadst been married;
But for the wife thou ne'er hadst seen the hound;—
The *Ab initio* to the chough is carried:
The hound is but the effect—the chough the cause,"
The generous Gawaine murmured his applause.

CXIV.

"*Do veniam Corvo!* Sire, the chough's acquitted!"
"For Lancelot next," quoth Arthur, "be at ease,
The task fulfilled to which he was permitted,
The ring veered home—I left him on the seas.
Ere this, be sure he hails the Cymrian shore,
And gives to Carduel one great bulwark more."

CXV.

Then Arthur told of fair Genevra flying
From the scorned nuptials of the heathen fane;
Her runic bark to his emprize supplying
The steed that bore him to the Northern main;
While she with cheek that blushed the prayer to tell,
Implored a Christian's home in Carduel.

CXVI.

The gentle King well versed in woman's heart,
And all the vestal thoughts that tend its shrine,
On Lancelot smiled—and answered, "Maid, depart;
Though o'er our roofs the thunder-clouds combine,
Yet love shall guard, whatever war betide,
The Saxon's daughter—or the Cymrian's bride."

CXVII.

A stately ship from glittering Spezia bore
To Cymrian ports the lovers from the King;
Then on, the Seeker of the Shield, once more,
With patient soul pursued the heavenly wing.
Wild tho' that crew, his heart enthralls their own;—
The great are kings wherever they are thrown.

CXVIII.

Nought of that mystery which the Spirit's priest,
True Love, draws round the aisles behind the veil,
Could Arthur bare to that light joyous breast,—
Life hath its inward as its outward tale,
Our lips reveal our deeds,—our sufferings shun;
What we have felt, how few can tell to one!

CXIX.

The triple task—the sword not sought in vain,
The shield yet hidden in the caves of Lok,
Of these spoke Arthur,—"Certes," quoth Gawaine,
When the King ceased—"strange legends of a rock
Where a fierce Dwarf doth guard a shield of light,
Oft have I heard my pigmy friends recite;

CXX.

"Permit me now your royal limbs to wrap,
In these warm relicts of departed bears;
And while from Morpheus you decoy a nap,
My skill the grain shall gather from the tares.
The pigmy tongue my erudite pursuits
Have traced *ad unguem* to the nasal roots."

CXXI.

The Wanderer sleeps—sleep all his ghastly crew;
How long they know not, guess not—night and dawn
Long since commingled in one livid hue;
Like that long twilight o'er the portals drawn,
Behind whose threshold spreads eternity:—
When the sleep burst, and sudden in the sky

CXXII.

Stands the great Sun!—As, on the desperate,—Hope,
As Glory o'er the dead,—as Freedom on
Men who snap chains; or likest Truths that ope
Life, in God's word, on charnels,—stands the Sun!
Ice still on earth—still vapour in the air,
But Light—the victor Lord—but Light is there!

CXXIII.

On siege-worn cities, when their war is spent,
From the far hill as, gleam on gleam, arise
The spears of some great aiding armament—
Grow the dim splendours, broadening up the skies,
Till bright and brighter, the sublime array
Flings o'er the world the banners of the Day.

CXXIV.

Behold them where they kneel; the starry King,
The dwarfs of night, the giants of the sea;
Each with the other linked in solemn ring,
Too blest for words!—Man's severed Family,
All made akin once more beneath those eyes
Which on the first Man smiled in Paradise.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

The Polar Spring—the Boreal Lights—and apparition of a double sun—The Rocky Isle—The Bears—The mysterious Shadow from the Crater of the extinct Volcano—The Bears scent the steps of Man: their movements described—Arthur's approach—The Bears emerge from their coverts—The Shadow takes form and life—The Demon Dwarf described—His parley with Arthur—The King follows the Dwarf into the interior of the volcanic rock—The Antediluvian Skeletons—The Troll-fiends and their tasks—Arthur arrives at the Cave of Lok—The corpses of the armed Giants—The Valkyrs at their loom—The Wars that they weave—The Dwarf addresses Arthur—The King's fear—He approaches the sleeping Fiend, and the curtains close around him—Meanwhile Gawaine and the Norwegians have tracked Arthur's steps on the snow, and arrive at the Isle—Are attacked by the Bears—The noises and eruption from the Volcano—The re-appearance of Arthur—The change in him—Freedom, and its characteristics—Arthur and his band renew their way along the coast; ships are seen—How Arthur obtains a bark from the Rugen Chieftain: and how Gawaine stores it—The Dove now leads homeward—Arthur reaches England; and, sailing up a river, enters the Mercian territory—He follows the Dove through a forest to the ruins built by the earliest Cimmerians—The wisdom and civilization of the ancestral Druidical races, as compared with their idolatrous successors at the time of the Roman Conquerors, whose remains alone are left to our age—Arthur lies down to rest amidst the moonlit ruins—The Dove vanishes—The nameless horror that seizes the King.

I.

SPRING on the Polar Seas!—not violet-crowned
By dewy Hours, nor to cærulean halls
Melodious hymned, yet Light itself around
Her stately path, sheds starry coronals.
Sublime she comes, as when, from Dis set free,
Came, through the flash of Jove, Persephonè:

II.

She comes—that grand Aurora of the North!
By steeds of fire her glorious chariot borne,
From Boreal courts the meteors flaming forth,
Ope heaven on heaven, before the mighty Morn,
And round the rebel giants of the Night
On earth's last confines bursts the storm of light.

III.

Wonder and awe! lo, where against the sun
A second sun* his lurid front uprears!
As if the first-born lost Hyperion,
Hurled down of old, from his Uranian spheres,
Rose from the hell-rocks on his writhings piled,
And glared defiance on his Titan child.

IV.

Now life, the polar life, returns once more,
The reindeer roots his mosses from the snows;
The whirring sea-gulls shriek along the shore;
Thro' oozing rills the cygnet gleaming goes;
And, where the ice some happier verdure frees,
Laugh into light frank-eyed anemonès.

V.

Out from the seas still solid, frowned a lone
Chaos of chasm and precipice and rock,
There, while the meteors on their revels shone,
Growling hoarse glee, in many a grisly flock,
With their huge young, the sea-bears sprawling played
Near the charred crater some mute Hecla made.

VI.

Sullen before that cavern's vast repose,
Like the lorn wrecks of a despairing race
Chased to their last hold by triumphant foes,
Darkness and Horror stood. But from the space
Within the cave, and o'er the ice-ground wan,
Quivers a Shadow vaguely mocking man.

* The apparition of two or more suns in the Polar firmament is well known. Mr. Ellis saw six—they are most brilliant at day-break—and though diminished in splendour are still visible even after the appearance of the real sun.

VII.

Like man's the Shadow falls, yet falling loses
The shape it took, each moment changefully;
As when the wind on Runic waves confuses
The weird boughs tossed from some prophetic tree;
Fantastic, goblin-like, and fitful thrown,
Comes the strange Shadow from the drear Unknown.

VIII.

It is *not* man's—for they, man's savage foes,
Whose sense ne'er fails them when the scent is blood,
Sport in the shadow the Unseen One throws,
Nor hush their young to sniff the human food;
But, undisturbed as if their home was there,
Pass to and fro the light-defying lair.

IX.

So the bears gambolled, so the Shadow played,
When sudden halts the uncouth merriment.
Now man—in truth, draws near; man's steps invade
The men-devourers!—Snorting to the scent,
Lo, where they stretch dread necks of shaggy snow,
Grin with white fangs, and greed the blood to flow!

X.

Grotesquely undulating, moves the flock,
Low grumbling as the sluggish ranks divide;
Some heave their slow bulk peering up the rock,
Some stand erect, and shift from side to side
The keen quick ear, the red dilating eye,
And steam the hard air with a hungry sigh.

XI.

At length unquiet and amazed—as rings
On to their haunt direct, the dauntless stride,
With the sharp instinct of all savage things
That doubt a prey by which they are defied,
They send from each to each a troubled stare,
And huddle close, suspicious of the snare.

XII.

Then a huge leader, with concerted wile,
Creeps lumbering on, and, to his guidance slow
The shaggëd armies move, in cautious file,
Till one by one, in ambush for the foe,
Drops into chasm and cleft,—and, vanishing,
With stealthy murther girds the coming King.

XIII.

He comes,—the Conqueror in the Halls of Time,
Known by his herald in the starry Dove,
By his imperial tread, and front sublime
With power as tranquil as the lids of Jove,—
All shapes of death the realms around afford:—
From Fiends God guard him!—from all else his sword!

XIV.

For he, with spring the huts of ice had left
And the small People of the world of snows:
Their food the seal, their camp at night, the cleft,
His bold Norwegians follow where he goes;
Now in the rear afar, their chief they miss,
And grudge the danger which they deem a bliss.

XV.

Ere yet the meteors from the morning sky
Chased large Orion,—in the hour when sleep
Reflects its ghost-land stillest on the eye,
Had stol'n the lonely King; and o'er the deep
Sought by the clue the dwarfmen-legends yield,
And the Dove's wing—the demon-guarded Shield.

XVI.

The desert of the desolate is won.
Still lurks, unseen, the ambush horrible—
Nought stirs around beneath the twofold sun
Save that strange Shadow, where before it fell,
Still falling;—varying, quivering to and fro,
From the black cavern on the glaring snow.

XVII.

Slow the devourers rise, and peer around:
Now crag and cliff move dire with savage life,
And rolling downward,—all the dismal ground
Shakes with the roar and bristles with the strife:
Not unprepared—(when ever are the brave?)
Stands the firm King, and bares the diamond glaive.

XVIII.

Streams, thro' the meteor fires, the fulgent brand,
Lightening along the air, the sea, the rock,
Bright as the arrow in that heavenly hand
Which slew the Python. Blinded halt the flock,
And the great roar, but now so rough and high,
Sinks into terror wailing timidly.

XIX.

Yet the fierce instinct and the rabid sting
Of famine goad again the checkt array;
And close and closer in tumultuous ring,
Reels on the brute-mass crushing towards its prey.
A dull groan tells where first the falchion sweeps—
When into shape the cave-born Shadow leaps!

XX.

Out from the dark it leapt—the awful form!
Manlike, but, sure, not human; on its hair
The ice-barbs bristled: like a coming storm
Its breath smote lifeless every wind in air;
Dread form deformed, as, ere the birth of Light,
Some son of Chaos and the Antique Night!

XXI.

At once a dwarf and giant—trunk and limb
Knit in gnarled strength as by a monstrous chance,
Never Chimæra more grotesque and grim,
Paled Ægypt's priesthood with its own romance,
When, from each dire delirium Fancy knows,
Some Typhon-type of Powers destroying rose.

XXII.

At the dread presence, ice a double cold
Conceived; the meteors from their dazzling play
Paused; and appalled into their azure hold
Shrunk back with all their banners; not a ray
Broke o'er the dead sea and the doleful shore,
Winter's steel grasp lockt the dumb world once more.

XXIII.

Halted the war—as the wild multitude
Left the King scatheless, and their leaders slain;
And round the giant dwarf the baleful brood
Came with low growls of terror, wrath, and pain,
As children round their father. With a start
Arthur recoiled—fear fell upon his heart,

XXIV.

And as he gazed, he paled. Then spoke aloud
The horrent Image. "Child of hateful Day,
What madness snares thee to the glooms that shroud
The realms abandoned to my secret sway?
Why on mine air first breathes the human breath?
Hath thy far world no fairer path to Death?"

XXV.

"All ways to Death, but one to Glory leads,
That which alike thro' earth, or air, or wave,
Bears a bold thought to goals in nobler deeds,"
Said the pale King. "And this, methinks, the cave
Which hides the Shield that rocked the sleep of one
By whom ev'n Fable shows what deeds were done.

XXVI.

"I seek the talisman which guards the free,
And tread where erst the Sire of freemen trod." *
"Ho!" laugh'd the dwarf, "Walhalla's child was He!
Man gluts the fiend when he assumes the god."—
"No god, Deceiver, tho' man's erring creeds
Make gods of men when godlike are their deeds;

* THOR'S visit to the realms of Hela and Lok forms a prominent incident in the romance of Scandinavian mythology. With the Scandinavian

XXVII.

"And if the Only and Eternal One
Hath, ere his last and luminous Word Revealed,
Left some grand Memory on its airy throne,
Nor smit the nations when to names they kneeled—
In each false god was typed, since Time began,
Some truth in Nature or some worth in Man."

XXVIII.

The Demon heard; and, as a moon that shines,
Rising behind Arcturus, wan and chill
O'er Baltic headlands black with rigid pines,
Makes ghostly night thus lit, more ghostly still—
So the fiend's mocking smile but deepened more
The menacing gloom which the dire aspect wore.

XXIX.

"'Ho!" said the Dwarf, "Thou would'st survive to tell
Of trophies wrested from the halls of Lok,
Yet wherefore singly face the hosts of Hell?
Return, and lead thy comrades to the rock;
Ne'er to one man in any mortal field,
Did the fierce Valkyrs who lead armies yield."

XXX.

"War," said the King, "when waged on mortal life
By mortal men;—*that* dare I with the rest:
In conflicts awful with no human strife,
Mightiest methinks, that soul the loneliest.
When starry charms from Afrite caves were won,
No Judah marched with dauntless Solomon!"

XXXI.

Fell fangs the demon gnasht, and o'er the crowd
Wild cumbering round his feet, with hungry stare
Greeding the man, his drooping visage bowed;
"Go elsewhere, sons—your prey escapes the snare:
Yours but the food which flesh to flesh supplies;
Here not the mortal but the soul defies."

branch of the Teuton family Thor was the favourite deity—and it was natural to that free and valiant race to identify liberty with war.

XXXII.

Then striding to the cave, he plunged within;
"Follow," he cried: like an imprisoned blast
In midnight rock-vaults, the reverberate din
Rolled from the rough sides of the rayless Vast;
As goblin echoes, thro' the haunted hollow,
'Twixt groan and laughter, chimed hoarse-gibbering
"Follow!"

XXXIII.

The King recoiling paused irresolute,
Till thro' the cave the white wing went its way;
Then on his breast he signed the cross, and, mute
With solemn prayer, he left the world of day.
Thick stood the night, save where the falchion gave
Its clear sharp glimmer lengthening down the cave.

XXXIV.

Advancing, flashes rushed irregular
Like subterranean lightning, forked and red:
From warring matter, wandering shot the star
Of poisonous gases; and the tortured bed
Of the old Volcano showed, in trailing fires,
Where the numbed serpent dragged its mangled spires.

XXXV.

Broader and ruddier on the Dove's pale wings
Now glowed the lava of the widening spaces;
Grinned, from the rock, the jaws of giant things,
The lurid skeletons of vanished races,
They who, perchance ere man himself had birth,
Ruled the moist slime of uncompleted earth.

XXXVI.

Enormous couched fanged Iguanodon,
To which the monster-lizard of the Nile
Were prey too small,—whose dismal haunts were on
The swamps where now such golden harvests smile
As had sufficed those myriad hosts to feed
When all the Orient marched behind the Mede.

XXXVII.

There the foul, earliest reptile spectra lay,
Distinct as when the chaos was their home;
Half plant, half serpent, some subside away
Into gnarled roots (now stone)—more hideous some,
Half bird—half fish—seem struggling yet to spring,
Shark-like the maw, and dragon-like the wing.

XXXVIII.

But, life-like more, from later layers emerge
With their fell tusks deep-stricken in the stone,
Herds, that thro' all the thunders of the surge,
Had to the Ark which swept relentless on
(Denied to them)—knelled the despairing roar
Of sentenced races time shall know no more.

XXXIX.

Under the limbs of mammoths went the path,
Or thro' the arch immense of Dragon jaws,
And over on the King—in watchful wrath
Gazed the attendant Fiend, with artful pause
Where dread was dreadliest; had the mortal one
Faltered or quailed, the Fiend his prey had won,

XL.

And rent it limb by limb; but on the Dove
Arthur looked steadfast, and the Fiend was foiled.
Now, as along the skeleton world they move,
Strange noises jar, and flit strange shadows. Toiled
The Troll's swart people, in their inmost home
At work on ruin for the days to come.

XLI.

A baleful race, whose anvils forge the flash
Of iron murder for the limbs of war;
Who ripen hostile embryos, for the crash
Of earthquakes rolling slow to towers afar;
Or train from Hecla's fount the lurid rills,
To cities sleeping under shepherd hills;

XLII.

Or nurse the seeds, thro' patient ages rife
With the full harvest of that crowning fire,
When for the sentenced Three,—Time, Death, and Life,
Our globe itself shall be the funeral pyre;
And, awed, in orbs remote, some race unknown
Shall miss one star, whose smile had lit their own.

XLIII.

Thro' the Phlegræan glare, innumerous eyes,
Fierce with the murther-lust, scowl ravening,
And forms, on which had never looked the skies,
Stalk near and nearer, swooping round the King,
Till from the blazing sword the foul array
Shrink back, and wolf-like follow on the way.

XLIV.

Now thro' waste mines of iron, whose black peaks
Frown o'er dull Phlegethons of fire below,
While, vague as worlds unformed, sulphureous reeks
Roll on before them huge and dun,—they go.
Vanish abrupt the vapours: from the night
Springs, and spreads rushing, like a flood, the light.

XLV.

A mighty cirque with lustre belts the mine;
Its walls of *iron glittering into steel;*
Wall, upon wall reflected, *flings the shine*
Of armour: vizorless *the Corpses kneel,*
Their glazed eyes fixed upon *a couch where, screened*
With whispering curtains, *sleeps the Kingly Fiend:*

XLVI.

Corpses of *giants,* who perchance had *heard*
The tromps of *Tubal,* and had *leapt to strife*
Whose guilt provoked *the Deluge: sepulchred*
In their world's ruins, *still* a frown *like life*
Hung o'er vast brows,—and spears, like turrets, shone
In hands whose grasp had crushed the Mastodon.

XLVII.

Around the couch, a silent solemn ring,
They whom the Teuton calls the Valkyrs, sate.
Shot thro' pale webs their spindles glistening;
Dread tissues woven out of human hate
For heavenly ends!—for, there, is spun the woe
Of every war that earth shall ever know.

XLVIII.

Below their feet a bottomless pit of gore
Yawned, where each web, when once the woof was done,
Was scornful cast. Yet rising evermore
Out of the surface, wandered airy on
Till lost in upper space, pale wingëd seeds
The future heaven-fruit of the hell-born deeds;

XLIX.

For out of every evil born of time,
God shapes a good for his eternity.
Lo where the spindles, weaving crime on crime,
Form the world-work of Charlemains to be;—
How in that hall of iron lengthen forth
The fates that ruin, to rebuild, the North!

L.

Here, one stern Sister, smiling on the King,
Hurries the thread that twines his Nation's doom,
And, farther down, the whirring spindles sing
Around the woof which from his Baltic home
Shall charm the avenging Norman, to control
The shattered races into one calm whole.

LI.

Already here, the hueless lines along,
Grows the red creed of the Arabian horde;
Already here, the armed Chivalric Wrong
Which made the cross the symbol of the sword,
Which thy worst idol, Rome, to Judah gave,
And worshipped Mars upon the Saviour's grave.

LII.

Already the wild Tartar in his tents,
Dreamless of thrones;—and the fierce Visigoth *
Who, on Columbia's golden armaments,
Shall loose the hell-hounds,—nurse the age-long growth
Of Desolation—as the noiseless skein
Clasps in its web, thy far descendants, Cain!

LIII.

Already, in the hearts of sires remote
In their rude Isle, the spell ordains the germ
Of what shall be a Name of wonder, wrought
From that fell feast which Glory gives the worm,
When Rome's dark bird shall shade, with thunder-wings,
Calm brows that brood the doom of breathless kings.†

LIV.

Already, tho' the sad unheeded eyes
Of Bards alone foresee, and none believe,
The lightning, hoarded from the farthest skies,
Into the mesh the race-destroyers weave,
When o'er our marts shall graze a stranger's fold,
And the new Tarshish rot, as rots the old.

LV.

Yea, ever there, each spectral hand the birth
Weaves of a war—until the angel-blast,
Pealed from the tromp that knells the doom of earth,—
Shall start the livid legions from their last;
And man, with arm uplifted still to slay,
Reel on some Alp that rolls in smoke away!

* Visigoth, *poetice* for the Spanish Ravagers of Mexico and Peru.
† Napoleon.

LVI.

Fierce glared the dwarf upon the silent King,
"There, is the prize thy visions would achieve!
There, where the hushed inexorable ring
Murder the myriads in the webs they weave,
Behind the curtains of Incarnate War,
Whose lightest tremour topples thrones afar,—

LVII.

"Which ev'n the Valkyrs, with their bloodless hands,
Dare not to draw aside,—go, seek the Shield!
Yet be what follows known!—yon kneeling bands
Whose camps were Andes, and whose battle-field
Left plains, now empires, rolling seas of gore,
Shall hear the clang and leap to life once more.

LVIII.

"Roused from their task, revengeful shall arise
The never baffled 'Choosers of the Slain,'
The Fiend thy hand shall wake, unclose the eyes
That flashed on heavenly hosts their storms again,
And thy soul wither in the mighty frown
Before whose night, an earlier sun sunk down:

LIX.

"The rocks shall close all path for flight save one,
Where now the Troll-fiends wait to rend their prey,
And each malign and monster skeleton,
Re-clothed with life as in the giant day
When yónder seas were valleys—scent thy gore
And grin with fangs that gnash for food once more.

LX.

"Ho, dost thou shudder, pale one? Back and live."
Thrice strove the King for speech, and thrice in vain,
For he was man, and, till our souls survive
The instincts born of flesh, shall Horror reign
In that Unknown beyond the realms of Sense,
Where the soul's darkness seems the man's defence.

LXI.

Yet as when thro' uncertain troublous cloud
Breaks the sweet morning star, and from its home
Smiles lofty peace, so thro' the phantom crowd
Of fears—the Eos of the world to come,
FAITH, looked—revealing how earth-nourished are
The clouds; and how beyond their reach the star.

LXII.

Mute on his knee, amidst the kneeling dead
He sank;—the dead the dreaming fiend revered,
And he, the living, God! Then terror fled,
And all the king illumed the front he reared.
Firm to the couch on which the fiend reposed
He strode;—the curtains, murmuring, round him closed.

LXIII.

Now while this chanced, without the tortured rock
Raged fierce the war between the rival might
Of beast and man; the dwarf-king's ravenous flock
And Norway's warriors led by Cymri's knight;
For by the foot-prints thro' the snows explored,
On to the rock the bands had tracked their lord.

LXIV.

Repelled, not conquered, back to crag and cave,
Sullen and watchful still, the monsters go;
And solitude resettles on the wave,
But silence not; around, aloft, alow
Roar the couched beasts, and, answering from the main,
Shrieks the shrill gull and booms the dismal crane.

LXV.

And now the rock itself, from every tomb
Of its dead world within, sends voices forth,
Sounds direr far, than in its rayless gloom
Crash on the midnight of the farthest North;
From beasts our world hath lost, the strident yell,
The shout of giants and the laugh of hell.

LXVI.

Reels all the isle; and every rugged steep
Hurls down an avalanche;—all the crater cave
Glows into swarthy red, and fire-showers leap
From rended summits, hissing to the wave
Thro' its hard ice; or in huge crags, wide-sounding
Spring where they crash—on rushing and rebounding.

LXVII.

Dizzy and blind, the staggering Northmen fall
On earth that rocks beneath them like a bark;
Loud and more loud the tumult swells with all
The Acheron of the discord. Swift and dark,
From every cleft, the smoke-clouds burst their way,
Rush thro' the void, and sweep from heaven the day.

LXVIII.

Smitten beneath the pestilential blast
And the great terror, senseless lay the band,
Till the arrested life, with throes at last,
Gasped back: and holy over sea and land
Silence and light reposed. They looked above
And calm, in calmëd air, beheld the Dove!

LXIX.

And o'er their prostrate lord was poised the wing;
And when they rushed and reached him, shouting joy,
There came no answer from the corpselike king;
And when his true knight raised him, heavily
Drooped his pale front on Gawaine's faithful breast.
And the closed lids seemed leaden in their rest.

LXX.

And all his mail was dinted, hewn, and crushed,
And the bright falchion dim with foul dark gore;
And the strong pulse of the strong hand was hushed;
Like an exhausted storm which whilome bore
The bolts of Jove, when under lullëd skies
The aspen stirs not to its lingering sighs.

LXXI.

And there was solemn change on that fair face,
Nor, whatsoe'er the fear or scorn had been,
Did the past passion leave its haggard trace;
But on the rigid beauty awe was seen,
As one who on the Gorgon's aspect fell
Had gazed; and, freezing, yet survived the spell.

LXXII.

Not by the chasm in which he left the day,
But through a new-made gorge the fires had cleft,
As if with fires themselves were forced the way,
Had rushed the King;—and sense and sinew left
The form that struggled till the strife was o'er;
So faints the swimmer when he gains the shore.

LXXIII.

But on his arm was clasped the wondrous prize,
Dimmed, tarnished, grimed, and black with gore and smoke,
Still the pure metal, thro' each foul disguise,
Like starlight scattered on dark waters, broke;
Thro' gore, thro' smoke it shone—the silver shield,
Clear as dawns Freedom from her battle-field.

LXXIV.

Days followed days, ere from that speechless trance
(Borne to green inlets, isled amid the snows,
Where led the Dove), the King's reviving glance
Looked languid round on watchful, joyful brows;
Ev'n while he slept, new flowers the earth had given,
And on his heart brooded the bird of heaven.

LXXV.

But ne'er, as voice and strength and sense returned,
To his good knight the strife that won the Shield
Did Arthur tell; deep in his soul inurned,—
As in the grave its secret,—nor revealed
To mortal ear—that mystery which for ever
Flowed thro' his thought, as thro' the cave a river;

LXXVI.

Whether to Love, how true soe'er its faith,
Whether to Wisdom, whatsoe'er its skill,
Till his last hour, the struggle and the scathe
Remained unuttered and unutterable;
But aye, in solitude, in crowds, in strife,
In joy, that memory lived within his life:

LXXVII.

It made not sadness, tho' the calm grave smile
Never regained the lustre youth had given,—
But as the shadow of some holy pile
Consecrates ground on which it falls, to heaven,
That gloom the grandeur of religion wore,
And seemed to hallow all it rested o'er.

LXXVIII.

Such Freedom is, O Slave that would be free!
Never her real struggles into life
Hath History told. As it hath been shall be
The Apocalypse of Nations; nursed in strife
Not with the present, nor with living foes,
But where the centuries shroud their long repose

LXXIX.

Out from the graves of earth's primæval bones,
The shield of empire, patient Force must win:
What made the Briton free? not crashing thrones
Nor parchment laws; the charter must begin
In Scythian tents, the steel of Nomad spears;
To date the freedom, count three thousand years!

LXXX.

Neither is Freedom, mirth. Be free, O slave,
And dance no more beneath the lazy palm.
Freedom's mild brow with noble care is grave,
Her bliss is solemn as her strength is calm;
And earnest thought from childlike sport debars
Men who have learned to look upon the stars.

LXXXI.

Now as the King revived, along the seas
Flowed back, enlarged to life, the lapsing waters,
Kissed from their slumber, by the loving breeze,
Glide, in light dance, the Ocean's silver daughters—
And blithe and hopeful, o'er the sunny strands,
Listing the long-lost billow, rove the bands.

LXXXII.

At length, O sight of joy!—the gleam of sails
Bursts on the solitude! more near and near
Come the white playmates of the buxom gales.—
The whistling cords, the sounds of man, they hear.
Shout answers shout;—light sparkles round the oar—
And from the barks the boat skims on to shore.

LXXXIII.

It was a race from Rugen's friendly soil,
Leagued by old ties with Cymri's land and king,
Who, with the spring-time, to their wonted spoil
Of seals and furs had spread the canvas wing
To bournes their fathers never yet had known;—
And found amazed, hearts bolder than their own.

LXXXIV.

Soon to the barks the Cymrians and their bands
Are borne: Bright-haired, above the gazing crows,
Lone on the loftiest deck, the leader stands,
To whom the King, his rank made known, renews
All that his tale of mortal hope and fear
Vouchsafes from truth to thrill a mortal's ear;

LXXXV.

And from the barks whose sails the chief obey,
Craves one to waft where yet the fates may guide.—
With rugged wonder in his large survey,
The son of Ægir* that calm aspect eyed,
And seemed in awe, as of a god, to scan
Him who so moved his homage, yet was man.

* Ægir, the God of the Ocean, the Scandinavian Neptune.

LXXXVI.

Smoothing his voice, rough with accustomed swell
Above the storms, and the wild roar of war,
The Northman answered, "Skalds in winter tell
Of the dire dwarf who guards the Shield of Thor,
For one whose race, with Odin's blent, shall be,
Lords of the only realm which suits the Free,

LXXXVII.

"Ocean!—I greet thee, and this strong right hand
Place in thine own to pledge myself thy man.
Choose as thou wilt for thee and for thy band,
Amongst the sea-steeds in the stalls of Ran.
Need'st thou our arms against the Saxon foe?
Our flag shall fly where'er thy trumpets blow!"

LXXXVIII.

"Men to be free must free themselves," the King
Replied, proud-smiling. "Every father-land
Spurns from its breast the recreant sons that cling
For hope, to standards winds not theirs have fanned.
Thankful thro' thee our foe we reach;—and then
Cymri hath steel eno' for Cymrian men!"

LXXXIX.

While these converse, Sir Gawaine, with his hound
Lured by a fragrant and delightsome smell
From roasts—not meant for Freya,—makes his round,
Shakes hands with all, and hopes their wives are well.
From spit to spit with easy grace he walks,
And chines astounded vanish while he talks.

XC.

At earliest morn the bark to bear the King,
His sage discernment delicately stores,
Rejects the blubber and disdains the ling
For hams of rein-deers and for heads of boars,
Connives at seal, to satisfy his men,
But childless leaves each loud-lamenting hen.

XCI.

And now the bark the Cymrian prince ascends,
The largo oars chiming to the chaunting crew,
(His leal Norwegian band) the new-found friends
From brazen trumpets blare their loud adieu.
Forth bounds the ship, and Gawaine, while it quickens,
The wind propitiates with three virgin chickens.

XCII.

Led by the Dove, more brightly day by day,
The vernal azure deepens in the sky;
Far from the Polar threshold smiles the way—
And lo, white Albion shimmers on the eye,
Nurse of all nations, who to breasts severe
Takes the rude children, the calm men to rear.

XCIII.

Doubt and amaze with joy perplex the King,
Not yet the task achieved, the mission done,
Why homeward steers the angel pilot's wing?
Of the three labours rests the crowning one
Unreached the Gates at which he shall behold
And win—the Child-guide with the locks of gold.

XCIV.

Yet still the Dove cleaves homeward thro' the air;
Glides o'er the entrance of an inland stream;
And rests at last on bowers of foliage; where
Thick forests close their ramparts on the beam,
And clasp with dipping boughs a grassy creek,
Whose marge slopes level with the brazen beak.

XCV.

Around his neck the shield the Adventurer slung,
And girt the enchanted sword. Then, kneeling, said
The young Ulysses of the golden tongue,
"Not now to phantom foes the dove hath led;
For, if I err not, this a Mercian haven,
And from the dove peeps forth at last the raven!

XCVI.

"Not lone, nor reckless, in these glooms profound,
Tempt the sure ambush of some Saxon host;
If out of sight, at least in reach of sound,
Let our stout Northmen follow up the coast;
Then if thou wilt, from each suspicious tree
Shake laurels down, but share them, Sire, with me?"

XCVII.

"Nay," answered Arthur, "ever, as before,
Alone the Pilgrim to his bourne must go;
But range the men concealed along the shore;
Set watch, from these green turrets, for the foe;
Moored to the marge where broadest hangs the bough,
Hide from the sun the glitter of the prow;—

XCVIII.

"And so farewell!" He said; to land he leapt;
And, with dull murmur from its verdant waves,
O'er his high crest the billowy forest swept.
As tow'rds some fitful light the swimmer cleaves
His stalwart way,—so thro' the woven shades
Where the pale wing now glimmers and now fades,

XCIX.

With strong hand parting the tough branches, goes
Hour after hour the King; till light at last
From skies long hid, wide-silvering, interflows
Thro' opening glades;—the length of gloom is past,
And the dark pines receding, stand around
A silent hill with antique ruins crowned.

C.

Day had long closed; and, from the mournful deeps
Of old volcanoes spent, the livid moon
Which thro' the life of planets lifeless creeps
Her ghostly way, deaf to the choral tune
Of spheres rejoicing, on those ruins old
Looked down, herself a ruin,—hushed and cold.

CI.

Mutely the granite wrecks the King surveyed,
And knew the work of hands Cimmerian,
What time in starry robes, and awe, arrayed,
Grey Druids spoke the oracles of man—
Solving high riddles to Chaldæan Mage,
Or the young wonder of the Samian Sage.

CII.

A date remounting far beyond the day
When Roman legions met the scythëd cars,
When purer founts sublime had lapsed away
Thro' the deep rents of unrecorded wars,
And bloodstained altars cursed the mountain sod,
Where * the first faith had hail'd the only God:

CIII.

For all now left us of the parent Celt,
Is of that later and corrupter time:—
Not in rude domeless fanes those Fathers knelt,
Who lured the Brahman from his burning clime,
Who charmed lost science from each lone abyss,
And winged the shaft of Scythian Abaris.†

CIV.

Yea, the grand sires of our primæval race
Saw angel-tracks the earlier earth upon,
And as a rising sun, the morning face
Of Truth more near the flushed horizon shone;
Filling ev'n clouds with many a golden light,
Lost when the orb is at the noonday height.

* See Note.

† The arrow of Abaris (which bore him where he pleased) is supposed by some to have been the loadstone. And Abaris himself has been, by ingenious speculators, identified with a Druid philosopher.

CV.

Thro' the large ruins, now no more, the last
Perchance on earth of those diviner sires,
With noiseless step the lone descendant past;
Not there where seen BÂL-HUAN'S * amber pyres;
No circling shafts with barbarous fragments strewn,
Spoke creeds of carnage to the spectral moon.

CVI.

But art, vast, simple, and sublime, was there
Ev'n in its mournful wrecks,—such art foregone
As the first Builders, when their grand despair
Left Shinar's tower and city half undone,
Taught where they wandered o'er the newborn world.—
Column, and vault, and roof, in ruin hurled,

CVII.

Still spoke of hands that founded Babylon.
So in the wrecks, the Lord of young Romance
By fallen pillars laid him musing down.
More large and large the moving shades advance,
Blending in one dim silence, sad and wan,
The past, the present, ruin and the man.

CVIII.

Now, o'er his lids life's gentlest influence stole,
Life's gentlest influence yet the likest death!
Prove not our dreams how little needs the soul
Light from the sense, or being from the breath?
Let but the world an instant fade from view,
And of itself the soul creates a new.

CIX.

Still, thro' the hazy mists of stealing sleep,
The adventurer's eyes explore the guardian wing,
There, where it broods upon the moss-grown heap,
With plumes that all the stars are silvering.
Slow close the lids—reopening with a start
As shoots a nameless terror thro' his heart:

* Bâl-Huan, the Sun.

CX.

That strange wild awe which haunted Childhood thrills,
When waking at the dead of Dark, alone;
A sense of sudden solitude which chills
The blood;—a shrinking as from shapes unknown;
An instinct both of some protection fled,
And of the coming of some ghastly dread.

CXI.

He looked, and lo, the dove was seen no more,
Lone lay the lifeless wrecks beneath the moon,
And the one loss gave all that seemed before
Desolate,—twofold desolation!
How slight a thing, whose love our trust hast been,
Alters the world, when it no more is seen!

CXII.

He strove to speak, but voice was gone from him.
As in that loss, new might the terror took,
His veins congealed; and, interfused and dim,
Shadow and moonlight swam before his look;
Bristled his hair; and all the strong dismay
Seized, as an eagle when it grasps its prey.

CXIII.

Senses and soul confused, and jarred, and blent,
Lay crushed beneath the intolerable Power;
Then over all, one flash, in lightning, rent
The veil between the Immortal and the Hour;
Life heard the voice of unembodied breath,
And sleep stood trembling face to face with Death.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

The siege of Carduel—The preparations of the Saxon host for the final assault on the City, under cover of the approaching night—The state of Carduel—Discord—Despondence—Famine—The apparent impossibility to resist the coming enemy—Dialogue between Caradoc and Merlin—Caradoc hears his sentence, and is resigned—He unstrings his harp and descends into the town—The Progress of Song; in its effects upon the multitude—Caradoc's address to the people he has roused, and the rush to the Council Hall—Meanwhile the Saxons reach the walls—The burst of the Cymrians—The Saxons retire into the plain between the Camp and the City, and there take their stand—The battle described—The single combat between Lancelot and Harold—Crida leads on his reserve; the Cymrians take alarm and waver—The prediction invented by the noble devotion of Caradoc—His fate—The enthusiasm of the Cymrians and the retreat of the enemy to their Camp—The first entrance of a Happy Soul into Heaven—The Ghost that appears to Arthur, and leads him through the Cimmerian tomb to the Realm of Death—The sense of time and space are annihilated—Death, the Phantasmal Everywhere—Its brevity and nothingness—The condition of soul is life, whether here or hereafter—Fate and Nature identical—Arthur accosted by his Guardian Angel—After the address of that Angel, Arthur loses his former fear both of the realm and the Phantom—He addresses the Ghost, which vanishes without reply to his question—The last boon—The destined Soother—Arthur recovering as from a trance, sees the Maiden of the Tomb—Her description—The Dove is beheld no more—Strange resemblance between the Maiden and the Dove—Arthur is led to his ship, and sails at once for Carduel—He arrives on the Cymrian territory, and lands with Gawaine and the Maiden near Carduel, amidst the ruins of a hamlet devastated by the Saxons—He seeks a convent, of which only one tower, built by the Romans, remains—From the hill top he surveys the walls of Carduel and the Saxon encampment—The appearance of the holy Abbess, who recognises the king, and conducts him and his companions to the subterranean grottoes built by the Romans for a summer retreat—He leaves the Maiden to the care of the Abbess, and concerts with Gawaine the scheme for attack on the Saxons—The Virgin is conducted to the cell of the Abbess—Her thoughts and recollections, which explain her history—Her resolution—She attempts to escape—Meets the Abbess, who hangs the Cross round her neck, and blesses her—She departs to the Saxon Camp.

I.

King Crida's hosts are storming Carduel!
From vale to mount one world of armour shines,
Round castled piles, for which the forest fell,
Spreads the white war-town of the Teuton lines;
To countless clarions, countless standards swell;
King Crida's hosts are storming Carduel!

II.

There, all its floods the Saxon deluge pours;
All the fierce tribes; from those whose fathers first
With their red seaxes from the southward shores,
Carved realms for Hengist,—to the bands that burst
Along the Humber, on the idle wall
Rome built for manhood rotted by her thrall.

III.

There, wild allies from many a kindred race,
In Cymrian lands hail Teuton thrones to be:
Dark Jutland wails her absent populace,—
And large-limbed sons, his waves no more shall see,
Leave Danube desolate: afar they roam,
Where halts the Raven there to find a home.

IV.

Within the inmost fort the pine-trees made,
The hardy women kneel to warrior gods.
For where the Saxon armaments invade,
All life abandons their resigned abodes.
All that they prize the tents they pitch contain;
And each new march is for a new domain.

V.

To the stern gods the fair-haired women kneel,
As slow to rest the red sun glides along;
And near and far, hammers, and clanking steel,
Neighs from impatient barbs, and runic song
Mutter'd o'er mystic fires by wizard priests,
Invite the Valkyrs to the raven feasts.

VI.

For after nine long moons of siege and storm,
Thy hold, Pendragon, trembles to its fall!
Loftier the Roman tower uprears its form,
From the crushed bastion and the shattered wall,
And but till night those iron floods delay
Their rush of thunder:—Blood-red sinks the day.

VII.

Death halts to strike, and swift the moment flies:
Within the walls, (than all without more fell,)
Discord with Babel tongues confounds the wise,
And spectral Panic, like a form of hell
Chased by a Fury, fleets,—or, palsied, stands
Dull-eyed Despondence, wringing nerveless hands.

VIII.

And Pride, that evil angel of the Celt,
Whispers to all, "'tis servile to obey,"
Robs ordered Union of its starry belt,
Rends chief from chief and tribe from tribe away,
And leaves the children wrangling for command
Round the wild death-throes of the Father-land.

IX.

In breadless marts, the ill-persuading fiend
Famine, stalks maddening with her wolfish stare;
And hearts, on whose stout anchors Faith had leaned,
Bound at her look to treason from despair,
Shouting, "Why shrink we from the Saxon's thrall?
Is slavery worse than Famine smiting all?"

X.

Thus, in the absence of the sunlike king,
All phantoms stalk abroad; dissolve and droop
Light and the life of nations—while the wing
Of carnage halts but for its rushing swoop.
Some moan, some rave, some laze the hours away;—
And down from Carduel blood-red sunk the day!

XI.

Leaning against a broken parapet
Alone with Thought, mused Caradoc the Bard,
When a voice smote him, and he turned and met
A gaze prophetic in its sad regard.
Beside him, solemn with his hundred years,
Stood the arch hierarch of the Cymrian seers.

XII.

"Dost thou remember," said the Sage, "that hour
When, seeking signs to Glory's distant way,
Thou heard'st the night-bird in her leafy bower,
Singing sweet death-chaunts to her shining prey,
While thy young poet-heart, with ravished breath,
Hung on the music, nor divined the death?" *

XIII.

"Ay," the bard answer'd, "and ev'n now, methought,
I heard again the ambrosial melody!"
"So," sighed the Prophet, "to the bard, unsought,
Come the far whispers of Futurity!
Like his own harp, his soul a wind can thrill,
And the chord murmur, tho' the hand be still.

XIV.

"Wilt thou for ever, even from the tomb,
Live, yet a music, in the hearts of all;
Arise and save thy country from its doom;
Arise, Immortal, at the angel's call!
The hour shall give thee all thy life implored,
And make the lyre more glorious than the sword.

XV.

"In vain, thro' yon dull stupour of despair,
Sound Geraint's tromp and Owaine's battle-cry;
In vain where yon rude clamour storms the air,
The Council Chiefs stem mad'ning mutiny;
From Trystan's mail the lion heart is gone,
And on the breach stands Lancelot alone!

XVI.

"Drivelling the wise, and impotent the strong;
Fast into night the life of Freedom dies;
Awake Light-Bringer, wake bright soul of song,
Kindler, reviver, re-creator, rise!
Crown thy great mission with thy parting breath,
And teach to hosts the Bard's disdain of death!"

* See Book ii., pp. 52–53, stanzas xxiii.—xxvi.

XVII.

Thrilled at that voice the soul of Caradoc;
He heard, and knew his glory and his doom.
As when in summer's noon the lightning shock
Smites some fair elm in all its pomp of bloom,
Mid whose green boughs each vernal breeze had played,
And air's sweet race melodious homes had made;

XVIII.

So that young life bowed sad beneath the stroke
That seared the fresh and stilled the musical,
Yet on the sadness thought sublimely broke:
Holy the tree on which the bolt doth fall!
Wild flowers shall spring the sacred roots around,
And nightly fairies tread the haunted ground;

XIX.

There, age by age, shall Youth with musing brow,
Hear Legend murmuring of the days of yore;
There, virgin Love more lasting deem the vow
Breathed in the shade of branches green no more;
And kind Religion keep the grand decay
Still on the earth while forests pass away.

XX.

"So be it, O voice from Heaven," the Bard replied,
"Some grateful tears may yet embalm my name,
Ever for human love my youth hath sighed,
And human love's divinest form is fame.
Is the dream erring? shall the song remain?
Say, can one poet ever live in vain?"

XXI.

As the warm south on some unfathomed sea,
Along the Magian's soul, the awful rest
Stirred with the soft emotion: tenderly
He laid his hand upon the brows he blessed,
And said, "Complete beneath a brighter sun
The beautiful life which here was but begun.

XXII.

"Joyous and light, and fetterless thro' all
The blissful, infinite, empyreal space,
If then thy spirit stoopeth to recall
The ray it shed upon the human race,
See where the ray had kindled from the dearth,
Seeds that shall glad the garners of the earth!

XXIII.

"Never true Poet lived and sung in vain:
Lost if his name, and withered if his wreath,
The thoughts he woke must evermore remain
Fused in our light and blended with our breath;
All life more noble, and all earth more fair,
Because that soul refined man's common air!"*

XXIV.

Then rose the Bard, and smilingly unstrung
His harp of ivory sheen, from shoulders broad,
Kissing the hand that doomed his life, he sprung
Light from the shattered wall,—and swiftly strode
Where, herdlike huddled in the central space,
Drooped, in dull pause, the cowering populace.

XXV.

There, in the midst he stood! The heavens were pale
With the first stars, unseen amidst the glare
Cast from large pine-brands on the sullen mail
Of listless legions, and the streaming hair
Of women, wailing for the absent dead,
Or bowed o'er infant lips that moaned for bread.

* Perhaps it is in this sense that Taliessin speaks in his mystical poem, called "Taliessin's History," still extant:

"I have been an instructor
To the whole universe.
I shall remain till the day of doom
On the face of the earth."

XXVI.

From out the illumed cathedral hollowly
Swelled, like a dirge, the hymn; and thro' the throng
Whose looks had lost all commerce with the sky,
With lifted rood the slow monks swept along,
And vanished hopeless: From those wrecks of man
Fled ev'n Religion:—Then the BARD began.

XXVII.

Slow, pitying, soft it glides, the liquid lay,
Sad with the burthen of the Singer's soul;
Into the heart it coiled its lulling way;
Wave upon wave the golden river stole;
Hushed to his feet forgetful Famine crept,
And Woe, reviving, veiled the eyes that wept.

XXVIII.

Then stern, and harsh, clashed the ascending strain,
Telling of ills more dismal yet in store;
Rough with the iron of the grinding chain,
Dire with the curse of slavery evermore;
Wild shrieks from lips beloved pale warriors hear,
Her child's last death-groan rends the mother's ear;

XXIX.

Then trembling hands instinctive griped the swords;
And men unquiet sought each other's eyes;
Loud into pomp sonorous swell the chords,
Like linkëd legions march the melodies;
Till the full rapture swept the Bard along,
And o'er the listeners rushed the storm of song:

XXX.

And the Dead spoke; From cairns and kingly graves
The Heroes called;—and Saints from earliest shrines;
And the Land spoke!—Mellifluous river-waves;
Dim forests awful with the roar of pines;
Mysterious caves from legend-haunted deeps;
And torrents flashing from untrodden steeps;—

XXXI.

THE LAND OF FREEDOM called upon the Free!
All Nature spoke; the clarions of the wind;
The organ swell of the majestic sea;
The choral stars; the Universal Mind
Spoke, like the voice from which the world began,
"No chain for Nature and the Soul of Man!"

XXXII.

Then loud thro' all, as if Mankind's reply,
Burst from the Bard the Cymrian battle hymn!
That song which swelled the anthems of the Sky,
The Alleluia of the Seraphim;
When Saints led on the Children of the Lord,
And smote the Heathen with the Angel's sword.*

XXXIII.

As leaps the warfire on the beacon hills,
Leapt in each heart the lofty flame divine;
As into sunlight flash the molten rills,
Flasht the glad claymores, lightening line on line;
From cloud to cloud as thunder speeds along,
From rank to rank—rushed forth the choral song.—

XXXIV.

Woman and child—all caught the fire of men,
To its own heaven that Alleluia rang,
Life to the spectres had returned agen;
And from the grave an armëd Nation sprang!
Then spoke the Bard,—each crest its plumage bowed,
As the large voice went lengthening thro' the crowd.

* The Bishops, Germanus and Lupus, having baptized the Britons in the River Alyn, led them against the Picts and Saxons, to the cry of "Alleluia." The cry itself, uttered with all the enthusiasm of the Christian host, struck terror into the enemy, who at once took to flight. Most of those who escaped the sword perished in the river. This victory, achieved at Maes-Garmon, was called "Victoria Alleluiatica." BRIT. ECCLES. ANTIQ., 335; BED., lib. i., c. i., 20.

XXXV.

"Hark to the measured march!—The Saxons come!
The sound earth quails beneath the hollow tread!
Your fathers rushed upon the swords of Rome
And climbed her war-ships—when the Cæsar fled:
The Saxons come! why wait within the wall?
They scale the mountain:—let its torrents fall!

XXXVI.

"Mark, ye have swords, and shields, and armour, YE!
No mail defends the Cymrian Child of Song,*
But where the warrior—there the Bard shall be!
All fields of glory to the Bard belong!
His realm extends wherever god-like strife
Spurns the base death, and wins immortal life.

XXXVII.

"Unarmed he goes—his guard the shields of all,
Where he bounds foremost on the Saxon spear!
Unarmed he goes, that, falling, ev'n his fall
Shall bring no shame, and shall bequeath no fear!
Does his song cease?—avenge it by the deed,
And make his sepulchre—a nation freed!"

XXXVIII.

He said, and where the chieftains wrangling sate,
Led the grand army marshalled by his song;
Into the hall—and on the wild debate,
King of all kings, A PEOPLE, poured along;
And from the heart of man the trumpet cry
Smote faction down, "Arms, arms and liberty!"

XXXIX.

Meanwhile rolled on the Saxon's long array;
On to the wall the surge of slaughter rolled;
Slow up the mount—slow heaved its awful way;
The moonlight rested on the domes of gold;
No warder peals alarum from the keep,
And Death comes mute, as on the realm of Sleep;

* No Cymrian bard, according to the primitive law, was allowed the use f weapons.

XL.

When, as their ladders touched the ruined wall,
And to the van, high-towering, Harold strode,
Sudden expand the brazen-gates, and all
The awful arch as with the lava glowed;
Torch upon torch the dreadful sweep illumes,
The burst of armour and the flash of plumes!

XLI.

Rings Owaine's shout;—rings Geraint's thunder-cry;
The Saxon's death-knell in a hundred wars;
And Cador's laugh of joy;—rush through the sky
Bright tossing banderolls—swift as shooting stars.—
Trystan's white lion—Lancelot's cross of red,
And Tudor's * standard with the Saxon's head.

XLII.

And high o'er all, its scalëd splendour rears
The vengeful emblem of the Dragon Kings.
Full on the Saxon bursts the storm of spears;
Far down the vale the charging whirlwind rings;
While, thro' the ranks its barbëd knighthood clave,
All Carduel follows with its roaring wave.

XLIII.

And ever in the van, with robes of white
And ivory harp, shone swordless Caradoc;
And ever floated, in melodious might,
The clear song buoyant o'er the battle shock;
Calm as an eagle, when the Olympian King
Sends the red bolt upon its tranquil wing.

XLIV.

Borne back, and wedged within the ponderous weight
Of their own dense and multitudinous crowd,
Recoiled the Saxons! As adown the height
Of some grey mountain, rolls the cloven cloud,
Smit by the shafts of the resistless day,—
So to the vale sunk dun the rent array.

* The old arms of the Tudors were three Saxons' heads.

XLV.

Midway between the camp and Carduel,
Halting their slow retreat, the Saxons stood;
There, as the Sea Arabian ere it fell
On Ægypt's chariots, gathered up the flood;
There, in suspended deluge, solid rose,
And hung expectant o'er the hurrying foes.

XLVI.

Right in the centre, rampired round with shields,
King Crida stood,—o'er him, its livid mane
The Horse whose pasture is the Valkyr's fields
Flung wide;—but, foremost thro' the javelin-rain,
Blazed Harold's helm, as when, thro' all the stars
Distinct, pale soothsayers see the dooming Mars.

XLVII.

Down dazzling sweeps the Cymrian Chivalry
Round the bright sweep closes the Saxon wall;
Snatcht from the glimmer of the funeral sky,
Raves the blind murder; and enclasped with all
Its own stern hell, against the iron bar
Pants the fierce heart of the imprisoned War.

XLVIII.

Only by gleaming banners and the flash
Of some large sword, the vext Obscure once more
Sparkled to light. In one tumultuous crash
Merged every sound—as when the maëlstrom's roar
By dire Lofoden, dulls the seaman's groan,
And drowns the voice of tempests in its own.

XLIX.

The Cymrian ranks,—disparted from their van,
And their hemmed horsemen,—stubborn, but in vain,
Press thro' the levelled spears; yet, man by man,
And shield to shield close-serried, they sustain
The sleeting hail against them hurtling sent,
From every cloud in that dread armament.

L.

But now, at length, cleaving the solid clang,
And o'er the dead men in their frowning sleep,
The rallying shouts of chiefs confronted rang
"Thor and Walhalla!"—answered swift and deep
By "Alleluia!" and thy chaunted cry,
Young Bard sublime, "For Christ and Liberty!"

LI.

Then the ranks opened, and the midnight moon
Streamed where the battle, like the scornful main,
Ebbed from the dismal wrecks its wrath had strewn.
Paused either host;—lo, in the central plain
Two chiefs had met, and in that breathless pause,
Each to its champion left a Nation's cause.

LII.

Now, heaven defend thee, noble Lancelot!
For never yet such danger thee befell,—
Tho' loftier deeds than thine emblazon not
The peerless Twelve of golden Carduel,
Tho' oft thy breast hath singly stemmed a field,—
As when thy falchion clashed on Harold's shield!

LIII.

And Lancelot knew not his majestic foe,
Save by his deeds; by Cador's cloven crest;
By Modred's corpse; by rills of blood below,
And shrinking helms above;—when from the rest
Spurring,—the steel of his uplifted brand
Drew down the lightning of that red right hand.

LIV.

Full on the Saxon's shield the sword descends;
The strong shield clattering shivers at the stroke,
And the bright crest with all its plumage bends,
As to the blast with all its boughs an oak:
As from the blast an oak retowering slow,
The crest remounts, and overshades the foe.

LV.

Now, grasped with both hands, o'er the Christian hung
The axe that Woden taught his sons to wield;
Slant from the death-blow Lancelot's charger sprung
And Cymri sees its champion fly the field.
Feigns he to fly, but to renew, the strife?
Or holds he honour of less worth than life?

LVI.

"Lo, Saxons, lo, what chiefs these Walloons * lead!"
Laughed hollow from his helm the scornful Thane.
Then tow'rds less recreant knights he spurred his steed,
When on his path rushed Lancelot again.
Thus, when awhile the falcon soars away,
'Tis but for deadlier swoop upon its prey:

LVII.

And as the falcon, while its talons dart
Into the crane's broad bosom, splits its own
On the sharp beak, and, clinging heart to heart,
Both in one plumage blent, spin whirling down,—
So in that shock each found, and dealt, the blow;
Rolled horse on horse; fell, grappling, foe on foe.

LVIII.

First to his feet the slighter Cymrian leapt,
And on the Saxon's breast set firm his knee;
Then thro' the heathen host a shudder crept,
Rose all their voices,—wild and wailingly;
"Woe, Harold, woe!" as from one bosom came,
The groan of thousands, and the mighty name.

LIX.

The Cymrian starts, and stays his lifted hand,
For at that name from Harold's vizor shone
Genevra's eyes! Back in its sheath the brand
He plunged:—rose Harold—and the foe was gone,—
Lost amid dust-clouds, big with arrowy rain,
Where thickest grouped the slaughterers round the slain.

* Walloons,—the name given by the Saxons, in contumely, to the Cymrians.

LX.

Fast on his track spurred every Cymrian knight,
Again confused, the onslaught raged on high;
Again the war-shout swelled above the fight,
Again the chaunt "for Christ and Liberty,"
When, with fresh hosts unbreathed, the Saxon king
Forth from the wall of shields leapt thundering.

LXI.

Behind the chief the dreadful godfanon
Spread;—the Pale Horse went rushing down the wind.—
"On where the Valkyrs rest o'er Carduel, on!
On o'er the corpses to the wolf consigned!
On, that the Pale Horse, ere the night be o'er,
Stalled in yon tower, may rest his hoofs of gore!"

LXII.

Thus spoke the king, and all his hosts replied;
Filled by his word and kindled by his look—
For helmless, with his grey hair streaming wide,
He strided thro' the spears;—the mountains shook—
Shook the dim city—as that answer rang;
The fierce shout chiming to the buckler's clang!

LXIII.

Aghast, the Cymrians see, like Titan sons
New-born from earth,—leap forth the sudden bands:
As when the wind's invisible tremour runs
Thro' corn-sheafs ripening for the reaper's hands,
The glittering tumult undulating flows,
And the field quivers where the panic goes.

LXIV.

The Christians waver—shrink—recoil—give way,
Strike with weak hands amazed; half turn to flee;
In vain with knightly charge their chiefs delay
The hostile mass that rolls resistlessly;
And the pale hoofs, for aye, had trampled down
The Cymrian freedom and the Dragon Crown,

LXV.

But for that arch preserver, under heaven,
Of names and states, the Bard! the hour was come
To prove the ends for which the lyre was given:—
Each thought divine demands its martyrdom.
Where round the central standard rallying flock
The Dragon Chiefs—paused and spoke Caradoc:

LXVI.

"Ye Cymrian men!" Hushed at the calm sweet sound,
Drooped the wild murmur, bowed the loftiest crest,
Meekly the haughty paladins grouped round,
The swordless hero with the mail-less breast,
Whose front, serene amid the spears, had taught
To humbled force the chivalry of Thought.

LXVII.

"Ye Cymrian men—from Heus the Guardian's tomb
I speak the oracular promise of the Past.
Fear not the Saxon! Till the Judgment-Doom,
Free on their hills the Dragon race shall last,
If from yon heathen, ye this night can save
One spot not wider than a single grave.

LXVIII.

"For thus the antique prophecy decrees,—
'When, where the Pale Horse crushes down the dead,
War's many sons shall see one child of Peace
Grasp at the mane to fall beneath the tread—
There, where he falleth let his corpse remain,
There, bid the Dragon rest above the slain;

LXIX.

"'There, let the steel-clad living watch the clay,
Till on that spot the grave for it be made,—
And the Pale Horse shall melt in cloud away,
No stranger's step the sacred mound invade:
A People's life that single death shall save,
And all the land be hallowed by one grave.'

LXX.

"So be the Guardian's prophecy fulfilled!
Advance the Dragon, for the grave is mine."
He ceased; while yet the silver accents thrilled
Each mail-clad bosom, down the listening line
Bounded his steed, and like an arrow went
His plume, swift glancing thro' the armament;

LXXI.

On, thro' the tempest, went it glimmering;
On, thro' the rushing barbs and levelled spears;
On, where, far streaming o'er the Teuton king,
Its horrent pomp the ghastly standard rears;
On rushed to rescue all to whom his breath
Lent what saves Nations,—the disdain of death.

LXXII.

Alike the loftiest knight and meanest man,
All the roused host, but now so panic-chilled,
All Cymri once more as one Cymrian,
With the last light of that grand spirit filled,
Thro' rank on rank, down-mowed, down-trampled, sped,
And reached the standard—to defend the dead.

LXXIII.

Wrenched from the heathen's hand, one moment, bowed
In the bright Christian's grasp, the gonfanon;
Then from a dumb amaze the countless crowd
Woke,—and the night, as with a sudden sun,
Flashed with avenging steel; life gained its goal,
And calm from lips proud-smiling went the soul!

LXXIV.

Leapt from his selle, the king-born Lancelot;
Leapt from the selle each paladin and knight;
In one mute sign that, where upon that spot
The foot was planted, God forbade the flight:
There, should the Father-land avenge its son,
Or heap all Cymri round the grave of one.

LXXV.

Then, well nigh side by side—broad floated forth
The Cymrian Dragon and the Teuton Steed,
The rival Powers that struggle for the north;
The gory Idol—the chivalric Creed;
Odin's and Christ's confronting flags unfurled,
As which should save and which destroy a world:

LXXVI.

Then fought those Cymrian men, as if on each
All Cymri set its last undaunted hope;
Thro' the steel bulwarks round them yawns the breach;
Vistas to freedom brightning onwards ope;
Crida in vain leads band on slaughtered band,
In vain unsparing smites dread Harold's hand;

LXXVII.

As the fierce pard, when in its headlong bound
On the wild bull, baffled by horns that gore,
Shrinks back, and reddens, in retreat, the ground
With ebbing life-blood;—so recedes, before
Its purposed victim, Crida's foiled array,
Awed by the marvel of its own dismay.

LXXVIII.

"Some God more mighty than Walhalla's king
Strikes in yon arms"—the sullen murmurs run,
And fast and faster speeds the Dragon wing—
And shrinks and cowers the ghastly gonfanon,
The panic gathers, and the Pale Horse flies;
Lone rests the Dragon under dawning skies!

LXXIX.

Lone rests the Dragon, with its wings outspread
O'er one spot hallowed;—Caradoc lies there;
And there kneel Christian warriors round the Dead,
With sobs that slowly vent themselves in prayer.
Calm is the dead man's smile as when he braved
Hosts; and his altars and his land were saved.

LXXX.

Pardon, ye shrouded and mysterious Powers,
Ye far-off Shadows from the spirit-clime,
If, for that realm untrodden by the Hours,
Awhile we leave this lazar-house of Time;
With Song remounting to those native airs
Of which, tho' exiled, still we are the heirs.

LXXXI.

Up from the clay and tow'rds the Seraphim,
The Immortal, men called Caradoc, arose.
Round the freed captive whose melodious hymn
Had hailed each ray our earthly prison knows,
Spread all the aisles by angel worship trod;
Blazed every altar conscious of its God;

LXXXII.

All the illumed creation one calm shrine;
All space one rapt adoring ecstacy;
All the sweet stars, with their untroubled shine,
Near and more near enlarging thro' the sky;
All, opening gradual on the eternal sight,
Joy after joy, the depths of their delight.

LXXXIII.

Paused on the marge, Heaven's beautiful New-born,
Paused on the marge of that wide happiness;
And as a lark that, poised amid the morn,
Shakes from its wings the dews,—the plumes of bliss,
Sunned in the dawn of the diviner birth,
Shook every sorrow memory bore from earth:

LXXXIV.

Knowledge, which on the troubled waves of sense
Breaks into sparkles, poured upon the soul
Its lambent, clear, translucent affluence,
And cold-eyed Reason loosed its hard control;
Each godlike guess beheld the truth it sought;
And inspiration flashed from what was thought.

LXXXV.

Stilled evermore the old familiar train
Of human motives prompting human deeds,
The unquiet race of the material brain,
Formed for this life, and fashioned to its needs,
But without uses in that second birth,
When wakes in heaven the soul's last sleep on earth.

LXXXVI.

Greed and Ambition, those misled desires
For bournes that fly us into worlds afar;
And carnal Passion which with meteor fires
Allures from lights in heaven; Wisdom at war
With its own angel, Faith;—that nurse of Grief,
Hope, crowned with flowers, a blight in every leaf;

LXXXVII.

All these are still—abandoned to the worm,
Their loud breath jars not on the calm above:
Only survived, as if the single germ
Of the new life's celestial essence,—LOVE.
Ah, if the bud can give such bloom to Time,
What is the flower when in its native clime?

LXXXVIII.

Love to the radiant Stranger left alone
Of all the vanished hosts of memory;
While broadening round, on splendour splendour shone,
To earth soft-pitying dropt the veil-less eye,
And saw the shape, that love remembered still,
Couched 'mid the ruins on the moonlit hill;

LXXXIX.

And the freed Spirit comprehending all
Which to the labouring King had been ordained,
Knew itself summoned, and obeyed the call,
To crown with peace the gifts thro' conflict gained,
And to reveal, in Arthur's destined bride,
The lovely form concealed in Duty's guide.

XC.

Pale to the slumbering king the Shadow came,
Its glory left it as the earth it neared,
In livid likeness as its corpse the same,
Wan with its wounds the awful ghost appeared.
Life heard the voice of unembodied breath,
And Sleep stood trembling side by side with Death.

XCI.

"Come," said the Voice, "Before the Iron Gate
Which hath no egress, waiting thee, behold
Beside that Power which is to Matter—Fate,
But not to Soul,—the guide with locks of gold."
Then rose the mortal following, and, before,
Moved the pale shape the angel's comrade wore.

XCII.

Where, in the centre of those ruins grey,
Immense with blind walls columnless, a tomb
For earlier kings, whose names had passed away,
Dusked the chill moonlight with its mass of gloom;
Thro' doors, ajar to every prying blast,
By which to rot imperial dust had past,

XCIII.

The Vision went, and went the living king;
Then strange and hard to human ear to tell
By language moulded but by thoughts that bring
Material images, what there befell!
The mortal entered Eld's dumb burial place,
And at the threshold, vanished time and space!

XCIV.

Yea, the hard sense of time was from the mind
Rased and annihilate;—yea, space to eye
And soul was presenceless? What rest behind?
Thought and the Infinite! the eternal I,
And its true realm the Limitless, whose brink
Thought ever nears: What bounds us when we think?

XCV.

"What," asked the Dreamer, "is this Nothingness,
Empty as air—yet air without a breath?"
Answered the Ghost—"Tho' it be measureless,
'Tis but that line 'twixt life and life called 'Death,'*
Which souls, transported to a second birth,
Pass in an instant when they soar from earth.

XCVI.

"From the brief Here to the eternal There
We can but see the swift flash of the goal,
Less than the space between two waves of air,
The void between existence and a soul;
Wherefore look forth and with calm sight endure
The vague impalpable, inane Obscure!

XCVII.

"Lo, by the Iron Gate a giant cloud,
From which emerge (the form itself unseen,)
Vast adamantine brows, sublimely bowed
Over the dark—relentlessly serene;
That power called Nature,—in this mortal state
Is to all matter which is soulless, Fate;†

* The sublime idea of the nonenity of death, of the instantaneous transit of the soul from one phase and cycle of being to another, is earnestly insisted upon by the early Cymrian bards in terms which seem borrowed from some spiritual belief anterior to that which does in truth teach that the life of man once begun, has not only no end, but no pause—and, in the triumphal cry of the Christian, "O grave where is thy victory?" annihilates death.

† Sir William Hamilton (Lectures on Metaphysics, vol. i. p. 40, foot note) thus explains the sense in which Nature is here viewed—as distinct from the vague and non-metaphysical sense in which she is popularly regarded at least by English writers, and is for instance, addressed (Book viii, stanzas cvii—viii), in this Poem:—"In the philosophy of Germany, *Natur* and its correlatives, whether of Greek or Latin derivation, are in general expressive of the world of matter in contrast to the world of intelligence."

I was not aware when in accepting this metaphysical definition of Nature, I attempted to show, in the earlier editions of my poem, how Nature, thus seen, identifies herself with Necessity or Fate, that a similar or analogous idea had been expressed by one of the noblest reasoners on the immaterial or religious side of philosophical inquiry, viz:—Jacobi, whom Sir William Hamilton justly entitles "the pious and profound." And in this edition the verses in the former ones have been recast in order to avail myself as

XCVIII.

"Issuing fixed laws which the brute world obey;
Hiding the Great Law-giver of the whole;
Nature saith not unto the lion 'Pray,'
Nor to the lamb 'Look upward!'—in the Soul
Of Man the Supernatural lodged reveals
The God whom Nature—Matter's Fate—conceals.

XCIX.

"And every work in which his sovran art
Bows will-less-Nature to subserve his will,
And every instinct which compels his heart
To yearnings Nature never can fulfil,
Attest the future which to Man is given
As earth's sole creature that conceives a heaven."

far as possible of the argument conveyed by Jacobi in the sentences I subjoin, and which I would respectfully entreat the reader to peruse with care, not only as affording the authority upon which the reasonings in the text are mainly based, but as supplying the key to whatever it may seem to him that the verses have left obscure.

"But is it unreasonable to confess that we believe in God, not by reason of the nature, which conceals Him, but by reason of the supernatural in man, which alone reveals and proves Him to exist?

"*Nature Conceals God:* for through her whole domain Nature reveals only fate, only an indissoluble chain of mere efficient causes without beginning and without end, excluding, with equal necessity, both providence and chance. An independent agency, a free original commencement within her sphere, and proceeding from her powers, is absolutely impossible. Working without will, she takes counsel neither of the good nor of the beautiful; creating nothing, she casts up from her dark abyss only eternal transformations of herself, unconsciously and without an end; furthering with the same ceaseless industry decline and increase, death and life,—never producing what alone is of God, and what supposes liberty—the virtuous, the immortal.

"*Man Reveals God:* for man by his intelligence rises above nature, and in virtue of this intelligence is conscious of himself as a power, not only independent of, but opposed to, nature, and capable of resisting, conquering, and controlling her. As man has a living faith in his power, superior to nature, which dwells in him, so has he a belief in God, a feeling, an experience of his existence. As he does not believe in this power, so does he not believe in God; he sees, he experiences nought in existence but Nature, —Necessity,—Fate."—JACOBI, Von den Göttlichen Dingen, Werke iii. p. 424—6; quoted by Sir William Hamilton, Lectures on Metaphysics, vol. i. p. 40—41.

C.

While spoke the ghost, before the Iron Gate
Sudden stood forth amidst the cloud whose gloom
Mantled the form of Nature throned as Fate,
An image radiant with no mortal bloom,
Its left hand bore a mirror, crystal-bright,
A wand star-pointed, glittered in the right.

CI.

"Dost thou not know me?—Me, thy second soul?
Dost thou not know me, Arthur?" said the Voice;
"I who have led thee to each noble goal,
Mirrored thy heart, and starward led thy choice?
To teach thee wisdom won in Labour's school,
I lured thy footsteps to the forest pool,

CII.

"Shewed all the woes which wait inebriate Power,
And woke the Man from Youth's voluptuous dream;
Glassed on the crystal—let each stainless hour
Obey the wand I lift unto the beam;
And at the last, when yonder gates expand,
Pass with thy Guardian Angel hand in hand."

CIII.

Spoke the sweet Splendour, and, as music dies
Into the heart that hears it, passed away,
Then Arthur lifted his serenest eyes
Tow'rds the pale Shade from the celestial day,
And said, "O thou in life beloved so well,
Dream I or wake?—As those last accents fell,

CIV.

"So fears that, spite of thy mild words, dismayed—
Fears not of death, but that which death conceals,
Vanish;—my soul that trembled at thy shade,
Yearns to the far light which the shade reveals,
And sees how human is the dismal error
That hideth God, when veiling Death with terror.

CV.

"Ev'n thus some infant, in the early spring,
Under the pale buds of the almond tree,
Shrinks from the wind that, with an icy wing
Shakes, showering down, white flakes that seem to be
Winter's wan sleet,—till the quick sunbeam shows
That those were blossoms which he took for snows.

CVI.

"Thou, to this last supremest mystery
Of my strange travail, as instructor sent,
Dear as thou wert, I will not mourn for thee,
Thou wert not shaped for earth's hard element—
Our ends, our aims, our pleasure and our woe,
Thou knew'st them all, but thine we could not know.

CVII.

"Forgive that none were worthy of thy worth!
That none took heed, upon their plodding way,
What diamond dew was on the flowers of earth,
Till, in thy soul, drawn upward to the day.
But now, why gape the wounds upon thy breast?
What guilty hand dismissed thee to the blest?

CVIII.

"For blest thou art, belov'd and lost? Oh, speak,
Say thou art with the Angels?"—As at night
Far off, the pharos on the mountain-peak
Sends o'er dim ocean one pale path of light,
Lost in the wideness of the weltering Sea,—
So, that one gleam along eternity

CIX.

Vouchsafed, Heaven's messenger (his mission closed)
Fled; and the mortal stood amidst the cloud.
All dark above,—lo at his feet reposed
Beneath the Brows which over both were bowed,
With looks that lit the darkness where they smiled,
A Virgin shape, half woman and half child!

CX.

There as if Nature (call by that mild name
The Power which but to soul-less things is Fate),
Had culled her choicest elements to frame
Perfected beauty,—by the Iron Gate
The dreamer gazed upon the promised guide
Thro' life to death, his soul's predestined bride.

CXI.

And as he gazed he thought to hear from far
The Enchanter's voice—"Behold, transformed the Dove!
In this last prize thy trials ended are:
No life completes itself that knows not love
As the soul knows it."—Here the morning beam
Flashed on the dreamer and dispelled the dream.

CXII.

Was it in truth a Dream? He gazed around,
And saw the granite of sepulchral walls;
Thro' open doors, along the desolate ground,
O'er coffined dust—the joyous sunshine falls,
Revives the stir of insect life, and flings
A glory wasted on the tombs of kings.

CXIII.

He stood within that Golgotha of old,
Whither the Phantom first had led the soul.
It was no dream! lo, round those locks of gold
Rest the young sunbeams like an auriole;
Lo, where the day night's mystic promise keeps,
And in the tomb a life of beauty sleeps!

CXIV.

Slow to his eyes, those lids reveal their own,
And, the lips smiling evën in their sigh,
The Virgin woke. O never yet was known,
In bower or pleasaunce under summer sky,
Life so enriched with nature's happiest bloom
As thine, thou young Aurora of the tomb!

CXV.

Words cannot paint thee, gentlest cynosure
Of all things lovely in that loveliest form
Souls wear—the youth of woman! brows as pure
As Memphian skies that never knew a storm;
Lips with such sweetness in their honied deeps
As fills the rose in which a fairy sleeps;

CXVI.

Eyes on whose tenderest azure, aching hearts
Might look as to a heaven, and cease to grieve;
The very blush, as day, when it departs,
Haloes, in flushing, the mild cheek of eve,
Taking soft warmth in light from earth afar,
Heralds no thought less holy than a star.

CXVII.

And Arthur spoke! O ye, all noble souls,
Divine how knighthood speaks to maiden fear!
Yet, is it fear which that young heart controuls
And leaves its music voiceless on the ear?—
Ye, who have felt what words can ne'er express,
Say then, is fear as still as happiness?

CXVIII.

By the mute pathos of an eloquent sign,
Her rosy finger on her lip, the maid
Seemed to denote that on that coral shrine
Speech was to silence vowed. Then from the shade
Gliding—she stood beneath the golden skies,
Fair as the dawn that brightened Paradise.

CXIX.

And Arthur looked, and saw the dove no more;
Yet, by some wild and wondrous glamoury,
Changed to the shape the new companion wore,
His soul the missing Angel seemed to see;
And, soft and silent as the earlier guide,
The soft eyes thrill, the silent footsteps glide.

CXX.

Thro' paths his yester steps had failed to find,
Adown the woodland slope she leads the king,—
And, pausing oft, she turns to look behind,
As oft had turned the dove upon the wing;
And oft he questioned, still to find reply
Mute on the lip, yet struggling to the eye.

CXXI.

Far briefer now the way, and open more
To heaven, than those his whilome steps had won;
And sudden, lo! his galley's brazen prore
Beams from the greenwood burnished in the sun;
Up from the sward his watchful cruisers spring,
And loud-lipp'd welcome hails the genial King.

CXXII.

Now plies the rapid oar, now swells the sail;
All day, and deep into the heart of night,
Flies the glad bark before the favouring gale;
Now Sabra's virgin waters dance in light
Under the large full moon, on margents green,
Lone with charred wrecks where Saxon fires have been.

CXXIII.

Here furls the sail, here rests awhile the oar,
And from the crews the Cymrians and the maid
Pass with hushed breath along the mournful shore;
For, where yon groves the gradual hillock shade,
A convent stood when Arthur left the land.
God grant the shrine hath 'scap'd the heathen's hand!

CXXIV.

As onward wends their way, thro' roofless walls
And casement gaps, the ghost-like star-beams peer:
Welcomed by night and ruin, hollow falls
The footstep of a King:—Upon the ear
The inexpressible hush of murder lay,—
Wide yawned the doors, and not a watch dog's bay!

CXXV.

They pass the groves, they gain the holt, and, lo,
Rests of the sacred pile but one grey tower,
A fort for luxury in the long-ago
Of gentile gods, and Rome's voluptuous power.
But far, on walls yet spared, the moon-beams fell,—
Far on the golden domes of Carduel.

CXXVI.

"Joy," cried the King, "behold, the land lives still!"
Then Gawaine pointed, where in lengthening line
The Saxon watch-fires from the haunted hill,—
Shorn of its forest old,—their blood-red shine
Fling over Isca, and with wrathful flush
Gild the vast storm-cloud of the armëd hush.

CXXVII.

"Ay," said the King, "in that lulled Massacre
Doth no ghost whisper Crida—'Sleep no more!'
Hark, where I stand, dark murder-chief, on thee
I launch the doom! ye airs, that wander o'er
Ruins and graveless bones, to Crida's sleep
Bear Cymri's promise, which her king shall keep!"

CXXVIII.

As thus he spoke, upon his outstretched arm
A light touch trembled,—turning he beheld
The maiden of the tomb; a wild alarm
Stared from her eyes; his own their terror spelled.
Struggling for speech, the pale lips writhed apart,
And, as she clung, he heard her beating heart;

CXXIX.

While Arthur marvelling soothed the agony
Which, comprehending not, he still could share,
Sudden sprang Gawaine—hark! a timorous cry
Pierced yon dim shadows! Arthur looked, and where,
On artful valves revolved the stony door,
A kneeling nun his knight is bending o'er.

"

CXXX.

Ere the nun's fears the knightly words dispel
As tow'rds the spot the maid and monarch came,
On Arthur's brow the slanted moon-beams fell,
And the nun knew the King, and called his name,
And clasped his knees, and sobbed thro' joyous tears,
"Once more! once more! our God his people hears!"

CXXXI.

Kin to his blood—the welcome face of one
Known as a saint throughout the Christian land,
Arthur recalled, and as a pious son
Honouring a mother—on that sacred hand
In homage bowed the King, "What mercy saves
Thee, blest survivor in this shrine of graves?"

CXXXII.

Then the nun led them, thro' the artful door
Masked in the masonry, adown a stair
That coiled its windings to the grottoed floor
Of vaulted chambers desolately fair;
Wrought in the green hill, like an Oread's home,
For summer heats by some soft lord of Rome.

CXXXIII.

On shells, which nymphs from silver sands might cull,
On paved mosaic, and long-silenced fount,
On marble waifs of the far Beautiful
By graceful spoiler garnered from the mount
Of vocal Delphi, or the Elean town,
Or Sparta's rival of the violet-crown—

CXXXIV.

Shone the rude cresset from the homely shrine
Of that new Power, upon whose Syrian Cross
Perished the antique Jove. And the grave sign
Of the glad faith (which, for the lovely loss
Of poet-gods, their own Olympus frees
To man,—Men's souls the new Uranides—)

CXXXV.

High from the base, on which, of old, reposed
Grape-crowned Iacchus—spoke the Saving Woe!
Within these crypts to prying daylight closed,
While o'er them, heaped by the fierce heathen foe,
Their walls in smouldering ruin strewed the ground,
Asylum safe the Christian vestals found.

CXXXVI.

To peasants, scattered thro' the neighbouring plains,
The secret known;—kind hands with pious care
Supply such humble nurture as sustains
Lives most with fast familiar; thus and there
The patient sisters in their faith sublime,
Felt God was good, and waited for His time.

CXXXVII.

Yet ever, when the crimes of earth and day
Slept in the starry peace, to the lone tower
The sainted Abbess won her nightly way,
And gazed on Cardnel!—'T was the wonted hour
When from the opening door the Cymrian knight
Saw the pale shadow steal along the light.

CXXXVIII.

Musing, the King the safe retreat surveyed,
And smoothed his brow from the time's urgent care;
Here—from the strife secure, might rest the maid
Not meet the tasks which morn must bring, to share;
And pleased the Mother's pitying looks he eyed
Bent on the young form creeping to her side.

CXXXIX.

"King," said the Abbess, "from some distant clime
Comes this fair stranger, that her eyes alone
Answer our mountain tongue?"—"May happier time,"
Replied the King, "her tale, her land, make known.
Meanwhile, O kind recluse, receive the guest
To whom these altars seem the native rest."

CXL.

The Mother smiled, "In sooth those looks," she said,
"Do speak a soul pure with celestial air;
And in the morrow's awful hour of dread,
Her heart methinks will echo to our prayer,
And breathe responsive to the hymns that swell
The Christian's curse upon the Infidel.

CXLI.

"But say, if truth, from rumour vague and wild,
To this still world the friendly peasants bring,
'That grief and wrath for some lost heathen child,
Urge to yon walls the Mercians' direful king?'"—
"Nay," said the Cymrian, "doth ambition fail—
When force needs falsehood, of the glozing tale?

CXLII.

"And—but behold the stranger faints, outworn
By the long wandering and the scorch of day!"
Pale as a lily when the dewless morn,
Parched in the fiery dog-star, wanes away
Into the glare of noon without a cloud,
O'er the nun's breast that flower of beauty bowed.

CXLIII.

Yet still the clasp retained the hand that prest,
And breath came still, tho' heaved in sobbing sighs.
"Leave her," the Mother said, "to needful rest,
And to such care as woman best supplies;
And may this charge a conqueror soon recall,
And change the refuge to a monarch's hall!"

CXLIV.

Tho' found the asylum sought, with boding mind
The crowning guerdon of his mystic toil
To the kind nun the unwilling King resigned;
Nor till his step was on his mountain soil
Did his large heart its lion calm regain,
And o'er his soul no thought but Cymri reign.

CXLV.

As tow'rds the bark the friends resume their way,
Quick they resolve the conflict's hardy scheme;
With half the Northmen, at the break of day
Shall Gawaine sail where Sabra's broadening stream
Admits a reeded creek; and, landing there,
Elude the fleet the neighbouring waters bear;

CXLVI.

Thro' secret paths with bush and bosk o'ergrown,
Wind round the tented hill, and win the wall;
With Arthur's name arouse the leaguered town,
Give its pent stream the cataract's rushing fall,
And launch, where Crida hath encamped his horde,
All who in Cardnel yet survive the sword.

CXLVII.

Meanwhile on foot the king shall guide his band
Round to the rearward of the vast array,
Where yet large fragments of the forest stand
To shroud with darkness the avenger's way;—
Thence, when least looked for, burst upon the foe,
On war's own heart direct the sudden blow;

CXLVIII.

Thus, front and rear assailed, their numbers, less
(Perplexed, distraught,) avail the heathen's power.
Dire were the odds: the chances of success
Lay in the accurate seizure of the hour;
The high-souled rashness of the bold emprize;
The fear that smites the fiercest in surprize;

CXLIX.

Whatever worth the enchanted boons may bear;
The hero heart by which those boons were won;
The stubborn strength of that supreme despair,
When victory lost is a whole realm undone;
In the man's cause, and in the Christian zeal;
And the just God who sanctions Freedom's steel.

CL.

Meanwhile, along a cavelike corridor
The stranger guest the gentle Abbess led;
Where the voluptuous hypocaust of yore
Left cells for vestal dreams saint-hallowed.
Her own, austerely rude, affords the rest
To which her parting kiss consigns the guest.

CLI.

But welcome not for rest that loneliness!
The iron lamp the imaged cross displays,
And to that guide for souls, what mute distress
Lifts the imploring passion of its gaze?
Fear like remorse—and sorrow dark as sin?
Enter that mystic heart and look within!

CLII.

What broken gleams of memory come and go
Along the dark!—a silent starry love
Lighting young Fancy's virgin waves below,
But shed from thoughts that rest ensphered above!
Oh, flowers whose bloom had perfumed Carmel, weave
Wreaths for such love as lived in Geneviève!

CLIII.

A May noon resteth on the forest hill;
A May noon resteth over ruins hoar;
A maiden muses on the forest hill,
A tomb's vast pile o'ershades the ruins hoar,
With doors now open to each prying blast,
Where once to rot imperial dust had past;

CLIV.

Glides thro' that tomb of Eld the musing maid,
And slumber drags her down its airy deep.
O wondrous trance! in druid robes arrayed,
What form benignant charms the life-like sleep?
What spells low-chaunted, holy-sweet, like prayer,
Plume the light soul, and waft it through the air?

CLV.

Comes a dim sense as of an angel's being,
Bathed in ambrosial dews and liquid day;
Of floating wings, like héavenward instincts, freeing
Thro' azure solitudes a spirit's way,—
An absence of all earthly thought, desire,
Aim—hope,—save those which love and which aspire;

CLVI.

Each harder sense of the mere human mind
Merged into some protective prescience;
Calm gladness, conscious of a charge consigned
To the pure ward of guardian innocence;
And the felt presence, in that charge, of one
Whose smile to life is as to flowers the sun.

CLVII.

Go on, thou troubled Memory, wander on!
Dull, o'er the bounds of the departing trance,
Droops the lithe wing the airier life hath known;
Yet on the confines of the dream, the glance
Sees—where before he stood, the Enchanter stand,
Bend the vast brow, and stretch the shadowy hand.

CLVIII.

And, human sense reviving, on the ear
Fall words ambiguous, now with happy hours
And plighted love,—and now with threats austere
Of demon dangers—of malignant Powers
Whose force might yet the counter charm unbind,
If loosed the silence to her lips enjoined.—

CLIX.

Then, as that Image faded from the verge
Of life's renewed horizon—came the day;
Yet, ere the vision's last faint gleams submerge
Into earth's common light, their parting ray
On Arthur's brow the faithful memories leave,
And the Dove's heart still beats in Genevieve!

CLX.

Still she the presence feels,—resumes the guide,
Till slowly, slowly waned the prescient power
Which gave the guardian to the pilgrim's side;—
And only rested, with her human dower
Of gifts sublime to soothe, but weak to save,
And blind to warn,—the Daughter of the Grave.

CLXI.

Yet the lost dream bequeathed, for evermore,
Thoughts that did, like a second nature, make
Life to that life the Dove had hovered o'er
Cling as an instinct,—and for that dear sake
Danger and Death had found the woman's love
In realms as near the Angels as the Dove.

CLXII.

And now and now is she herself the one
To launch the bolt on that belovëd life?
Shuddering she starts, again she hears the nun
Denounce the curse that arms the awful strife;
Again her lips the wild cry stifle,—"See
Crida's lost child, thy country's curse, in me!"

CLXIII.

Or—if along the world of that despair
Fleet other spectres,—from the ruined steep
Points the dread arm, and hisses thro' the air
The avenger's sentence on her father's sleep!
The dead seem rising from the yawning floor,
And the shrine steams as with a shamble's gore.

CLXIV.

Sudden she springs, and, from her veiling hands,
Lifts the pale courage of her calmëd brow;
With upward eyes, and murmuring lips, she stands,
Raising to heaven the new-born hope:—and now
Glides from the cell along the galleried caves,
Mute as a moonbeam flitting over waves.

CLXV.

Now gained the central grot; now won the stair;
The lamp she bore gleamed on the door of stone;
Why halt? what hand detains?—she turned, and there,
On the nun's serge and brow rebuking, shone
The tremulous light; then fear her lips unchained
From that stern silence by the Dream ordained;

CLXVI.

And at those holy feet the Saxon fell
Sobbing, "O stay me not! O rather free
These steps that fly to save *his* Carduel!
Throne, altars, life—his life! In me, in me,
To these strange shrines, thy saints in mercy bring
Crida's lost Child!—Way, way to save thy king!"

CLXVII.

Listened the nun; doubt, joy, and awed amaze
Fused in that lambent atmosphere of soul,
FAITH in the wise All-Good!—so melt the rays
Of varying Iris in the lucid whole
Of light;—"Thy people still to Thee are dear,
O Lord," she murmured, "and Thy hand is here!"

CLXVIII.

"Yes," cried the suppliant, "if my loss deplored,
My fate unguest—misled and armed my sire;
When to his heart his child shall be restored,
Sure, war itself will in the cause expire!
Ruth come with joy,—and in that happy hour
Hate drop the steel, and Love alone have power?"

CLXIX.

Then the nun took the Saxon to her breast,
Round the bowed neck she hung her sainted cross,
And said, "Go forth—O beautiful and blest!
And if my king rebuke me for thy loss,
Be my reply the gain that loss bestowed,—
Hearths for his people, altars for his God!"

CLXX.

She ceased;—on secret valves revolved the door;
Breathed on the silent hill the dawning air;
One moment paused the steps of Hope, and o'er
The war's vast slumber looked the soul of Prayer.
So halts the bird that from the cage hath flown—
A light bough rustled, and the Dove was gone

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

Preliminary Stanzas—Scene returns to Carduel—a day has passed since the retreat of the Saxons into their encampment—The Cymrians take advantage of the enemy's inactivity, to introduce supplies into the famished city—Watch all that day, and far into the following night, is kept round the corpse of Caradoc—Before dawn, the burial takes place—The Prophet by the grave of the Bard—Merlin's address to the Cymrians, whom he dismisses to the walls, in announcing the renewed assault of the Saxons—Merlin then demands a sacrifice from Lancelot—gives commissions to the two sons of Faul the Aleman, and to Faul himself—The scene changes to the Temple Fortress of the Saxons—The superstitious panic of the heathen hosts at their late defeat—The magic divinations of the Runic priests—The magnetic trance of the chosen Soothsayer—The Oracle he utters—He demands the blood of a Christian maid—The pause of the priests and the Pagan king—The abrupt entrance of Genevieve—Crida's joy—The priests demand the Victim—Genevieve's Christian faith is evinced by the Cross which the Nun had hung round her neck—Crida's reply to the priests—They dismiss one of their number to inflame the army, and so insure the sacrifice—The priests lead the Victim to the Altar, and begin their hymn, as the Soothsayer wakes from his trance—The interruption and the compact—Crida goes from the temple to the summit of the tower without—The invading march of the Saxon troops under Harold described—The light from the Dragon Keep—The Saxons scale the walls, and disappear within the town—The irruption of flames from the fleet—The dismay of that part of the army that had remained in the camp—The flames are seen by the rest of the heathen army in the streets of Carduel—The approach of the Northmen under Gawaine—The light on the Dragon Keep changes its hue into blood-red, and the Prophet appears on the height of the Tower—The retreat of the Saxons from the city—The joy of the Chief Priest—The time demanded by the compact has expired—He summons Crida to complete the sacrifice—Crida's answer—The Priest rushes back into the Temple—The offering is bound to the Altar—Faul! the gleam of the enchanted glaive—The appearance of Arthur—The War takes its last stand within the heathen temple—Crida and the Teuton kings—Arthur meets Crida hand to hand—Meanwhile Harold saves the Gonfanon, and follows the bands under his lead to the river side—He addresses them, re-forms their ranks, and leads them to the brow of the hill—His embassy to Arthur—The various groups in the heathen temple described—Harold's speech—Arthur's reply—Merlin's prophetic addresses to the chiefs of the two races—The End.

I.

FLOW on, flow on, fair Fable's happy stream,
Vocal for aye with Eld's first music-chaunt,
Where, mirrored far adown the crystal, gleam
The golden domes of Carduel and Romaunt;
Still one last look on Knighthood's peerless ring;—
On moonlit Dream-land and the Dragon King!—

II.

Detain me yet among the lovely throng
Of forms ideal, thou melodious spell!
Still, to the circle of enchanted song,
Charm the high Mage of Druid parable;
The Fairy, bard-led from her Caspian Sea,
And Genius,* lured from caves in Araby!

III.

Tho' me, less fair if less familiar ways,
Sought in the paths by earlier steps untrod,
Allure;—yet ever, in the enchanted maze,
The flowers afar perfume the virgin sod;
Do but one leaf in fairy gardens cull,
And round thee opens all the Beautiful!

IV.

Alas! the sunsets of our Northern main
Soon lose the tints Hesperian Fancy weaves;
Soon the sweet river feels the icy chain,
And haunted forests shed their murmurous leaves;
The bough must wither, and the bird depart,
And winter freeze the world—as life the heart!

* Whether or not the Fairy of Great Britain and Ireland be of Celtic or Pictish origin, in the rude shape she assumes in the simplest legends;—so soon as she appears in the romance of that later period in which Arthur was the popular hero, she betrays unequivocal evidence of her identity with the Persian Peri. The Genius is still more obviously the creation of the East.

V.

A day had passed since first the Saxons fled
Before the Christian, and their war lay still;
From morn to eve the Cymrian riders spread
Where flocks yet graze on some remoter hill,
Pale, on the walls, fast-sinking Famine waits,
When hark, the droves come lowing thro' the gates!

VI.

Yet still, the corpse of Caradoc around,
All day, and far into the watch of night,
The grateful victors guard the sacred ground;
But in that hour when all his race of light
Leave Eos lone in heaven,—earth's hollow breast
Oped to the dawn-star and the singer's rest.

VII.

Now, ere they lowered the corpse, with noiseless tread
Still as a sudden shadow, Merlin came
Thro' the armed crowd; and paused before the dead,
And, looking on the face, thrice called the name.
Then, hushed, thro' all an awed compassion ran,
And all gave way to the old quiet man.

VIII.

For Cymri knew that of her children none
Had, like the singer, loved the lonely sage;
All felt, that there a father called a son
Out from that dreariest void,—bereavëd age;
Forgot the dread renown, the mystic art,
And saw but sacred there—the human heart!

IX.

And thrice the old man kist the lips that smiled,
And thrice he called the name,—then to the grave,
Hushed as the nurse that bears a sleeping child
To its still mother's breast,—the form he gave:
With tender hand composed the solemn rest,
And laid the harp upon the silent breast.

X.

And then he sate him down, a little space
From the dark couch, and so, of none took heed;
But lifting to the twilight skies his face,
That secret soul which never man could read,
Far, as the soul it missed, from human breath,
Rose—where Thought rises when it follows Death!

XI.

And swells and falls in gusts the funeral dirge
As hollow falls the mould, or swells the mound;
And (Cymri's warlike wont) upon the verge,
The orbëd shields are placed in rows around;
Now o'er the dead, grass waves;—the rite is done;
And a new grave shall greet a rising sun.

XII.

Then slowly turned, and calmly moved, the sage,
On the Bard's grave his stand the Prophet took.
High o'er the crowd, in all his pomp of age
August, a glory brightened from his look;
Hope flashed in eyes illumined from his own,
Bright, as if there some sure redemption shone.

XIII.

Thus spoke the Seer: "Hosannah to the brave;
Reverence the richest heirlooms of your land;
Reverence the mound of every hero's grave;
Reverence the faith which arms the swordless hand;
Reverence the martyr conquering where he bleeds;
And praise no song which prompts not noble deeds!

XIV.

"Cymrians, the sun yon towers will scarcely gild,
Ere war will scale them. Here, your task is o'er.
Your walls your camp, your streets your battle-field;
Each house a fortress!—One strong effort more
For God, for Freedom—for your shrines and homes!
After the Martyr the Deliverer comes."

XV.

He ceased; and such the reverence of the crowd,
No lip presumed to question. Wonder hushed
Its curious guess, and only Hope aloud
Spoke in the dauntless shout: each cheek was flushed;
Each eye was bright;—each heart beat high; and all
Ranged in due ranks, resought the shattered wall:

XVI.

Save only four, whom to that holy spot
The Prophet's whisper stayed:—of these, the one
Of knightly port and arms, was Lancelot;
But in the ruder three, with garments won
From the wild beast,—long haired, large limbed, agen
See Rhine's strong sons, the convert Alemen!

XVII.

When these alone remained beside the mound,
The Prophet drew apart the Paladin,
And said, "What time, feud, worse than famine, found
The Cymrian race, like some lost child of sin
That courts, yet cowers from, death;—serene thro' all
The jarring factions of the maddening hall,

XVIII.

"Thou didst in vain breathe high rebuke to pride,
With words sublimely proud. 'No post the man
Ennobles;—man the post! did He who died
To crown in death the end His birth began,
Assume the sceptre when the cross He braved?
Did He wear purple in the world He saved?

XIX.

"'Ye clamour which is worthiest of command,—
Place me, whose fathers led the hosts of Gaul,
Amongst the meanest children of your land;
Let me owe nothing to my fathers,—all
To such high deeds as raised, ere kings were known,
The boldest savage to the earliest throne!'

XX.

"But none did heed thee, and in scornful grief
Went thy still footsteps from the raging hall,
Where by the altars of the bright Belief
That spans this cloud-world when its sun-showers fall,
She, thine in heaven, at least, assured to be,
Prayed not for safety but for death with thee.

XXI.

"There, by the altar, did ye join your hands,
And in your vow, scorning malignant Time,
Ye plighted two immortals! in those bands
Hope still wove flowers,—but earth was not their clime;
Then to the breach alone, resigned, consoled,
Went Gaul's young hero.—Art thou now less bold?

XXII.

"Thy smile replies! Know, while we speak, the King
Is on the march; each moment that delays
The foeman, speeds the conqueror on its wing;
If, till the hour is ripe, the Saxon stays
His rush, then idly wastes it on our wall,
Not ours the homes that burn, the shrines that fall!

XXIII.

"But that delay vouchsafed not—comes in vain
The bright achiever of enchanted powers;
He comes a king,—no people but the slain,
And his throne sinks amidst his crashing towers,
This is not all; for him, the morn is rife
With one dire curse that threatens more than life;

XXIV.

"A curse which, launched, will wither every leaf
In victory's crown, chill youth itself to age:
Here magic fails—for over love and grief
There is no glamour in the brazen page.
Born of the mind, o'er mind extends mine art;—
Beyond its circle beats the human heart!—

XXV.

"Delay the hour—save Carduel for thy king;
Avert the curse; from misery save thy brother!"
"Thrice welcome Death," cried Lancelot, "could it bring
The bliss to bless mine Arthur! As the mother
Lives in her child, the planet in the sky,
Thought in the soul, in Arthur so live I."

XXVI.

"Prepare," the Seer replied, "be firm!—and yield
The maid thou lovëst to her Saxon sire."
Like a man lightning-stricken, Lancelot reeled,
And as if blinded by intolerant fire,
Covered his face with his convulsive hand,
And groaned aloud, "What woe dost thou demand?

XXVII.

"Yield her! and wherefore? Cruel as thou art!
Can Cymri's king or Carduel's destiny
Need the lone offering of a loving heart,
Nothing to kings and states, but all to me?"
"Son," said the prophet, "Can the human eye
Trace by what wave light quivers from the sky;

XXVIII.

"Explore some thought whose utterance shakes the earth
Along the airy galleries of the brain;
Or can the human judgment gauge the worth
Of the least link in Fate's harmonious chain?
Here doubt is cowardice—here trust is brave;
Doubt, and desert thy king;—believe and save."

XXIX.

Then Lancelot fixed his keen eyes on the sage,
And said, "Am I the sacrifice, or she?
Risks she no danger from the heathen's rage,
She, the new Christian?"—"Danger more with thee!
Will blazing roofs and trampled altars yield
A shelter surer than her father's shield?

XXX.

"If mortal schemes may foil the threatening hour,
Thy heart's reward shall crown thine honour's test;
And the same fates that crush the heathen power
Restore the Christian to the conqueror's breast;
Yea, the same lights that gild the nuptial shrine
Of Arthur, shed a beam as blest on thine!"

XXXI.

"I trust and I submit," said Lancelot,
With pale firm lip. "Go thou—I dare not—I!
Say, if I yield, that I abandon not;
Her form may leave a desert to my eye,
But here—but *here!*"—No more his lips could say,
He smote his bleeding heart, and went his way!

XXXII.

The Enchanter, thoughtful, turned, and on the grave
His look relaxing fell:—"Ah, child, lost child!
To thy young life no youth harmonious gave
Music; no love thine exquisite griefs beguiled;
Thy soul's deep ocean hid its priceless pearl;—
And *he* is loved, and yet repines! O churl!"

XXXIII.

And murmuring thus, he saw below the mound
The stoic brows of the stern Alemen,
Their gaunt limbs strewn supine along the ground,
Still as gorged lions couched before the den
After the feast; their life no medium knows,
Here, headlong conflict, there, inert repose!

XXXIV.

"Which of these feet could overtake the roe?
Which of these arms could grapple with the bear?"
"My first-born," answered Faul, "outstrips the roe;
My youngest crushes in his grasp the bear."
"Thou, then, the swift one, gird thy loins, and rise;
See o'er the lowland where the vapour lies,

XXXV.

"Far to the right, a mist from Sabra's wave;
Amidst that haze explore a creek rush-grown,
Screened from the waters less remote, which lave
The Saxon's anchored barks, and near a lone
Grey crag where bitterns boom; within that creek
Gleams thro' green boughs a galley's brazen peak;

XXXVI.

"This gained, demand the chief, a Christian knight,
The bear's rough mantle o'er his rusted mail;
Tell him from me, to tarry till a light
Burst from the Dragon keep;—then crowd his sail,
Fire his own ship—and, blazing to the bay,
Cleave thro' yon fleet his red destroying way;

XXXVII.

"No arduous feat: the galleys are unmanned,
Moored each to each; let fire consume them all!
Then, the shore won, lead hitherwards the band
Between the Saxon camp and Cymrian wall.
What next behoves, the time itself will show,
Here counsel ceases;—there, ye find the foe!"

XXXVIII.

Heard the wild youth, and no reply made he,
But braced his belt and griped his spear, and straight
As the bird flies, he flew. "My son, to thee,"
Next said the Prophet, "a more urgent fate
And a more perilous duty are consigned;
Mark, the strong arm requires the watchful mind.

XXXIX.

"Thou hast to pass the Saxon sentinels;
Thou hast to thread the Saxon hosts alone;
Many are there whom thy far Rhine expels
His swarming war-hive,—and their tongue thine own;
Take from yon Teuton dead the mailed disguise,
Thy speech shall dupe their ears, thy garb their eyes;

"

XL.

"The watch-pass 'Vingolf' * wins thee thro'-the van,
The rest shall danger to thy sense inspire,
And that quick light in the hard sloth of man
Coiled, till sharp need strike forth the sudden fire.
The encampment traversed, where the woods behind
Slope their green gloom, thy stealthy pathway wind;

XLI.

"Keep to one leftward track, amidst the chase
Cleared for the hunter's sport in happier days;
Till, scarce a mile from the last tent, a space
Clasping grey crommell stones, will close the maze.
There, in the centre of that Druid ring,
Armed men will stand around the Cymrian King:—

XLII.

"Tell him to set upon the tallest pin
Keen watch, and wait, until from Carduel's tower,
High o'er the wood, a starry light shall shine;
Not *that* the signal, tho' it nears the hour,
But when the light shall change its hues, and form
One orb blood-dyed, as sunsets red with storm;

XLIII.

"Then, while the foe their camp unguarded leave,
And round our walls their tides tempestuous roll,
To yon wood pile, the Saxon fortress, cleave;
Be Odin's Idol the Deliverer's goal.
Say to the King, 'In that funereal fane,
Complete thy mission, and thy guide regain!'"

XLIV.

While spoke the seer, the Teuton's garb of mail
The son of Faul had donned, and bending now,
He kist his father's cheek.—"And if I fail,"
He murmured, "leave thy blessing on my brow,
My father!" Then the convert of the wild
Looked up to Heaven, and mutely blessed his child.

* Vingolf. Literally, "the Abode of Friends;" the name for the place in which the heavenly goddesses assemble.

XLV.

"Then, under flag of Truce," to Faul, then said
The Prophet Sage—"wilt to Earl Harold's tent
Conduct his child;—and in that mission aid
Thine Arthur more than all the warriors lent
By Rhine or Baltic to his hour of need—
Or, if thou fail, leave him forlorn indeed.

XLVI.

"Scarcely will Harold have embraced his child
Ere both will hasten to the Heathen fane
About with Christian blood to be defiled;
Follow, with stealthy steps, the Saxon Thane,
Midst the fierce passions and the motley throng
Unheeded, glide the impious floors along;

XLVII.

And, safely screened the Idol God behind,
Keep watch, with unseen hand on secret dart,
Till, when for sacrifice the butchers bind
The victim,—do as tells thee thine own heart.
Be patient, wary, not in vain be brave;
And when thou strikëst, only strike to save."

XLVIII.

To Crida's camp the swift-song rushing flies;
Round Odin's shrine wild priests, rune-muttering,
Task the weird omens hateful to the skies;
Pale by the idol stands the grey-haired king;
And, from without, the unquiet armament
Booms, in hoarse surge, its chafing discontent.

XLIX.

For in defeat—when first that multitude
Shrunk from a foe, and fled the Cymrian sword,—
The pride of man the wrath of gods had viewed;
Religious horror smote the palsied horde;
The field refused, till priest, and seid, and charm,
Explore the offence, and wrath divine disarm.

L.

All day, all night, glared fires, dark-red and dull
With mystic gums, before the Teuton god,
And waved o'er runes which Mimer's trunkless skull
Had whispered Odin—the Diviner's rod;
And rank with herbs which baleful odours breathed,
The bubbling hell-juice in the caldron seethed.

LI.

Now tow'rds that hour when into coverts dank
Slinks back the wolf; when to her callow brood
Veers, thro' still boughs, the owl; when from the bank
The glow-worm wanes; when heaviest droops the wood,
Ere the faint twitter of the earliest lark,—
Ere dawn creeps chill and timorous thro' the dark;

LII.

About that hour, of all the dreariest,
A flame leaps up from the dull fire's repose,
And shoots weird sparks along the runes, imprest
On stone and elm-bark, ranged in ninefold rows;
The purpling seid the vine's deep flush assumes,
And the strong venom coils in maddening fumes.

LIII.

Pale grew the elect Diviner's haggard brows;
Swelled the large veins, and writhed the foaming lips;
And as some swart and fateful planet grows
Athwart the disk to which it brings eclipse;
So that strange Pythian madness whose control
Seems half to light and half efface the soul,

LIV.

Broke from the horror of his glaring look;
His breath that died in hollow gusts away;
Seized by the grasp of unseen tempests, shook
To its rackt base the spirit-house of clay;
Till the dark Power made firm the crushing spell;
And from the man burst forth the voice of hell.

LV.

"The god—the god! lo, on his throne he reels!
Under his knit brows glow his wrathful eyes!
At his dread feet a spectral Valkyr kneels,
And shrouds her face! And cloud is in the skies,
And neither sun nor star, nor day nor night,
But in the sky a steadfast Cross of Light!

LVI.

"The god—the god! hide, hide me from his gaze!
Its awful anger burns into the brain!
Spare me, O spare me! Speak, thy child obeys!
What rites appease thee, Father of the Slain?*
What direful omen do these signs foreshow?
What victim ask'st thou? Speak; the blood shall flow!"

LVII.

Sunk the Possest One—writhing with wild throes;
And one appalling silence dusked the place,
As with a demon's wing. Anon, arose,
Calm as a ghost, the soothsayer: form and face
Rigid with iron sleep; and hollow fell
From stonelike lips the hateful oracle.

LVIII.

"A cloud, where Nornas nurse the thunder, lowers,
A curse is cleaving to the Teuton race;
Before the Cross the stricken Valkyr cowers;
The Herr-god trembles on his columned base;
A virgin's loss aroused the Teuton strife;
A virgin's love hath charmed the Avenger's life;

LIX.

"A virgin's blood alone averts the doom;
Revives the Valkyr, and preserves the god.
Whet the quick steel—she comes, she comes, for whom
The runes glowed blood-red to the soothsayer's rod!
O king, whose wrath the Odin-born arrayed,
Regain the lost, and yield the Christian maid!"

* Father of the Slain, Valfader.—Odin.

LX.

As if that voice had quickened some dead thing
To give it utterance, so, when ceased the sound,
The dull eye fixed, and the faint shuddering
Stirred all the frame; then sudden on the ground
Fell heavily the lumpish inert clay,
From which the demon noiseless rushed away.

LXI.

Then the grey priests and the grey king creep near
The corpselike man; and sit them mutely down
In the still fire's red vapourous atmosphere;
The bubbling caldron sings and simmers on;
And thro' the reeks that from the poison rise,
Looks the wolf's blood-lust from those cruel eyes.

LXII.

So sat they, musing fell;—when hark, a shout
Rang loud from rank to rank, re-echoing deep;
Hark to the tramp of multitudes without;
Near and more near the thickening tumults sweep;
King Crida wrathful rose; "What steps profane
Thy secret thresholds, Father of the Slain?"

LXIII.

Frowning he strode along the lurid floors,
And loud, and loud the invading footsteps ring!
His hand impetuous flings apart the doors:—
"Who dare insult the god, and brave the king?"
Swift thro' the throng a bright-haired vision came;
Those stern lips falter with a daughter's name!

LXIV.

Those hands uplifted, or to curse or smite,
Fold o'er a daughter's head their tremulous joy!
Oh, to the natural worship of delight,
How came the monstrous dogma—to destroy?
Sure, Heaven foreshowed its gospel to the wild
In earth's first bond—the father and the child!

LXV.

While words yet failed the bliss of that embrace,
The muttering priests, unmoved, each other eyed;
Then to the threshold came their measured pace:—
"Depart, Profane," their Pagan pontiff cried,
"Depart, Profane, too near your steps have trod
To altars darkened with an angry God.

LXVI.

"Dire are the omens! Skulda rides the clouds,
Her sisters tremble * at the Urdar spring;
The hour demands us—shun the veil that shrouds
The priests, the god, the victim, and the king."
Shuddering, the crowds retreat, and whispering low,
Spread the contagious terrors where they go.

LXVII.

Then the stern Elders came to Crida's side,
And from their lockt embrace unclasped his hands:
"Lo," said their chieftain, "how the gods provide
Themselves the offering which the shrine demands!
By Odin's son be Odin's voice obeyed;
The lost is found—behold, and yield the maid!"

LXVIII.

As when some hermit saint, in the old day
Of the soul's giant war with Solitude,
From some bright dream which rapt his life away
Amidst the spheres—unclosed his eyes, and viewed,
'Twixt sleep and waking, vaguely horrible,
The grisly tempter of the gothic hell;

LXIX.

So, on the father's bliss abruptly broke
The dreadful memory of his dismal god;
And his eyes pleading ere his terrors spoke,
Looked round the brows of that foul brotherhood.
Then his big voice came weak and strangely mild,
"What mean those words?—why glare ye on my child?

* "Her sisters tremble," &c., that is, the other two Fates (The Present and Past) tremble at the Well of Life.

LXX.

"Do ye not know her? Elders, she is mine,—
My flesh, my blood, mine age's youngest-born!
Why are ye mute? Why point to yonder shrine?
Ay,"—and here, haughty with the joy of scorn,
He raised his front.—"Ay, *be* the voice obeyed!
Priests, ye forget,—it was a *Christian* maid!"

LXXI.

He ceased, and laughed aloud, as humbled fell
Those greedy looks, and mutteringly replied
Faint voices, "True, so said the Oracle!"
When the arch Elder, with an eager stride
Reached child and sire, and cried, "See Crida, there,
On the maid's breast the cross that Christians wear!"

LXXII.

Those looks, those voices, thrilled thro' Genevieve,
With fears as yet vague, shapeless, undefined;
"Father," she murmured, "Father, let us leave
These dismal precincts; how those eyes unkind
Freeze to my soul; sweet father, let us go;
My heart to thine would speak! why frown'st thou so?"

LXXIII.

"Tear from thy breast that sign, unhappy one!
Sign to thy country's wrathful gods accurst!
Back, priests of Odin, I am Odin's son,
And she my daughter; in my war-shield nurst,
Reared at your altars! Trample down the sign,
O child, and say—the Saxon's God is mine!"

LXXIV.

Infant, who came to bid a war relent,
And rob ambition of its carnage-prize,
Is it on thee those sombre brows are bent,
For thee the death-greed in those ravening eyes,
Thy task undone, thy gentle prayer unspoken?
Ay, press the cross: it is the martyr's token!

LXXV.

She prest the cross with one firm faithful hand,
While one—(that trembled!)—claspt her father's knees;
As clings a wretch, who sinks in sight of land,
To reeds swept with him down the whirling seas,
And murmured, "Pardon; Him whose agony
Was earth's salvation, I may not deny!

LXXVI.

"Him who gave God the name I give to thee,
'FATHER,'—in Him, in Christ, is my belief!"
Then Crida turned unto the priests,—"Ye see,"
Smiling, he said, "that I have done with grief;
Behold the victim! be the God obeyed!
The son of Odin dooms the Christian maid!"

LXXVII.

He said, and from his robe he wrenched the hand,
And, where the gloom was darkest, stalked away.
But whispering low, still pause the hellish band;
And dread lest Nature yet redeem the prey,
And deem it wise against such chance to arm
The priesthood's puissance with the host's alarm;

LXXVIII.

To bruit abroad the dark oracular threats,
From which the Virgin's blood alone can save;
Gird with infuriate fears the murtherous nets,
And plant an army to secure a grave;
The whispers cease—the doors one gleam of day
Give—and then close;—the blood-hound slinks away.

LXXIX.

Around the victim—where, with wandering hand,
Thro' her blind tears, she seems to search thro' space,
For him who had forsaken,—circling stand
The solemn butchers; calm in every face
And death in every heart; till from the belt
Stretched one lean hand and grasped her where she knelt.

LXXX.

And her wild shriek went forth and smote the shrine,
Which echoed, shrilling back the sharp despair,
Thro' the waste gaps between the shafts of pine
To the unseen father's ear. Before the glare
Of the weird fire, the sacrifice they chain
To stones imprest with rune and shamble-stain.

LXXXI.

Then wait—for so their formal rites compel—
Till from the trance that still his senses seals,
Awakes the soothsayer of the oracle;
At length with tortured spasms, and slowly, steal
Back the reluctant life—slow as it creeps
To one hard-rescued from the drowning deeps.

LXXXII.

And when from dim, uncertain, swimming eyes
The gaunt long fingers put the shaggy hair,
And on the priests, the shrine, the sacrifice,
Dwelt the fixed sternness of the glassy stare,
Before the god they led the demon-man,
And, circling round the two, their hymn began.

LXXXIII.

So rapt in their remorseless ecstacy,
They did not hear the quick steps at the door,
Nor that loud knock, nor that impatient cry;
Till shook,—till crashed, the portals on the floor,—
Crashed to the strong hand of the fiery thane;
And Harold's stride came clanging up the fane.—

LXXXIV.

But from his side bounded a shape as light
As forms that glide thro' Elfheim's limber air;
Swift to the shrine—where on those robes of white
The gloomy hell-fires scowled their sullen glare,
Thro' the death-chaunting choir,—Genevra prest,
And bowed her head upon the victim's breast;

LXXXV.

And cried, "With thee, with thee, to live or die,
With thee, my Genevieve!" the Elders raised
Their hands in wrath, when from as stern an eye
And brow erect as theirs, they shrunk amazed—
And Harold spoke, "Ye priests of Odin, hear!
Your gods are mine, their voices I revere.

LXXXVI.

"Voices in winds, in groves, in hollow caves,
Oracular dream, or runic galdra sought;
But ages ere from Don's ancestral waves
Such wizard signs the Scythian Odin brought,
A voice that needs no priesthood's sacred art,
Some earlier God placed in the human heart.

LXXXVII.

"I bow to charms that doom embattled walls;
To dreams revealing no unworthy foe;
A warrior's god in Glory's clarion calls,
Where war-steeds snort, and hurtling standards flow;
But when weak women for strong men must die,
My Man's proud nature gives your Gods the lie!

LXXXVIII.

"If,—not yon seer by fumes and dreams beguiled,
But, Odin's self stood where his image stands,
Against the god I would protect my child!
Ha, Crida!—come!—*thy* child in chains!—those hands
Lifted to smite!—and thou, whose kingly bann
Arms nations,—wake, O statue, into man!"

LXXXIX.

For from his lair, and to his liegeman's side
Had Crida listening strode: When ceased the Thane,
His voice, comprest and tremulous, replied,—
"The life thou plead'st for doth these shrines profane,
In Odin's son a father lives no more;
Yon maid adores the God our foes adore."

XC.

"And I—and I, stern king!"—Genevra cries,
"Her God is mine, and if that faith is crime,
Be just—and take a twofold sacrifice!"
"Cease," cried the Thane,—"is this, ye Powers, a time
For kings and chiefs to lean on idle blades,—
Our leaders dreamers, and our victims maids?

XCI.

"Be varying gods by varying tribes addrest,
I scorn no gods whom worthy foes adore;
Brave was the arm that humbled Harold's crest,
And large the heart that did his child restore.
To all the valiant, Gladsheim's Halls unclose; *
In Heaven the comrades were on Earth the foes.

XCII.

"And if our Gods are wrath, what wonder, when
Their traitor priests creep whispering coward fears;
Unnerve the arms and rot the hearts of men,
And filch the conquest from victorious spears,—
Yes, reverend Elders, *one* such priest I found,
And cheered my bandogs on the meaner hound!"

XCIII.

"Be dumb, blasphemer," cried the Pontiff seer,
"Depart, or dread the vengeance of the shrine:
Depart, or armies from these floors shall hear
How chiefs can mock what nations deem divine;
Then, let her Christian faith *thy* daughter boast,
And brave the answer of the Teuton host!"

XCIV.

A paler hue shot o'er the hardy face
Of the great Earl, as thus the Elder spoke;
But calm he answered, "Summon Odin's race;
On me and mine the Teuton's wrath invoke!
Let shuddering fathers learn what priests can dream,
And warriors judge if *I* their Gods blaspheme!

* Gladsheim, Heaven; Wallhalla, ("the Hall of the Chosen,") did not exclude brave foes who fell in battle. See note

XCV.

"But peace, and hearken.—To the king I speak:—
With mine own lithsmen, and such willing aid
As Harold's tromps arouse,—yon walls I seek;
Be Cymri's throne the ransom of the maid.
On Carduel's wall, if Saxon standards wave,
Let Odin's arms the needless victim save!

XCVI.

"Grant me till noon to prove what men are worth,
Who serve the War-God by the warlike deed;
Refuse me this, King Crida, and henceforth
Let chiefs more prized the Mercian armies lead;
For I, blunt Harold, join no cause with those
Who, wolves for victims, are as hares to foes!"

XCVII.

Scornful he ceased, and leaned upon his sword;
Whispering, the Priests, and silent, Crida, stood.
A living Thor to that barbarian horde
Was the bold Thane,—and ev'n the men of blood
Felt Harold's loss amid the host's dismay
Would rend the clasp that linked the wild array.

XCVIII.

At length out spoke the priestly chief, "The gods
Endure the boasts, to bow the pride, of men;
The Well of Wisdom sinks in Hell's abode;
The Læca shines beside the bautasten,*
And truth too oft illumes the eyes that scorned
In the death-flash from which in vain it warned.

* The Sein Læca, or shining corpse, that was seen before the bautasten, or burial-stone of a dead hero, was supposed to possess prophetic powers, and to guard the treasures of the grave.

XCIX.

"Be the delay the pride of man demands
Vouchsafed, the nothingness of man to show!
The gods unsoftened, march thy futile bands:
Till noon we spare the victim;—seek the foe!
But when with equal shadows rest the sun—
The altar reddens, or the walls are won!"

C.

"So be it," the Thane replied, and sternly smiled;
Then towards the sister-twain, with pitying brow,
Whispering he came,—"Fair friend of Harold's child,
Let our own gods at least be with thee now;
Pray that the Asas bless the Teuton strife,
And guide the swords that strike for thy sweet life."

CI.

"Alas!" cried Genevieve, "Christ came to save,
Not slay: He taught the weakest how to die;
For me, for me, a nation glut the grave!
That nation Christ's, and—No, the victim *I!*
Not now for life, my father, see me kneel,
But one kind look,—and then, how blunt the steel!"

CII.

And Crida moved not! Moist were Harold's eyes;
Bending, he whispered in Geneva's ear,
"Thy presence is her safety! Time denies
All words but these;—hope in the brave; revere
The gods they serve;—by acts our faith we test;
The holiest gods are where the men are best."

CIII.

"With this he turned, "Ye priests," he called aloud,
"On every head within these walls, I set
Dread weregeld for the compact; blood for blood!"
Then o'er his brows he closed his bassinet,
Shook the black terrors of his shadowy plume,
And his armed stride was lost amidst the gloom,—

CIV.

And still poor Genevieve with mournful eyes
Gazed on the father, whose averted brows
Had more of darkness for her soul than lies
Under the lids of death. The murmurous
Priests circled round her, muttering direful prayer
By their fierce shrine, and reddened with its glare.

CV.

And still the king stood statue-like apart,
With arms beneath his mantle's regal fold,
Lockt o'er the beatings of his human heart,
Till, with one bound the human heart controlled
The Kingly pride; those arms he tossed on high
And Nature conquered in the Father's cry:

CVI.

Over the kneeling form swept his grey hair;
On the soft upturned eyes prest his wild kiss;
And then recoiling with a livid stare,
He faced the priests, and muttered, "Dotage this!
Crida is old,—come—come," and from the ring
Beckoned their chief, and went forth tottering.

CVII.

Out of the fane, up where the stair of pine
Wound to the summit of the camp's rough tower,
King Crida passed. On moving armour shine
The healthful beams of the fresh morning hour;
He hears the barb's shrill neigh,—the clarion's swell,
And half his armies march to Carduel.

CVIII.

Far in the van, like Odin's fatal bird
Winged for its feast, sails Harold's raven plume.
Now, from the city's heart a shout is heard,
Wall, bastion, tower, their steel-clad life resume;
Far shout! faint forms! yet seem they loud and clear
To that strained eyeball and that feverish ear.

CIX.

But not on hosts that march by Harold's side,
Gazed the stern priest, who stood with Crida there;
On sullen gloomy groupes—discattered wide,
Grudging the conflict they refused to share,
Or seated round rude tents and pilëd spears,
Circling the mutter of rebellious fears;

CX.

Or, near the temple fort, with folded arms
On their broad breasts, waiting the deed of blood;
On these he gazed—to gloat on the alarms
That made *him* monarch of that multitude!
Not one man there had pity in his eye.
And the priest smiled,—then turned to watch the sky.

CXI.

And the sky deepened, and the time rushed on.
And Crida sees the ladders on the wall;
And dust-clouds gather round his gonfanon;
And thro' the dust-clouds glittering, rise and fall
The mçteor lights of helms, and shields, and glaives;
Up o'er the rampires mount the labouring waves;

CXII.

And joyous rings the Saxon's battle shout;
And Cymri's angel cry wails like despair;
And from the Dragon Keep a light shines out,
Calm as a single star in tortured air,
To whose high peace, aloof from storms, in vain
Looks a lost navy from the violent main.

CXIII.

Now on the nearest wall the Pale Horse stands;
Now from the wall the Pale Horse lightens down;
And flash and vanish, file on file, the bands
Into the rent heart of the howling town;
And the Priest paling frowned upon the sun,
Though the sky deepened and the time rushed on.

CXIV.

When, from the camp around the fane, there rose
Ineffable cries of wonder, wrath, and fear,
With some strange light that scares the sunshine, glows
O'er Sabra's waves the crimsoned atmosphere,
And dun from out the widening, widening glare,
Like Hela's serpents, smoke-reeks wind thro' air.

CXV.

Forth looks the king, appalled; and, where his masts
Soar from the verge of the far forest-land,
He hears the crackling, as when vernal blasts
Shiver Groninga's pines—"Lo, the same hand,"
Cried the fierce priest, "which swayed the soothsayer's rod,
Writes now the last runes of thine angry god!"

CXVI.

And here and there, and eddying to and fro,
Confused, distraught, pale thousands spread the plain;
Some snatch their arms in haste, and yelling go
Where the fleets burn; some creep around the fane
Like herds for shelter; prone on earth lie some
Shrieking, "The Twilight of the Gods hath come!"

CXVII.

And the great glare hath reddened o'er the town,
And seems the strife it gildeth to appall;
Flock back dim straggling Saxons, gazing down
The lurid valleys from the jaggëd wall,
Still as, on Cuthite towers, Chaldæn seers,
When some red portent flamed into the spheres.

CXVIII.

And now from brake and copse—from combe and dell,
Gleams break;—steel flashes;—helms on helms arise;
Faint heard at first,—now near, now thunderous,—swell
Cymrian commixed with Baltic battle-cries;
And, loud alike in each,—exulting came
War's noblest music—a Deliverer's name.

CXIX.

"Arthur!—Woe, Saxons!—Arthur is at hand!"
And while within the city raged the fight,
On, unresisted, Gawaine leads his band,
As Merlin's signal had enjoined the knight.
And now the beacon on the Dragon keep
Springs from pale lustre into hues blood-deep.

CXX.

And on that tower stood forth a lonely man;
Full on his form the beacon-glory fell;
And joy revived each shrinking Cymrian;
There, the still Prophet watched o'er Carduel!
Back o'er the walls, and back thro' gate and breach,
Now ebbs the war, like billows from the beach.

CXXI.

Along the battlements swift crests arise,
Swift followed by avenging, smiting brands,
And fear and flight are in the Saxon cries!
The portals vomit bands on hurtling bands;
And lo, wide streaming o'er the helms,—again
The Pale Horse flings on angry winds its mane!

CXXII.

And facing still the foe, but backward borne
By his own men, towers high one kingliest chief;
Deep thro' the distance rolls his shout of scorn,
And the grand anguish of a hero's grief.
Bounded the Priest!—"The Gods are heard at last!—
Proud Harold flieth;—and the noon is past!

CXXIII.

"Come, Crida, come!" Up as from heavy sleep
The grey-haired giant raised his awful head;
As, after calmest waters, the swift leap
Of the strong torrent rushes to its bed,—
So the new passion seized and changed the form,
As if the lull had braced it for the storm.

CXXIV.

No grief was in the iron of that brow;
Age cramped no sinew in that mighty arm;
"Go," he said, sternly, "where it fits thee, thou:
Thy post with Odin—mine with Managarm!*
Let priests avert the dangers kings must dare;
My shrine yon Standard, and my Children—*there!*"

CXXV.

So from the height he swept—as doth a cloud
That brings a tempest when it sinks below;
Swift strides a chief amidst the jarring crowd;
Swift in stern ranks the rent disorders grow;
Swift, as in sails becalmed swells forth the wind,
The wide mass quickens with the one strong mind.

CXXVI.

Meanwhile the victim, to the Demon vowed,
Knelt; every thought winged for the Angel goal,
And ev'n the terror which the form had bowed
Seemed but to brace the firmness of the soul.
Self was forgotten, and the human fear
Breathed prayer for others to the Eternal Ear.

CXXVII.

Up leapt the solemn priests from dull repose:
The fires were fanned as with a sudden wind;
While shrieking loud, "Hark, hark, the conquering-foes!
Haste, haste, the victim to the altar bind!"—
Rushed to the shrine the haggard Slaughter-Chief.—
As the strong gusts that whirl the fallen leaf

CXXVIII.

I' the month when wolves descend, the barbarous hands
Plunge on the prey of their delirious wrath,
Wrenched from Genevra's clasp;—Lo, where she stands,
On earth no anchor,—is she less like Faith?
The same smile firmly sad, the same calm eye,
The same meek strength;—strength to forgive and die!

* Managarm, the Monster Wolf (symbolically, WAR). "He will be filled with the blood of men who draw near their end," &c. (PROSE EDDA.)

CXXIX.

"Hear us, O Odin, in this last despair!
Hear us, and save!" the Pontiff called aloud;
"By the Child's blood we shed, thy children spare!"
And the knife glittered o'er the breast that bowed.
Dropped blade;—fell priest!—blood chokes a gurgling groan;
Blood,—blood *not Christian*, dyes the altar stone!

CXXX.

Deep in the DOOMER'S breast it sank—the dart;
As if from Fate it came invisibly;
Where is the hand?—from what dark hush shall start
Foeman or fiend?—no shape appalls the eye,
No sound the ear;—ice-locked each coward breath,
The Power the Deathsman called, hath heard him—Death!

CXXXI.

While yet the stupor stuns the circle there,
Fierce shrieks—loud feet—come rushing thro' the doors;
Women with outstretched arms and tossing hair,
And flying warriors, shake the solemn floors;
Thick as the birds storm-driven on the decks
Of some lone ship—the last an ocean wrecks.

CXXXII.

And where on tumult, tumult whirled and roared,
Came cries, "The fires around us and behind,
And the last Fire-God, and the Flaming Sword!" *
And from without, like that destroying wind
In which the world shall perish, grides and sweeps
VICTORY—swift-cleaving thro' the battle-deeps!—

* "And the last Fire-God, and the Flaming Sword," *i. e.*, Surtur the genius, who dwells in the region of fire (Muspelheim), whose flaming sword shall vanquish the gods themselves in the last day. (PROSE EDDA.)

CXXXIII.

Victory, by shouts of terrible rapture known,
Thro' crashing ranks it drives in iron rain;
Borne on the wings of fire it blazes on;
It halts its storm before the fortress fane;
And thro' the doors, and thro' the chinks of pine,
Flames its red breath upon the paling shrine.

CXXXIV.

Roused to their demon courage by the dread
Of the wild hour, the priests a voice have found;
To pious horror show their sacred dead,
Invoke the vengeance, and explore the ground;
When, like the fiend in monkish legends known,
Sprang a grim image on the altar stone!

CXXXV.

The wolf's hide bristled on the shaggy breast
Over the brows, the forest buffalo
With horn impending armed the horrid crest,
From which the swart eye sent its savage glow,
Long shall the Saxon dreams that shape recall,
And ghastly legends teem with tales of Faul! *

CXXXVI.

Down from the altar to the victim's side,
While yet shrunk back the priests—the savage leapt,
And with quick steel gashed the strong cords that tied;
When round them both the rallying vengeance swept;
Raised every arm;—O joy!—the enchanted glaive
Shines o'er the threshold! is there time to save?

* Faul is indeed the name of one of the malignant Powers peculiarly dreaded by the Saxons,—a name that I cannot discover to have been known to the other branches of the Great Teuton Family.

CXXXVII.

Whirls thro' the air a torch,—it flies—it falls
Into the centre of the murderous throng;
Dread herald of dread steps! the conscious halls
Quake where the falchion flames and fleets along;
Thro' crowd on crowd behold the falchion cleave!—
The Silver Shield rests over Genevieve!

CXXXVIII.

Bright as the shape that smote the Assyrian,
The fulgent splendour from the arms divine
Paled the hell-fires round God's elected Man,
And burst like Truth upon the demon-shrine.
Among the thousands stood the Conquering One,
Still, lone, and unresisted as a sun!

CXXXIX.

Now thro' the doors, commingling side by side,
Saxon and Cymrian struggle hand in hand;
For there the war, in its fast ebbing tide,
Flings its last prey—there, Crida takes his stand;
There his co-monarchs hail a funeral pyre
That opes Walhalla from the grave of fire.

CXL.

And as a tiger, swept adown a flood
With meaner beasts, that dyes the howling water
Which whirls it onward, with a waste of blood;
And gripes a stay with fangs that leave the slaughter,—
So where halts Crida, groans and falls a foe—
And deep in gore his steps receding go.

CXLI.

And his large sword has made in reeking air
Broad space thro' which,—around the golden ring
That crownlike clasps the sweep of his grey hair—
Shine the tall elms of many a Teuton king,
Ymrick, mild sire of Hengist's giant race,
And Ælla ruthless with an angel's face,

CXLII.

Eldrid enthroned o'er Britain's lordliest river,
And Sibert, honoured in Northumbrian homes;
And many a sire whose stubborn soul for ever
Shadows the field where England's thunder comes.
High o'er them all his front grey Crida rears,
As some old oak whose crest a forest clears:

CXLIII.

High o'er them all, that front fierce Arthur sees,
And knows the arch invader of the land.
Swift, thro' the chiefs—swift path his falchion frees;
Corpse falls on corpse before the avenger's hand;
For fair-haired Ælla, Cantia's maids shall wail,
Hurled o'er the dead, rings Eldrid's crashing mail;

CXLIV.

His follower's arms stunn'd Sibert's might receive,
And from the death-blow snatch their bleeding lord;
And now behold, O fearful Genevieve,
O'er thy doomed father shines the charmëd sword!
And shaking, as it shone, the glorious blade,
The hand for very wrath the death delayed.

CXLV.

"At last, at last we meet, on Cymri's soil;
And foot to foot! Destroyer of my shrines,
And murderer of my people! Ay, recoil
Before the doom thy quailing soul divines!
Ay—turn thine eyes,—nor hosts nor flight can save!
Thy foe is Arthur—and these halls thy grave!"

CXLVI.

"Flight," laughed the king, whose glance had wandered round,
Where thro' the throng had pierced a woman's cry,
"Flight for a chief, by Saxon warriors crowned,
And from a Walloon!—this is my reply!"
And, ere completed the last scornful word,
Upheaved with both hands lightened down his sword:

CXLVII.

Full on the gem the iron drives its course,
And shattering clinks in splinters on the floor;
The foot unsteadied by the blow's spent force,
Slides on the smoothness of the soil of gore;
Gore, quench the blood-thirst! guard, O soil, the guest!
For Freedom's heel is on the Invader's breast.

CXLVIII.

When, swift beneath the flashing of the blade,
When, swift before the bosom of the foe,
She sprang, she came, she knelt,—the guardian maid!
And, startling vengeance from the righteous blow,
Cried, "Spare, Oh spare, this sacred life to me,
A father's life!—I would have died for thee!"

CXLIX.

While thus within, the Christian God prevails,
Without the idol temple, fast and far,
Like rolling storm-wrecks, shattered by the gales,
Fly the dark fragments of the Heathen War,
Where, thro' the fires that flash from camp to wave,
Escape the land that locks them in its grave?

CL.

When by the Hecla of their burning fleet
Dismayed amidst the marts of Cardnel,
The Saxons rushed without the walls to meet
The Viking's swords, which their mad terrors swell
Into a host—assaulted, rear and van,
Scarce smote the foe before the flight began.

CLI.

In vain were Harold's voice, and name, and deeds,
Unnerved by omen, priest, and shapeless fear,
And less by man than their own barbarous creeds
Appalled,—a God in every shout they hear,
And in their blazing barks behold unfurled,
The wings of Muspell * to consume the world.

* Muspell, Fire; Muspelheim, the region of Fire, the final destroyer.

CLII.

Yet still awhile the heart of the great Thane,
And the stout few that gird the gonfanon,
Build a steel bulwark on the midmost plain,
That stems all Cymri,—so Despair fights on.
When from the camp the new volcanoes spring,
With sword and fire he comes,—the Dragon King!

CLIII.

Then all, save Harold, shriek to Hope farewell;
Melts the last barrier; through the clearing space,
On tow'rds the camp the Cymrian chiefs compel
Their ardent followers from the tempting chace;
Thro' Crida's ranks to Arthur's side they gain,
And blend two streams in one resistless main.

CLIV.

True to his charge as chief, mid all disdain
Of recreant lithsmen—Harold's iron soul
Sees the storm sweep beyond it o'er the plain;
And lofty duties, yet on earth, controul
The yearnings for Wallhalla:—Where the day
Paled to the burning ships—he towered away.

CLV.

And with him, mournful, drooping, rent and torn,
But captive not—the Pale Horse dragged its mane,
Beside the fire-reflecting waves, forlorn,
As ghosts that gaze on Phlegethon—the Thane
Saw listless leaning o'er the silent coasts,
The spectral wrecks of what at morn were hosts.

CLVI.

Tears rushed to burning eyes, and choked awhile
The trumpet music of his manly voice,
At length he spoke: "And are ye then so vile!
A death of straw! Is that the Teuton's choice?
By all our gods, I hail that reddening sky,
And bless the burning fleets which flight deny!

CLVII.

"Lo, yet the thunder clothes the charger's mane,
As when it crested Hengist's helmet crown!
What ye have lost—an hour can yet regain;
Life has no path so short as to renown!
Shrunk if your ranks,—when first on Albion's shore
Your sires carved kingdoms, were their numbers more?

CLVIII.

"If not your valour, let your terrors speak.
Where fly?—what path can lead ye from the foes?
Where hide?—what cavern will not vengeance seek?
What shun ye? Death?—Death smites you in repose!
Back to your king; from Hela snatch the brave—
We best escape, when most we scorn, the grave."

CLIX.

Roused by the words, tho' half reluctant still,
The listless ranks re-form their slow array,
Sullen but stern they labour up the hill,
And gain the brow!—In smouldering embers lay
The castled camp, and slanting sunbeams shed
Light o'er the victors—quiet o'er the dead.

CLX.

Hushed was the roar of war—the conquered ground
Waved with the glitter of the Cymrian spears;
The temple fort the Dragon standard crowned;
And Christian anthems pealed on Pagan ears;
The Mercian halts his band—their front surveys;
No fierce eye kindles to his fiery gaze.

CLXI.

One dull, disheartened, but not dastard gloom
Clouds every brow,—like men compelled to die,
Who see no hope that can elude the doom,
Prepared to fall but powerless to defy.
Not those the ranks, yon ardent hosts to face!
The Hour had conquered earth's all-conquering race.

CLXII.

The leader paused, and into artful show,
Doubling the numbers with extended wing,
"Here halt," he said, "to yonder hosts I go
With terms of peace or war to Cymri's king."
He turned, and tow'rds the Victor's bright array,
With tromp and herald, strode his bitter way.

CLXIII.

Before the signs to war's sublime belief
Sacred, the host disparts its hushing wave.
Moved by the sight of that renownëd chief,
Joy stills the shout that might insult the brave;
And princeliest guides the stately foeman bring,
Where Odin's temple shrines the Christian king.

CLXIV.

The North's fierce idol, rolled in pools of blood,
Lies crushed before the Cross of Nazareth.
Crouched on the splintered fragments of their god,
Silent as clouds from which the tempest's breath
Has gone,—the butchers of the priesthood rest.—
Each heavy brow bent o'er each stony breast.

CLXV.

Apart, the guards of Cymri stand around
The haught repose of captive Teuton kings;
With eyes disdainful of the chains that bound,
And fronts superb—as if defeat but flings
A kinglier grandeur over fallen power:—
So suns shine larger in their setting hour.

CLXVI.

From these remote, unchained, unguarded, leant
On the gnarled pillar of the fort of pine,
The Saturn of the Titan armament,
His looks averted from the altered shrine
Whence iron Doom the Antique Faith has hurled,
For that new Jove who dawns upon the world.

CLXVII.

And one broad hand concealed the monarch's face;
And one lay calm on the low-bended head
Of the forgiving child, whose young embrace
Clasped that grey wreck of Empire! All had fled
The heart of pride:—Thrones, hosts, the gods! yea all
That scaled the heaven, strewed Hades with their fall:

CLXVIII.

But Natural Love, the household melody,
Steals through the dearth,—resettling on the breast;
The bird returning with the silenced sky,
Sings in the ruin, and rebuilds its nest.
Home came the Soother that the storm exiled,—
And Crida's hand lay calm upon his child.

CLXIX.

Beside her sister-saint, Genevra kneeleth,
Mourning her father's in her Country's woes;
And near her, hushing iron footsteps, stealeth
The noblest knight the wondrous Table knows,—
Whispering low comfort into thrilling ears—
When Harold's plume floats up the flash of spears.

CLXX.

But the proud Earl, with warning hand and eye,
Repells the yearning arms, the eager start;
Man amidst men, his haughty thoughts deny
To foes the triumph o'er his father's heart;
Quickly he turned—where shone amidst his ring
Of subject planets, the Hyperion King.

CLXXI.

There Tristan graceful—Agrafayn uncouth,
And Owaine comely with the battle-scar,
And Geraint's lofty age, to venturous youth
Glory and guide, as to proud ships a star,
And Gawaine, sobered to his gravest smile,
Lean on the spears that lighten through the pile.

CLXXII.

There stood the stoic Alemen sedate,
Blocks hewn from man, which love with life inspired;
There, by the Cross, from eyes serene with Fate,
Looked into space the Mage; and carnage-tired,
On Ægis shields, like Jove's still'd thunders, lay
Thine ocean giants, Scandinavia!

CLXXIII.

But lo, the front, where conquest's auriole
Shone, as round Genius marching at the van
Of nations;—where the victories of the soul
Stamped Nature's masterpiece, perfected Man:
Fair as young Honour's vision of a king
Fit for bold hearts to serve, free lips to sing!

CLXXIV.

So stood the Christian Prince in Odin's hall,
Gathering, in one, Renown's converging rays;
But, in the hour of triumph, turn, from all
War's victor pomp, his memory and his gaze;
Miss that last boon the mission should achieve,
And rest where droops the dove-like Genevieve.

CLXXV.

Now at the sight of Mercia's haughty lord,
A loftier grandeur calms yet more his brow;
And leaning lightly on his sheathless sword,
Listening he stood, while spoke the Earl:—"I bow
Not to war's fortune, but the victor's fame;
Thine is so large it shields thy foes from shame.

CLXXVI.

"Prepared for battle, proffering peace I come,
On yonder hills eno' of Saxon steel
Remains, to match the Cymrian Christendom;
Not slaves with masters, men with men would deal.
We cannot leave your land, our chiefs in gyves,—
While chains gall Saxons, Saxon war survives.

CLXXVII.

"Our kings, our women, and our priests release,
And in their name I pledge—no mean return—
A ransom worthy of both nations—Peace;
Peace with the Teuton! On your hills shall burn
No more the beacon; on your fields, no more
The steed of Hengist plunge its hoofs in gore.

CLXXVIII.

"Peace while this race remains—our sons, alas,
We cannot bind—peace with the Mercian men:
This is the ransom. Take it, and we pass
Friends from a foeman's soil; reject it,—then
Firm to this land we cling, as if our own,
Till the last Saxon falls, or Cymri's throne!"

CLXXIX.

Abrupt upon the audience dies the voice,
And varying passions stir the murmurous groupes;
Here, to the wiser; there, the haughtier choice:
Youth rears its crest; but age foreboding droops;
Chiefs yearn for fame; the crowds to safety cling;
The murmurs hush, and thus replies the King:—

CLXXX.

"Foe, thy proud speech offends no manly ear.
So would I speak, could our conditions change.
Peace gives no shame, where war has brought no fear;
We fought for freedom,—we disdain revenge;
The freedom won, no cause for war remains,
And loyal Honour binds more fast than chains.

CLXXXI.

"The Peace thus proffered, with accustomed rites,
Hostage and oath, confirm, ye Teuton kings,
And ye are free! Where we, the Christians, fight,
Our Valkyrs sail with healing on their wings;
We shed no blood but for our fatherland.—
And so, frank soldier, take this soldier's hand."

CLXXXII.

Low o'er that conquering hand, the stately foe
Bowed the war plumed upon his raven crest;
Caught from those kingly words, one generous glow
Chaced Hate's last twilight from each Cymrian breast;
Humbled, the captives hear the fetters fall,
Power's tranquil shadow—Mercy, awes them all.

CLXXXIII.

Dark scowl the Priests;—with vengeance Priestcraft dies;
Slow looks, where Pride yet struggles, Crida rears;
On Crida's child rest Arthur's soft'ning eyes;
And Crida's child is weeping happy tears;
And Lancelot, closer at Genevra's side,
Pales at the compact that may lose the bride.

CLXXXIV.

When from the altar by the holy rood,
Come the deep accents of the Cymrian Mage,
Sublimely bending o'er the multitude
Brows on which Thought took more command from age,
O'er Druid robes the beard's broad silver streams,
As when the Vision rose on Virgin dreams.

CLXXXV.

"Hearken, ye, Scythia's and Cimmeria's sons,
Whose sires alike by golden rivers dwelt,
When sate the Asas on their hunter thrones;
When Orient vales rejoiced the shepherd Celt;
While EVE'S young races towards each other drawn,
Roved lingering round the Eden gates of dawn.

CLXXXVI.

"Still the old brother-bond in these new homes,
After long woes, shall bind your kindred races;
Here, the same God shall find the sacred domes;
And the same land-marks bound your resting-places,
What time, o'er realms to Heus and Thor unknown,
Both Celt and Saxon rear their common throne.

CLXXXVII.

"Revere the Word which the Invisible Hand
Writes on the leaves of kingdom-dooming stars;
Thro' Prydain's Isle of Pines, from sea to land,
Where yet Rome's eagle leaves the thunder-scars,
The sceptre-sword of Saxon kings shall reach,
And new-born nations speak the Teuton's speech.

CLXXXVIII.

"All save thy mountain empire, Dragon king!
All save the Cymrian's Ararat—Wild Wales! *
Here Cymrian bards to fame and God shall sing—
Here Cymrian freemen breathe the hardy gales,
And the same race that Heus the Guardian led,
Rise from these graves—when God awakes the dead!"

CXXXIX.

The Prophet paused, and all that pomp of plumes
Bowed as the harvest which the south wind heaves,
When, while the breeze disturbs, the beam illumes,
And blessings gladden in the trembling sheaves.
He paused, and thus renewed: "Thrice happy, ye
Founders of shrines and sires of kings to be!

CXC.

"Hear, Harold, type of the strong Saxon soul,
Supple to truth, untameable by force,
Thy dauntless blood thro' Gwynedd's chiefs shall roll,†
Thro' Scotland's monarchs take its fiery course,
And flow with Arthur's, in the later days,
Thro' Ocean-Cæsars, either zone obeys.

* "Their Lord they shall praise,
And their language they shall preserve;
Their land they shall lose,
Except Wild Wales!"
PROPHECY OF TALIESSIN.

† This prediction refers to the marriage of the daughter of Griffith ap Llewellyn (Prince of Gwynedd, or North Wales, whose name and fate are not unfamiliar to those who have read the romance of "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings") with Fleance. From that marriage descended the Stuarts, and indeed the reigning family of Great Britain.

CXCI.

"Man of the manly heart, reward the foe
Who braved thy sword, and yet forbore thy breast,
Who loved thy child, yet could the love forego
And give the sire;—thy looks supply the rest,
I read thine answer in thy generous glance!
Stand forth—bold child of Christian Chevisaunce!"

CXCII.

Then might ye see a sight for smiles and tears,
Young Lancelot's hand in Harold's cordial grasp,
While from his breast the frank-eyed father rears
The cheek that glows beneath the arms that clasp;
"Shrink'st thou," he said, "from bonds by fate revealed?—
Go—rock my grandson in the Cymrian's shield!"

CXCIII.

"And ye," the solemn voice resumed, "O kings!
Hearken, Pendragon, son of Odin, hear!
There is a mystery in the heart of things,
Which Truth and Falsehood seek alike with fear,
To Truth from Heaven, to Falsehood breathed from hell,
Comes yet to both the unquiet oracle.

CXCIV.

"Not vainly, Crida, priest, and rune, and dream,
Warned thee of fates commingling into one
The silver river and the mountain stream;
From Odin's daughter and Pendragon's son,
Shall rise those kings who in remotest years
Shall grasp the birthright of the Saxon spears.

CXCV.

"The bright decree that seemed a curse to Fate,
Blesses both races when fulfilled by love;
Saxon, from Arthur shall thy lineage date,
Thine eagles, Arthur, from thy Saxon dove:
The link of peace let nuptial garlands weave,
And Cymri's queen be Saxon Genevieve!"

CXCVI.

Perplexed, reluctant with the pangs of pride,
And shadowy doubts from dark religion thrown,
Stern Crida lingering turned his face aside;
Then rise the elders from the idol stone;
From fallen chains the kindred Teutons spring,
Low murmurs rustle round the moody king;

CXCVII.

On priest and warrior, while they whisper, dwells
The searching light of that imperious eye;
Warrior and priest, the prophet word compels;
And overmasters like a destiny—
When towards the maid the radiant conqueror drew,
And said, "Enslaver, it is mine to sue!"

CXCVIII.

To Crida, then, "Proud chief, I do confess
The loftier attribute 'tis thine to boast.
The pride of kings is in the power to bless,
The kingliest hand is that which gives the most;
Priceless the gift I ask thee to bestow,—
But doubly royal is a generous foe!"

CXCIX.

Then forth—subdued, yet stately, Crida came,
And the last hold in that rude heart was won:
"Hero, thy conquest makes no more my shame,
He shares thy glory who can call thee 'Son!'
So may this love-knot bind and bless the lands!"
Faltering he spoke—and joined the plighted hands.

CC.

There flock the hosts as to a holy ground;
There, where the dove at last may fold the wing:
His mission ended, and his labours crowned,
Fair as in fable stands the Dragon King—
Below the Cross, and by his prophet's side,
With Carduel's knighthood kneeling round his bride.

CCI.

What gallant deeds in gentle lists were done,
  What lutes made joyaunce sweet in jasmine bowers,
Let others tell:—Slow sets the summer sun;
  Slow fall the mists, and closing, droop the flowers;
Faint in the gloaming dies the vesper bell,—
And Dream-land sleeps round golden Carduel.

NOTES.

Page 24, Book I., stanza iv.

"*While Cymri's dragon, from the Roman's hold,*
Spread with calm wing o'er Carduel's domes of gold."

THE Carduel of the Fabliaux is not easily ascertained: its site, though without close adherence to the actual features of the locality, is here identified with that of Caerleon on the Usk, the favourite residence of Arthur, according to the Welch poets. This must have been a city of no ordinary splendour in the supposed age of Arthur, while still fresh from the hands of the Roman; since, so late as the twelfth century, Giraldus Cambrensis, in his well-known description, speaks as an eye-witness of the many vestiges of its former splendour. "Immense palaces, ornamented with gilded roofs, in imitation of Roman magnificence, a tower of prodigious size, remarkable hot baths, relics of temples," &c. (Giraldus Cambrensis, Sir R. Hoare's translation, vol. i. p. 103.) Geoffrey of Monmouth (l. ix. c. 12,) also mentions, admiringly, the gilt roofs of Caerleon, a subject on which he might be a little more accurate than in those other details in his notable chronicle, not drawn from the same ocular experience. The luxurious Romans, indeed, had bequeathed to the chiefs of Britain abodes of splendour and habits of refinement which had no parallel in the Saxon domination. Sir F. Palgrave truly remarks, that even in the fourteenth century the edifices raised in Britain by the Romans were so numerous and costly as almost to excel any others on this side of the Alps. Caerleon (Isca Augusta) was the Roman capital of Siluria, the garrison of the renowned Second or Augustan legion, and the Palatian residence of the Prætor. It was not, however, according to national authority, founded by the Romans, but by the mythical Belin Mawr, three centuries before Cæsar's invasion. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the dragon was the standard of the Cymry, (a word, by the way, which I trust my Welch readers will forgive me for spelling Cymri).

Page 30, Book I., stanza xxxv.

"*With naked bosoms rushed on shrinking Romè.*"

The worthy Geoffrey of Monmouth cannot contain his admiration for that British valour which enabled Lucan to indulge the celebrated sneer at Cæsar :—

"Territa quæsitis ostendit terga Britannis."

"O admirable!" exclaims Geoffrey—"admirable *then* the race of Britons, who twice put to flight him who had submitted the whole world to him!" (Lib. iii. cap. 3.)

Page 32, Book I., stanza xlii.

"*A slender drawbridge, swung from brink to brink,*
Alone gives fearful access to the place."

In old fortresses, it is not unusual to find some upper story of a tower without other approach than the kind of drawbridge described in the text; and which, at the pleasure of the inmate of the tower, gave or denied communication with the opposite battlements. One of the most perfect specimens of this defence (not more against an invading enemy than against the mutiny of the garrison) is to be seen in a small castle in the kingdom of Sardinia, between Lucca and Genoa. The tower occupied by the commander has such a drawbridge for its sole access.

Page 39, Book I., stanza lxxvi.

4. It would be extremely important towards tracing the origin of the Cymry, if authentic and indisputable records of such traditions of their migration from the East can be found in their own legends at an age before learned conjecture could avail itself of the passages in Herodotus and Strabo, which relate to the Cimmerians, and tend to identify that people with our Cymrian ancestors. We find in the first (l. i. c. 14,) that the Cimmerians, chased from their original settlements by the Nomadic Scythians, came to Lydia, where they took Sardis (except the citadel). In this account Strabo, on the authority of Callisthenes and Callinus, confirms Herodotus.

In flying from their Scythian foes, the Cimmerians took their course

by the sea-coasts to Sinope, and the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and as, after this flight, the old Cimmerian league was broken up, and the tribes dispersed, this gives us the evident date for such migrations as Hu Gadarn is supposed to head; and the coincidence between Welch traditions (if genuinely ancient) and classical authority becomes very remarkable. For the additional corroboration of the hypothesis thus suggested, which is afforded by the identity between the Cimmerians of Asia and the Cimbri of Gaul, see Strabo (l. vii. p. 424, the Oxford edition, 1807). It is curious to note in Herodotus (l. iv. c. 11) that the same domestic feuds which destroyed the Cymrian empire in Britain destroyed the Cimmerians in their original home. While the Scythians invaded them, they quarrelled amongst themselves whether to fight or fly, and settled the dispute by fighting each other, and flying from the enemy.

Page 41, Book I., stanza lxxxvii.

"*Yet from thy loins a race of kings shall rise,*
Whose throne shall shadow all the seas that flow."

The prediction of Diana to the posterity of the Trojan Brutus, (when she directed him towards Britain) was somewhat more magnificent than Merlin's promise to Arthur.

"Sic de prole tuâ reges nascentur; et ipsis
Totius terræ subditus orbis erit."
Galf. Mon. lib. i. c. xi.

Page 44, Book I., stanza c.

"*And frank Gawaine*
Whom mirth for ever, like a fairy child,
Lock'd from the cares of life."

Some liberty, in the course of this poem, will be taken with the legendary character, less perhaps of the Gawaine of the Fabliaux, than of the Gwalchmai (Hawk of Battle) of the Welch bards. In both, indeed, this hero is represented as sage, courteous, and eloquent; but he is a livelier character in the Fabliaux than in the tales of his native land. The characters of many of the Cymrian heroes, indeed, vary according to the caprice of the poets. Thus Kai, in the Triads, one of

the Three Diademed chiefs of battle, and a powerful magician, is, in the French romances, Messire Queux, the chief of the cooks; and in the Mabinogion,* he is at one time but an unlucky knight of more valour than discretion, and at another time attains the dignity assigned to him in the Triads, and exults in supernatural attributes. And poor Gawaine himself, the mirror of chivalry, in most of the Fabliaux is, as Southey observes, "shamefully calumniated" in the MORT D'ARTHUR as the "false Gawaine." The Caradoc of this poem is not intended to be identified with the hero Caradoc Vreichvras. The name was sufficiently common in Britain (it is the right reading for Caractacus) to allow to the use of the poet as many Caradocs as he pleases.

The reader will bear in mind, that the hero of this poem is neither the Arthur of the Mabinogion nor of Geoffrey of Monmouth. He is rather the Arthur of the Fabliaux; of fairy legends and knightly song. The Author takes the same liberty as that assumed not only by the Trouveres and Romanticists, but by Ariosto and Spenser, viz., of surrounding the heroes of the fifth or sixth century with the chivalrous attributes of the thirteenth or fourteenth. It will be seen in Book II. that he has also taken a license with chronology, equally common with the poets that suggest his models, and has advanced somewhat the date of the (so called) Saxon Heptarchy; making the Mercians already the formidable neighbours of the Cymrians. Reasons for this will be assigned hereafter. Meanwhile it is superfluous to observe that all strict accuracy of detail would be out of character in a poem of this kind, the very nature and merit of which consist in wilful defiance of mere matter of fact.

If any apology be due for the classical allusions scattered throughout the poem, the Author can only remind his readers that this mixture of the Classical with the Gothic muse, is the common characteristic of the chivalrous poetry of the middle ages. And this attachment to precedent must also be his excuse (as the poem proceeds) for a somewhat liberal indulgence in the old-fashioned and elaborate form of simile, prefixed by the "As whens" and "So whens" favoured by the earlier poets.

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* I cannot quote the Mabinogion without expressing a grateful sense of the obligations Lady Charlotte Guest has conferred upon all lovers of our early literature, in her invaluable edition and translation of that interesting collection of British romances.

Page 47, Book II., stanza vi.

"*Of Trojan Brut—from whom the name of Briton.*"

Caradoc's version of the descent of Brut differs somewhat from that of Geoffrey of Monmouth, but perhaps it is quite as true. According to Geoffrey, Brut is great-grandson to Æneas, and therefore not expelled from "*flaming* Troy." Caradoc follows his own (no doubt authentic) legends, also, as to the aboriginal population of the island, which, according to Geoffrey, were giants, not devils. The cursory and contemptuous way in which that delicious Romance writer speaks of these poor giants is inimitable—"*Albion à nemine, exceptis paucis gigantibus inhabitabatur.*"—"Albion was inhabited by nobody—*except, indeed, a few giants!*"

Page 50, Book II., stanza x.

"*The vesper-bell afar*
Swing from the dim cathedral."

A cathedral church at which Arthur was crowned, and of which Dubricius was arch prelate, already existed at Caerleon, according to the venerable authorities consulted rather by poets than historians.

Page 66, Book II., stanza lxxxviii.

"*And hail'd Earl Harold from the Mercian king.*"

Harold is so familiar to us as a Saxon name, that it has been used as such without scruple; but, in strictness, it is a Scandinavian name, introduced into England by the Danes.

Page 78, Book III., stanza xxv.

"*The Saxon Thane*
Led three tall ships, and loosed them on the Dane."

Harold is called both Earl and Thane; in fact, though the names imply different degrees of rank, an Earl was a Thane (thegn) though a Thane was not necessarily an Earl. The word "Thane," appears applied by Saxon poets indiscriminately to those possessed of superior dignity. Thus, Cædmon calls the angels *Thanes*—

"The glory-fast Thegns
Praised the King."
SHARON TURNER'S *Translation from Cædmon, Ang. Saxons*, vol. i. p. 356;

and in the two MSS. of Layamon's Brut, (copies of which Sir F. Madden has annexed to a translation that, for the first time, makes the public acquainted with a poem that has much higher claims to our admiration than mere antiquity,) knight and Thane seem to have borne much the same general signification, knight (or cniht) in the one being often Thegn in the other.*

Page 81, Book III., stanza xxxviii.

"*And pleased, beheld spur midway up the hill,*
His knights and squires."

It need scarcely be observed, that the title of knight, as it is now understood, is very incorrectly given to the followers of the Heathen Harold or, indeed, in an age so early, to those of the Christian Arthur himself. Nor were heralds (so freely introduced in the poem) yet known. They do not appear in England, under that name at least, till the reign of Edward III. But those accustomed to the delightful anachronisms of a similar kind, both in the romantic lays and the heroic poems of chivalry, will require no apology for what, while most departing from the costume of Arthur's historical day, does in truth adhere strictly to the manners of the time in which Arthur took his

* "These Thanes were also known as knights." (PALGRAVE'S *Commonwealth*, Part i., p. 578); this, however, refers to a later period than that of Arthur: originally *cniht* meant a youth, and is used in that sense by Cædmon. See SHARON TURNER'S Anglo-Saxons, vol. iii. p. 126.

poetical existence, and was recreated by knightly minstrels as the type of knighthood.

I assume, throughout the poem, that Arthur understands the language of the Saxons, and that any conversation between them is carried on in that tongue. For the evidence that a dialect closely allied to the Anglo-Saxon was spoken in Britain long before the invasion of Hengist, see PALGRAVE'S *English Commonwealth* (vol. i. ci. p. 27), a work that combines English discretion with German learning. I assume, also, that Arthur, as intimately allied with Teutonic and Scandinavian potentates, is acquainted with the chief dialects of the north, and is thus enabled to communicate with the idolatrous Aleman priest, and other Northern personages, whom the progress of the story may introduce.

Page 81, Book III., stanza xli.

"*And cried 'Alfader! but for the respect,'*" &c.

Alfador—Universal Father—a name given by the Teuton and the Scandinavian nations to the supreme Deity, often applied to Odin, (and indeed, in the Prose Edda, never applied to any other god) but, according to some learned authorities, appertaining only, in strict mythological truth, to a more serene and supreme chief in the Northern Pantheon. It should here be remembered that the Saxons (though not yet converted to Christianity) are represented as having attained to a much greater degree of civilisation than the wandering Aleman tribe,* whose priest Arthur saves from the wolf; and so (somewhat too flatteringly) their superstition is supposed to have lost much of its elder and more sanguinary barbarism.

Page 89, Book III., stanza lxxv.

"*A wise Etrurian Lar, forewarned ('twas said)*
By his dark Cære, from the danger fled."

Lar (from which the adjective larian) is, strictly speaking, the name for a household god; and lars (from which lartian) for a lord or chief;

* The heathen priest and his wild troop are not represented as a fair specimen in that day, of the great Aleman family, but as a primitive and barbarous off-shoot from the main stem.

but for the sake of euphony, lar is used for the latter signification in this poem.

Page 93, Book III., stanza xciii.

"——— *And all the honours of the race*
Lend their last bloom to smile on Æglè's face."

The Etrurians paid more respect to women than most of the classical nations, and admitted females to the throne. The Augur (a purely Etruscan name and office) was the highest power in the state. In the earlier Etruscan history the Augur and the king were unquestionably united in one person. Latterly, this does not appear to have been necessarily (nor perhaps generally) the case. The king (whether we call him lars or lucumo), as well as the Augur, was elected out of a certain tribe, or clan; but in the strange colony described in the poem, it is supposed that the rank has become hereditary in the family of the chief who headed it, as would probably have been the case even in more common-place settlements in another soil. Thus, the first Etrurian colonist, Tarchun, no doubt had his successors in his own lineage.

I cannot assert that Æglè is a purely Etruscan name; it is one common both with the Greeks and Latins. In Apollodorus (ii. 5) it is given to one of the Hesperides, and in Virgil (Eclog. vi. l. 20) to the fairest of the Naiads, the daughter of the Sun; but it is not contrary to the conformation of the Etruscan language, as, by the way, many of the most popular Latinized Etruscan words are, such as *Lucumo*, for Lauchme; and even Porsena, or, as Virgil (contrary to other authorities) spells and pronounces it, Prosenna (a name which has revived to fresh fame in Mr. Macaulay's noble "Lays") is a sad corruption; for, as both Niebuhr and Sir William Gell remark, the Etruscans had no o in their language. Pliny informs us that they supplied its place by the v. I apprehend that an Etrurian would have spelt Porsena *Pvrsna*.

Page 96, Book III., stanza cvii.

"*Those forms of dark yet lustrous loveliness.*"

Whatever the original cradle of the mysterious Etrurians, scholars, with one or two illustrious exceptions, are pretty well agreed that it

must have been *somewhere* in the East; and the more familiar we become with the remains of their art, the stronger appears the evidence of their early and intimate connection with the Ægyptians, though in themselves a race decidedly not Ægyptian. See Micali, Stor. deg. Antich. Pop. But in referring to this delightful and learned writer, to whom I am under many obligations, in this part of my poem, I must own, with such frankness as respect for so great an authority will permit, that I think many of his assumptions are to be taken with great qualification and reserve.

Page 95, Book III., stanza cxiii.

"*Lo! where the sacred talismans diffuse*
Their fragrant charms against the evil powers.
Lo! where young hands the consecrated dews
From cusped vervain sprinkle round the flowers."

The Etrurians had talismans against the evil eye, which were impregnated with spices. The vervain was as holy with the Etrurians as with our Druid ancestors. A crown of vervain was, on solemn occasions, worn by the Augur.

Page 95, Book III., stanza cxiii.

"*And o'er the robe with broidered palm-leaves sown.*"

The purple gown, or toga, broidered with palm-leaves and stars, is supposed to have been the distinguishing robe of the princely families. It was semicircular, as Micali observes in a note, vol. i. 97.

Page 99, Book IV., stanza xi.

"*Like that in which the far Saronides*
Exchanged dark riddles with the Samian sage."

Diodorus Siculus speaks with great respect of the Saronides as the Druid priests of Gaul.* The notions of Pythagoras as to the transmi-

* Mr. Davis, in his Celtic Researches, insists upon it that *Saronides* is a British word, compounded from sêr, stars; and honydd, "one who dis-

gration of souls, and certain other intricate points of Heathen theology were similar to those of the Druids. For the initiation of this very legendary philosopher (whose name sometimes represents a personage genuinely historical—sometimes a sect partly scholastic, partly political) into the Druid mysteries, see Clem. Alex. strom. L. i. Ex. Alex Polyhist. It will be observed that the author here takes advantage of the well-known assertions of many erudite authorities that the Phœnician language is the parent of the Celtic, in order to obtain a channel of oral communication between Arthur and the Etrurian;* though, contented with those authorities, as sufficing for all poetic purpose, he prudently declines entering into a controversy equally abstruse and interminable, as to the affinity between the countrymen of Dido and the scattered remnants of the Briton. It is not surprising that the Augur should know Phœnician, for we have only to suppose that he maintained, as well as he could in his retreat, the knowledge common with his priestly forefathers. The intercourse between the Etrurian and the Phœnician states (especially Carthage), was too considerable not to have rendered the language of the last familiar to the learning of the first, to say nothing of those more disputable affinities of origin and religion, which, if existing, would have made an acquaintance with Phœnician necessary to the solution of their historical chronicles and sacred books. Nor, when the Augur afterwards assures Arthur that Æglè also understands Phœnician, is any extravagant demand made upon the credulity of the indulgent reader; for those who have consulted such lights as research has thrown upon Etrurian records, are aware that their more high-born women appear to have received no ordinary mental cultivation.

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criminates or points out:" in fine, according to him the Saronides are Seronyddion, i. e., *astronomers*.

* It may perhaps occur to the reader that Latin, with which Arthur (in an age so shortly subsequent to the Roman occupation of Britain,) could scarcely fail to be well acquainted, might have furnished a better mode of communication between himself and the Augur. But the Latin language would have been very imperfectly settled at the time of the supposed Etrurian emigration; would have had no connection with the literature, sacred or profane, of the Etrurians; and would long have been despised as a rude medley of various tongues and dialects, by the proud and polished race which the Romans subjected.

Page 272, Book X., stanza cii.

"And blood-stained altars cursed the mountain sod,
Where the first faith had hail'd the only God."

The testimony to be found in classical writers as to the original purity of the Druid worship, before it was corrupted into the idolatry which existed in Britain at the time of the Roman conquest, is strongly corroborated by the Welch triads. These triads, indeed, are of various dates, but some bear the mark of a very remote antiquity—wholly distinct alike from the philosophy of the Romans, and the mode of thought prevalent in the earlier ages of the Christian era; in short, anterior to all the recorded conquests over the Cymrian people. These, like proverbs, appear the wrecks and fragments of some primæval ethics, or philosophical religion. Nor are such remarkable alone for the purity of the notions they inculcate relative to the Deity; they have often, upon matters less spiritual, the delicate observation, as well as the profound thought, of reflective wisdom. It is easy to see in them, how identified was the Bard with the Sage—that rare union which produces the highest kind of human knowledge. Such, perhaps, are the relics of that sublimer learning which, ages before the sacrifice of victims in wicker-idols, won for the Druids the admiration of the cautious Aristotle, as ranking among the true enlighteners of men—such the teachers who, if there be truth in the classical legend, instructed the mystical Pythagoras; and furnished new themes for meditation to the musing Brahman. Nor were the Druids of Britain inferior to those with whom the Sages of the western and eastern world came more in contact. On the contrary, even to the time of Cæsar, the Druids of Britain excelled in science and repute those of Gaul, and to their schools the Neophytes of the Continent were sent.

In the Stanzas that follow the description of the more primitive Cymrians, it is assumed that the rude Druid remains *now* existent (as at Stonehenge, &c.), are coeval only with the later and corrupted state of a people degenerated to idol worship, and that they previously possessed an architecture, of which no trace now remains, more suited to their early civilization. If it be true that they worshipped the Deity only in his own works, and that it was not until what had been a symbol passed into an idol, that they deserted the mountain top and the forest for the temple, they would certainly have wanted the main inducement to permanent and lofty architecture. Still it may be allowed, at least to a poet, to suppose that men so sensible as the primi-

tive Saronides, would have held their schools and colleges in places more adapted to a northern climate than their favourite oak groves.

Page 331, Book XII., stanza xci.

"To all the valiant Gladsheim's Halls unclose,
In Heaven the comrades were on Earth the foes."

Harold's disdain of the notions of the Saxon Priesthood when they oppose his own purpose or offend his native humanity, is in accordance with many anecdotes of the fierce followers of Odin, who, like the heroes of the Iliad, are at one time represented as submissively respectful to soothsayer and omen,—and, at another, as haughtily scornful of both.

In the distinctions, however, between the manly belief of Harold and the more servile superstition of Crida, it is intended to intimate the qualities and impressions from which the Christian religion would make its earliest proselytes. We must remember, that it was not very long after the date, which the establishment of the Mercian kingdom fixes to the events of this poem, that the various kings of the Heptarchy were converted.

Page 352, Book XII., stanza cxcv.

"Saxon, from Arthur shall thy lineage date,
Thine eagles, Arthur, from thy Saxon dove."

According to Welch genealogists Arthur left no son; and I must therefore invite the believer in Merlin's prophecy, to suppose that it was by a daughter that Arthur's line was continued, and the royalty of Britain restored to the Cymrian kings, through the House of Tudor.

THE END.

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